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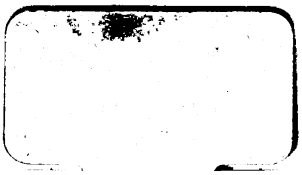

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THE SCHOOLFELLOW.

THE

CONSOLIDATED MAGAZINE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

Robert Merry, Uncle Frank, and Hiram Hatchet.

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NEW YORK

VOLUME XXXV.

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXV.

January to June, 1858.

	Page
Old 57 and Young 58	3
The Christmas Tree	5
Carl	6
Little Red Riding Hood	9
Away, Away to School	10
The Elves of the Forest Center	11
Practice at the Bar	12
The Warning Bell	12
Counting Out	13
The Grotto of Jason	15
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	16
Mike Smiley	19
The Song of the Snow Bird	22
Monthly Chat	25
The Snow House	33
Putting Off Things	34
The Little Commodore	37
Curious Facts	40
The Child's Choice	40
A Thought	40
A Peep at the Seat of War	41
Kindness to Animals	43
About Horses	45
Ambition	46
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	47
Carl	49
Mike Smiley	51
Wonders of the East	55
Monthly Chat	56
Book Notices	64
Pet in a Pet, and how She got out of it	65
Mike Smiley	66
A True English Game Cock	69
Africa	71
The First Fall of Snow	72
Robin Hood	73
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	74
A Satchel Full of Uneasiness	80
The Stolen Hat	82
The Smoke and the Kite	83
Beards	85
Difference of Time	86
Rule for Making Enigmas	88
Emigration	89
Wiebe's Scale-Building Key-Indicator	89
Monthly Chat	90
Mountain Scenery	99
A Silver Lining to Every Cloud	102
The Umbrella and the April Shower	103
Carl	104
Kites—Hope	107
Theda's Pussy	108
Pukwana	109
Spring	113
A New School Globe	113
Mike Smiley	114
Gone—All Gone	116
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	117
The Beavers on Lake Superior	119
The Chinese Wall	121
Monthly Chat	122
May Day	129
The Crocus's Soliloquy	130
Logan	131
I Mark Only the Hours that Shine	132
May	133
Africa and its Wonders	134
What the Boys Think of what Mr. Beecher Says about Boys	137
Love One Another	138
Something about China	139
Spring Birds	141
History of a Gold Dollar	143
The Song of the Exile	144
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	145
Measures	148
Nelly and Charley	149
The Gopher, or Salamander	150
Monthly Chat	151
Notices	160
Lake Scenery of New York	161
Pop Corn	164
Elephants—How Taken and Managed	165
Ingenuity of a Spider	168
Cured of Birdnesting	169
Ephesus	171
Try, Try Again	172
Canaries	173
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	174
The Ploughman	175
Come unto Me	175
The Ostrich	176
A Temperance Meeting	177
The Best Liquor	179
Just One Minute	180
June	181
The Violet	181
Spring Fashions for 1858	182
The Herons and the Herrings	184
Goethe—his Birth-place	185
The Question Answered	185
Monthly Chat	186

CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXVI.

July to December, 1858.

	Page
The Surprise	1
The Song of Bob Lincoln	4
Almost a Discovery	5
African Tribes and Customs	6
Never be Haughty	9
Work and Play	9
The Sailor Boy	10
Of What is the Alphabet Composed?	15
The Orient	16
Guess What	18
Only Waiting	19
The Brother	20
Retrospectum	22
Monthly Chat	24
Curious Letter to Uncle Frank	31
Notices	32
China, and some of its Curious Places	33
The Bird Battle	36
The Ages of Animals	37
The Wonderful Goat	38
What Saith the Fountain?	39
Old Sabael	40
To my Father	43
India, Three Centuries Ago, and Now	44
Letter from the Country	46
Wilson, the Ornithologist	47
Little Rover	48
The Little One's Prayer	48
Old Times and New	49
Vegetable Ivory	53
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	54
Retrospectum	56
Monthly Chat	59
Notices	64
Autumn	65
A Summer Story	66
A Musical and Critical Cat	68
The Hyena Committing Suicide	70
The Drop Game in Africa	72
A Hairbreadth Escape	74
The Bat	75
By-and-By	76
A Resolute Will makes a Way for itself	76
Mountains of Jerusalem and Samaria	77
Infancy	78
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	79
Lillie	81
Little Flora	81
Enormous Trees	82
Somebody Not Pleased with his Name	84
Retrospectum	89
Ing and In	90
Monthly Chat	91
Aunt Winnie's Pic-Nic	99
Gentle Words	101
The Bright Side and the Dark Side	102
The Atlantic Telegraph	103
October and I	109
The Garden	110
Specimen of Johnson's Wit	111
The Nearest Way in the Summer Time	111
The Camalote	112
A Chapter of Great Things	114
Sticks with Two Ends	115
A Little While	116
The Leopard	117
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	118
Retrospectum	120
The Comet	122
Monthly Chat	123
November—Thanksgiving	129
A Story for the Girls and Boys	134
Fanny and her Dead Chickens	135
The Dewdrop	135
The Comet	137
Chickens	139
A Spider Drowned	140
The Ichneumon Fly	140
A Curious Fact	141
The Magic Plum Pudding	142
Mice Boards	143
James Hogg	144
Little Kindnesses	145
Bayard Taylor	146
The Telegraph Cable—a Dialogue	147
Imperial Gardens at Zhehol	149
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	150
Retrospectum	151
Monthly Chat	155
Notices	160
Snow	161
The Pilgrim Fathers of New England	162
The Arctic Sea	165
The Old English Village Pastor	169
Stolen Pleasure, and its Fruits	171
Good Little Emma	174
Spinning and Spinning-Wheels	175
Common Things with Hard Names	177
Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage	178
The Aquarium	180
Escape from Danger	182
Retrospectum	184
Monthly Chat	186

MUSEUM AND CABINET.

OLD '57 AND YOUNG '58.

THE trees are stripped—mere skeletons—while the ground is dressed in a pure white garb of glittering snow. Silence is around; the good old man in the picture is thoughtful as he returns from his walk—he muses on his own decay—then he thinks of his little grandchildren waiting within the cottage for his coming, and the kissing of the little cheeks and the patting of the little curly heads around the fire, while he gives kind wishes, and his pocket yields what they love, and they and little dog Frisk caper about till it is anything but silent around mamma's knee. Looking at the pretty picture,

WINTER.

and musing of decay and reviving, the hours slipped away, till it became midnight December 31st, when I fell into

A KIND OF A DREAM,

in which the New Year appears, as young Master '58, a *bona fide* person.

He opens his eyes, and I half think he would stretch forth his boy hand and grasp the coat-tail of old and decrepit Mr. '57, and borrow his guide-book, and put a few hasty questions about the way, etc.; but off slips '57, and nothing remains but for '58 to get along as best he may.

I look at him, as he has not one instant to rub his eyes, to brush up and make ready, but he must go—go—and I wonder to myself if he is entirely ignorant of the *journey* before him—unceasing, unresting, till the end—when he must die, and pass away, at least from this earth.

I wonder if the travel around the great, glorious sun, in which he *must* (there is no dodging, no escaping for him) accompany the earth from Aries to Pisces, looks like a toil or a delight.

Has he any fears of dangerous contact by the globe he accompanies with any of the myriads around; or does he feel strong, and ready for any thing that may be on the way?

Does he think most of what he shall see and learn, and of course enjoy; or, is he thinking mostly of what he shall accomplish?

Does he know of the immense weal and woe he bears in his satchel, and which must all be distributed faithfully, on his route?

Has he any idea of what is a heart-ache, of which he bears so many for distribution? Does he know what is a lively joy, of which, alas! he bears fewer than of its opposite?

Does he say to himself, Would that I could let these griefs remain in darkness—to molder in harmlessness? Is he a lively youth, and what thinks he as he hears, "I wish you a happy New Year," on the lips of young and old of earth?

I have some thought that he may not be very respectful to Mr. '57, but ready to give him a hurrying push, that he may have all to himself—I was going to say, step into his shoes—but such unceasing travel, day and night, would not leave much in the sandal line to step into—besides, New Year must be newly clad, and above all things have new shoes, even if they are only snow-shoes.

Poor fellow, I say—I am really sorry for him—and I should not blame him if he wished it all well over. I do not see how he can get up a smile with such a weight of unceasing labor; he must be ready to burst into tears whenever he is called upon to say, "Thank you," to any good wishes offered—a very, very sober youth, and this is ever a painful sight—but no, I am wrong, he needs not of necessity to be so very sober.

It is just here—he has only to do, all the time, his *duty*; and that is never, for real or imaginary persons, MORE *than they can do*. He has only to go on steadily, regularly *doing*, in the right spirit, and he will meet no hurtful clashing, no unwholesome fatigue, but he will meet much to make the pathway pleasant, by keeping an eye willing to see, and disposed to be pleased; and then not too soon, and not too late, will the end and the rest come. Keep such an eye without, and such a disposition within, young friends, and you will be very likely to have what I sincerely wish you—a Happy New Year. L. E.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE Christmas tree!
The Christmas tree!
O gather around it now;
Its fruits are free
For you and for me,
And they hang from every bough.

Its flowers are bright,
And they grew in a night,
For yesterday it was bare;
Did ever you see
An evergreen-tree
So fruitful and so fair!

Look! here is a rose!
And who would suppose
An orange and a pear
Would grow by the side
Of the garden's pride?
But here, you see, they are.

And, stranger yet,
Here's a bon-bon, set
On the same identical stem
With two plums, so big
That a neighboring fig
Seems lost in the shadow of them.

And here, what's this?
As I live, 'tis a kiss,
And just where a kiss should be;
A tulip, full blown,
Hard by it is shown—
Indeed, 'tis a wonderful tree.

Here, bravo! I've found
MERRY'S MUSEUM, bound—
This must be the Tree of Knowledge;
Besides which, behold!
All lettered in gold,
A poem fresh out from the college.

Hold! hold! my good sirs,
Here's a nice set of furs—
'Tis a fir-tree, you all must agree;
And here, not *in cog*,
Is a sweet sugar-hog—
Does that make a mahogany-tree?

Oh! who would have guessed?
Here's a nice little chest,
Of course 'tis a chestnut-tree;
Not so fast, cousin Knox,
Here's a beautiful box—
A box-tree it surely must be.

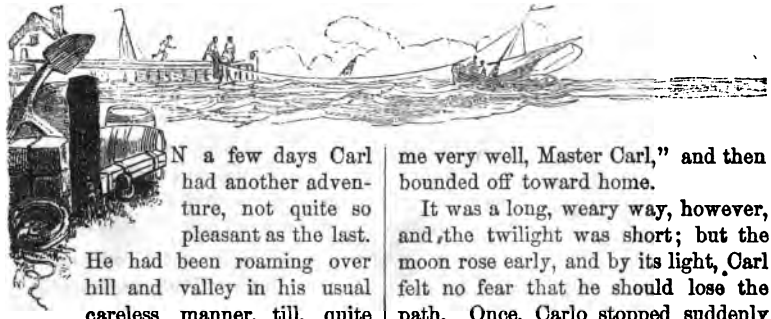
Your proof something lacks
For here is an ax.
You must own 'tis an axle-tree now;
Hallo! here's a whip,
For your horsemanship—
'Tis a whipple-tree, then, you'll allow.

What now shall be said?
Here are needles and thread—
Let's see—shall we call it tremend(o)us?
Oh, pshaw! pray do stop,
I'm ready to drop—
Your puns are absurdly stupendous.

CARL;

OR, A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

CHAPTER III.



IN a few days Carl had another adventure, not quite so pleasant as the last. He had been roaming over hill and valley in his usual careless manner, till, quite tired, he threw himself down on a mossy bank, and calling Carlo to lie by his side, prepared for a quiet nap. He never stopped to think that he had wandered far from home, and that it was already late in the afternoon, but only said to himself, "I am very tired, so Carlo and I must have a little rest."

Carlo, as usual, was wiser than his master; he knew it would not do to linger very long so far from his home; so just as the sun was setting, he said to Carl, as plainly as if he could speak: "Carl, Carl, you must get right up and come home." Carlo's way of saying this, was to lick his young master's face till he opened his eyes, and then pull earnestly at his coat sleeve. Carl understood very well; he soon jumped up, patting Carlo's head, and saying, "Old fellow, you won't let me have any peace now; you're afraid I shall not be home to tea, are you?" Carlo wagged his tail, as much as to say, "You understand me very well, Master Carl," and then bounded off toward home.

It was a long, weary way, however, and the twilight was short; but the moon rose early, and by its light, Carl felt no fear that he should lose the path. Once, Carlo stopped suddenly just as they were coming out of a thick grove; Carl stopped too, and looked round; he knew that Carlo was a good guide, and had some wise reason for what he did. Just before them, in the clear moonlight that lay on the open fields, stalked a large wolf.

"Ah, master wolf," whispered Carl, "you are a fine fellow to be prowling around at this time in the evening; I wish I had a gun, because then I'd try to shoot you."

In a few moments the wolf was out of sight; Carlo bounded forward, and Carl followed. Suddenly Carl heard a loud hooting from a tree near him. "Stop, Carlo," he cried, "I hear an owl, and I must find him."

Carlo stopped, but he seemed very impatient. The hooting ceased for a moment, as if the owl was afraid to make his retreat known; then, as Carl was very still, the horrid scream was repeated, and an answer came from the neighboring grove; then a great bird flew slowly and heavily toward

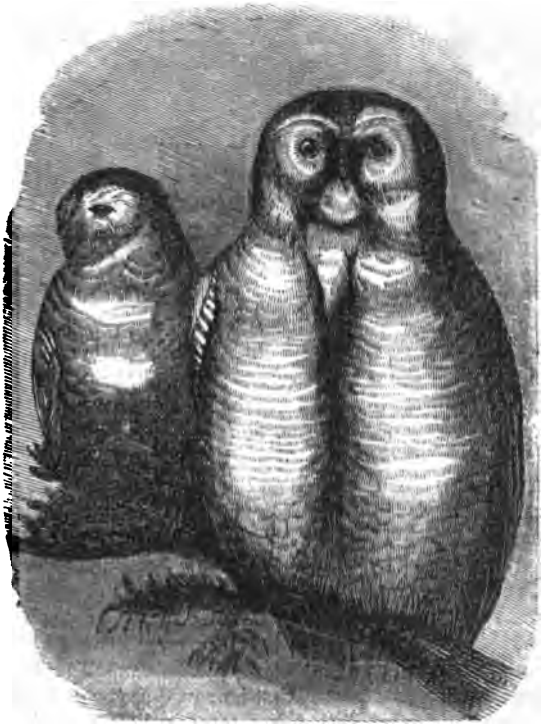
the tree, and Carl, guided by its flight, saw him perch by the side of his mate on one of the largest boughs. Their great eyes glared like cat's eyes through the green leaves.

"I'd rather shoot you than the wolf," cried Carl, as he turned away; "I hate to think of all the pretty birds you will catch and eat to-night. That's the way you live—so grandpa says."

Carlo would not let his young master stay one moment longer, but by barking, running forward, and pulling him along, told him very plainly that it was quite time for him to be going.

"I believe I'll ask grandpa all about those owls," said Carl, as he hurried on; "he can tell me."

Over fences, through fields, then into the woods again, then out into the highway, Carlo led, and Carl followed,-thinking that home was a long way off, and he would be careful how he wandered so far again.



THE OWL.

Meanwhile all was commotion at home; Katrine had been several times to the door, calling Carl, but no Carl answered. Still she thought to herself, "If Carl is a foolish boy, Carlo is a wise dog. I think they will come home safely."

But at last the moon rose, and nothing was heard of Carl. Old Mr. Bedenken began to feel uneasy; Carl had never staid out so late. He told Katrine that he would go out and find his grandson. "Oh, no, sir," cried Katrine; "let Peter and Hans go; he surely is safe with Carlo; besides, your tea is all cooling now—'tis an hour since I brought it in." "Never mind, never mind, good Katrine, said the old gentleman, "I can never take my tea without my little Carl."

"Then let me send Peter and Hans," said Katrine; and while she went to call the men, Mr. Bedenken stood by his window, and looked down toward the highway.

Just then, Carl had caught sight of the old house, standing out clearly in the moonlight. He had wandered so far, that he was more happy to see it

than ever before. The fire-light glowed brightly through the windows of his grandfather's library, and he began to run, as he thought of the pleasant room and warm tea waiting for him.

"That is the common horned owl, Carl; he lives on other birds, and catches them at night when they are asleep, and can not see him. Sometimes, however, he prowls about too

CARL'S CASTLE AT BEDENKEN.

late, and is caught by the daylight. Then the birds pay him for his depredations; they tease and vex him, peck at him and annoy him, as long as the light, by which he is dazzled, lasts."

"And what does he do?" asked Carl.

"He throws his head on one side and then on the other, and rolls his great eyes about, wholly helpless."

"Well, I'm glad he gets paid sometimes," said Carl. "I should like to see one lost by daylight, and teased by little birds."

"Owls are afraid of men," said his grandpa; "they will not live in confinement, and have never been tamed, I believe."

"Oh!" said Carl, "I should not suppose any one would wish to tame such ugly creatures."

"Why not, my boy," replied the old philosopher, "as well as a tiger, a vulture, a boa-constrictor, and a great many other very ugly creatures, which have been carried about in cages, that we, who can not see them in a natural state, may know how they look?"

Hans and Peter were hardly ready to set out, when they heard their master call loudly for Katrine, and in a moment she came out to tell them that it was of no use for them to go to-night to look for Master Carl, for he was coming over the lawn now.

When Carl was once more seated in his corner of the great sofa, he told his grandpa what an idle day he had spent, and how far he had gone without knowing it; and then he asked him to tell something about the owls that he saw on his way home.

"I can show you several specimens of owls," said his grandpa, "and perhaps you can tell me which one the owl you saw was like."

Then he unlocked one of the many doors which had often excited Carl's wonder, and showed him a large case of stuffed birds.

"Here are my owls, Carl," he said; "which is like your friend?"

"That one," said Carl, "with the funny little feathers, like horns, standing up on his head; but he is not my *friend*—he is a hateful bird."

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD.

EVERYBODY has read the story of this wonderful child. Of all the children of romance, she is perhaps the greatest favorite with very young readers. Can any one tell who wrote the story, and what gave rise to it?

Little Red Riding Hood was a very good girl. She was kind to every one, and loved everything. She was very kind to her old grandmother. She was willing to do anything for her father and mother. She was kind to the wasp, and to the tom-tit, and to the poor old woman whom she found seeking for water-cresses. She was even kind to the wolf, who, while men

were near to protect her, appeared very amiable. But she was very weak and silly in believing what the wolf said, and holding conversation with him. And bitterly the poor child paid for it. She lost her good old grandmother, and would have lost her own life too, had not the friends which her kindness had made for her been near at hand to save her from the lying wolf.

Good children must beware of bad company. "Evil communications corrupt good manners," says the Bible, and flatterers are never true friends. They can not be safely trusted. You may be kind to everybody, even to the wicked, and to those who injure you. You can forgive them, and do them all the good you can. But you need not believe what they say, nor suffer yourself to be led astray by them.

AWAY, AWAY TO SCHOOL.

HARK! the bell is ringing—ringing—
  Away, away to school;
Always prompt and always early,
  Is the scholar's rule.

Pick up your marbles and your ball,
  Put all your toys away—
Let us be prompt to duty's call,
  As we are prompt to play.

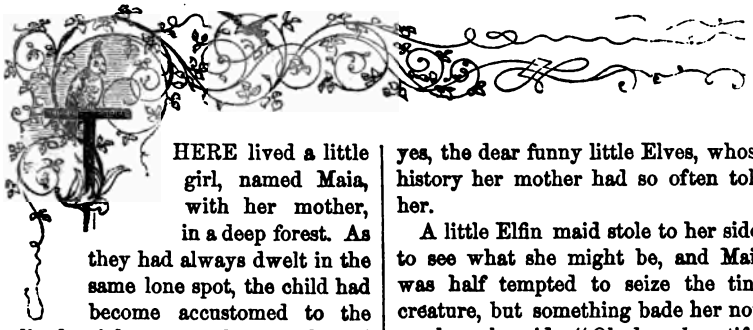
Playing is good to make us strong,
  Our limbs to exercise;
But playing always would be wrong,
  As well as most unwise.

I love my books as well as my play,
  I will not be a fool;
The bell is ringing—ringing—ringing—
  Away, away to school.

When school is out, we'll be about,
  All brisk and bright for play;
We'll jump and run, and have good fun,
  As happy children may.

COMING FROM SCHOOL.

THE ELVES OF THE FOREST CENTRE.



THERE lived a little girl, named Maia, with her mother, in a deep forest. As they had always dwelt in the same lone spot, the child had become accustomed to the solitude of the surrounding woods, and even loved the old trees that towered above her head.

So she was not surprised when, one bright morning, her mother said: "Maia, take thy little basket, and go to the forest centre, and fetch a few fagots and some nuts."

Maia quickly put on her gipsy hat, bade her mother good-bye, and tripped away. She knew all the little birds and squirrels; she did not fear even the king of beasts, so gentle was he to her. And oh! when the young tigers leaped forth to meet her, she could not help setting her basket down, to take a nice tumble upon the soft moss. Then the old tiger and tigress came home, bringing four little lions to spend the day. So they carried Maia on their backs by turn, until they reached the forest centre, then, wagging their tails, they left her, all alone.

Hark! a rustling among the dry branches—only the wind or a squirrel in its nest—Maia began to fill her basket from a store of nuts, hidden in a hollow stump, and to tie up her fagots, for she must hasten; but soon she dropped her basket, the fagots were forgotten, for there, before her, were the little Elves of the forest; yes, the dear funny little Elves, whose history her mother had so often told her.

A little Elfin maid stole to her side, to see what she might be, and Maia was half tempted to seize the tiny creature, but something bade her not, so she only said: "Oh, how beautiful thou art!" At this the little Elf darted away, but soon returned to say: "Our king desires thee to come and feast with us, oh! great giantess!"

Maia, quite bewildered, followed the little maid, and soon found herself in the presence of the Elfin king, a tiny fellow, about as tall as her hand, and dressed in a robe of crimson velvet, spangled with diamonds. As she began to blush and courtesy, he said: "Maia, thou art a good child; we have watched thee, day by day; all the beasts of the forest love thee. They say, 'So kind and gentle is little Maia, that we would not harm her.' We, too, love, and will befriend, thee."

He paused, and a little Elf came forth to dance. When the dance was finished, Maia sang a song about the Elves, which pleased the king very much; then all sat down to the banquet, which was composed of the most delicate food ever known. When all were done feasting, the Elves sang another song, after which Maia was again called by the king: "Here," he said, leading forward the Elfin maid whom she had before met, "here is a little one for thee; guard her well, and she will be a faithful friend."

"How can I repay thy kindness?"

cried Maia; but before she could say more, she found herself in a beautiful little carriage, drawn by twelve robins, and at her side sat the maiden Elfletta, given her by the king. Soon she arrived at home, where she had long been expected; but where was the basket of nuts? where the fagots? Elfletta soon answered that question, by pointing to another Elf, who was seen in the distance, bringing them, and many other nice things.

But this good fortune did not make Maia forget her duties, and I am sure she set a good example for Elfletta, by rising early, and cheerfully performing her labors. At the forest centre the Elves were always glad to see her, and the tigers always glad to carry her there.

When she grew older, the little Elfin maid found a little Elfin man, and, as they loved each other, they were married. Then Maia's good old mother died, blessing the dear daughter who had been a comfort to her in all her trials. And when Maia found grey hairs among her own dark tresses—when her hand failed, and she grew old and feeble, there had sprung up around her a little family of Elves—then did they befriend her, and she loved them more than ever.

Her eyes grew dim, she lay down to rest, and with her last breath blessed the little Elves. Upon the bed lay a cold form, with a calm smile upon the face; the heart did not beat, the eyes were fixed, the old woman was at rest, but was she there? No; in the sky were a host of angels—they bore the soul of *Maia* to its heavenly home.

PANSY.

KINDNESS, gentleness, and industry will seldom have an enemy, or want a friend.

"PRACTICE AT THE BAR."

WHOEVER stoppeth at the *bar* of him who *bar*-ters distilled *bar*-ley, drawn from a *bar*-rel, *bar*-s himself from ever advancing at the *bar* of life. He will live like a *bar-bar*-ian—an outcast from civilized society—and his memory will be to him as a *bar*-bed arrow, when he thinks of the bad *bar*-gains he made when under the influence of *bar*-m. His *bar*-k will founder on the sand-*bar*-s in the stream of life, and his life will be *bar*-ren of any good, in consequence of the *bar*-rier he has placed between himself and the world, and no *bar*-d will chant a *bar* at his de-*bar*-king.

BUCKEYE BOY.

THE WARNING BELL.

IN every youthful breast doth dwell
A little tingling, jingling bell,
Which rings if we do ill, or well.
And when we put bad thoughts to flight,
And choose to do the good and right,
It sings a pæan of delight.
But if we choose to do the wrong,
And 'gainst the weak strive with the strong,
It tolls a solemn, saddened song.
And should we on some darksome day,
When hope lights not the cheerless way,
Far from the path of duty stray,
'Twill, with its tones serene and clear,
Of warning in the spirit's ear,
Our slow returning footsteps cheer.
And always in the worldly mart,
With its sweet song it cheers each heart,
To do with energy their part.
Then let us strive with main and might
To shun the wrong and do the right,
And the bell's warning song ne'er slight.

CONSCIENCE.

"COUNTING OUT."

WHEN I was a boy—ah! woful "when!"—and we were playing "hide-and-seek," or other such games, it was our way to determine the seeker by "counting out." "That's the way *we* do," do you say, Rosy-face? Well, I suppose you do; and I suppose, secondly, that you use pretty much the same formulas—there's a big word for you—(get Master Richard, who goes to college this fall, to explain it to you) as we did. Come! Let's see! Do you know the "onery, twoery?" We'll have it all in print, and then we can tell if the old formula—there it comes again, Master Richard—has altered in its peculiarities.

"Onery, twoery, tickery, seven;
Allibo, crackibo, ten or eleven;
Pin, pan,
Musquedam,
Tweedledum, twaddledum, twenty-one."

How funny it looks printed! And is this the way *you* say it, Rosy-face, to your waiting school-fellows, all standing in a row?

Now, I'll try you with another, if I can make out to spell it; for I never tried before to put those familiar sounds into properly spelled words and syllables:

"Ayna, mayna, mona, my;
Bassa-lona, bona, stry;
Hayar, wayar, frow-nac;
Araca, waraca, wee, *wo*, WAG!"

And here's another for you:

"Onery, uery, ickery, Ann;
Phillisy, pholosy, Nicholas, John;
Queeby, quawby,
Virgin Mary,
Stickilum, stackilum, *buck!*"

Of course you know this one:

"Eggs, butter, cheese, bread,
Stick, stack, stone-dead!"

For I've heard you say it—some of you. And there are plenty of others; but I'm going to give you a new one:

"Martin Swart and his merry men;
Alumbeck, sodledum, syllerum, Ben."

How do you like *that?* It's as old as Queen Elizabeth; and when did *she* live, Master Richard?

One day, a long while ago—but it seems only two or three yesterdays since to me—I ran into mother. She had a treasury of riddles and old songs, and all such things that children love, and I asked her to "give me something new to count out with;" and I could hardly believe her, when she said that she'd told me all she knew. But she said she guessed she could "make up" something, or remember something she had read; so she stitched away on the hole she was darning in my plaid trowsers—the first pair I ever wore *with suspenders;* I don't believe I shall ever forget *them!*—and presently she looked up, with a smile, and gave me this:

"Abal-libooz-obang-annor-ribo."

I couldn't say it "right off," easily; and I don't think *you* can, Rosy-face. You'll have to do as I did: take your slate and write it off half a dozen times, and *then* you won't remember it, just as I didn't. But I learned it in time for the next Saturday afternoon, and then how I puzzled the boys! They couldn't *one* of them learn to say it correctly.

Ah! old Bald-pate! (that's me; I'm talking to myself.) *Don't* you remember those Saturday afternoons? We "counted out" under the shade of a big button-ball tree, and then played "I spy" around the old school-house. *You* know how we played *that* game, Rosy-face; I guess you know very much the same games that we played. "Mumble-the-peg"—do you know *that?* And "coach-whip?" And "two-old-cat?" Yes; I'm sure you know them all, and more, too.

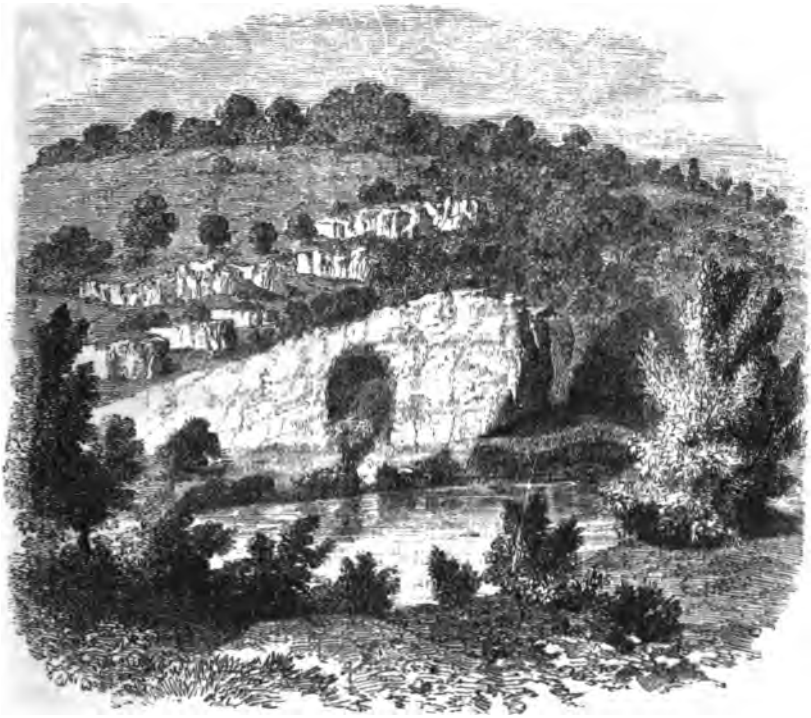
Don't you *wish* you were *a man*, sometimes? I used to; and now I wish I were a boy, and could play "I spy" with my old mates around the old school-house. But those days have gone, as the poet says:

"Down the back-entry of time."

And I must go to work again.

Good-bye, Rosy-face! UNCLE T.

THE night is mother of the day,
The winter of the spring;
And ever upon old decay,
The greenest mosses cling.
Behind the cloud the starlight lurks,
Through showers the sunbeams fall;
For God, who loveth all his works,
Has left his hope with all.



THE GROTTO OF JASON.

THE Grotto of Jason, though not named as one of "the seven wonders of the world," is one of the most interesting and remarkable of the natural curiosities belonging to that part of the world which was known to the ancients. It is situated on the southern slope of the Caucasian Mountains, near the city of Kutais, in the Province of Imeritia, at the eastern extremity of the Black Sea. This region corresponds nearly with the ancient Colchis. To this point was directed the famous Argonautic Expedition, which, our young friends will remember, was one of the earliest naval adventures recorded in history. The story of this expedition is so mixed up with mythology, romance, and fable, that it is difficult to reduce it to anything like a credible narrative. Jason was the leader of the expedition. In these days, we should call him an admiral or a commodore, perhaps a buccaneer or a fillibuster. The object of his search was the "Golden Fleece" of Colchis, which he obtained and carried off. Whether he discovered and explored this grotto, we do not know, but its name is evidently derived from him. Who will volunteer to visit the place, and give us a full description of its wonders? Is there not a Bayard Taylor or a Ledyard in our large family?

UNCLE HIRAM AMONG THE ANIMALS.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.

Elsie. Oh, Uncle! Uncle! how long we have been waiting for you to tell us more of the Museum, and of all the wonderful things that are there!

I fear you will not find any other part as interesting and curious, as that which contained the Aquaria.

Elsie. Perhaps not, Uncle. I never heard anything more curious or beautiful, and I mean to have an aquarium of my own, by-and-by.

Fanny, Harry, and all the rest. And so do I, and so do I, and so do I.

Frank. And soon we can go fishing in our own parlors, without any danger of wetting our feet, or freezing our fingers.

Well, Frank, I will join you, some stormy day, and try the fun of fishing in a glass vase, while seated in a rocking-chair, with Hannah playing on the piano, or reading some luxurious book. But, we will now to the Museum, for we have much to see there yet, before I can proceed with my Pilgrimage.

There are so many things to be seen here, that I hardly know where to begin. But, as it is the holiday season, and all the young folks are full of Merry Christmas and Happy New Year, I will take you, first of all, to see

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

This is one of the most remarkable

exhibitions ever made since the Flood. The scene in the Ark may have been something like it; but, as we are not informed how the different animals were disposed of there, we can not say certainly. Here, in one large cage, without any division, or any attempt to keep them apart, are animals, birds, insects, and reptiles, of opposite natures, and such as have never been known to meet, except as enemies, all living together in perfect peace and friendship. Here are dogs, cats, and mice, lying down and sleeping, or playing together. Here is a dove, or a small bird, sitting quietly on the back of a cat, or of a hawk. Here is a bird hopping from coil to coil of a sleeping serpent. A timid rabbit is feeding side by side with a dog, or a monkey. An owl sits on the same perch with a parrot. A toad hops, unmolested, among cats, rats, mice, birds, and all the rest; and a hen and a guinea-pig keep company with an ant-eater, and a Mexican hog.

Two or three cries at once. Why, Uncle, are you not jesting? How can these different creatures live together, and not quarrel?

I can not tell you how it was brought about. I do not know what means have been used to tame, and train them. But so it is. They are there, in perfect peace and quiet. I have seen them, and watched them for a long time, as they moved about, each one as much at ease, as if alone in the cage—no one ever interfering with another, or seeming to be annoyed by anything that is done. The mouse seems to have no more fear of the cat, than of his fellow. The cat is apparently as friendly with the mouse, as with her own kitten.

Frank. Why, what a witch that man must be!

Harry. Ha, ha, ha! not a witch, Frank, but a wizard.

Frank. Well, wizard, or witch, I don't care *which;* but I should like to know how he does it.

That is a secret you will not find it easy to discover, and, if you should acquire it, it would not do you any good. The greater part of the secret is probably patience and perseverance. A man who has anything else to do, could not well do anything of this kind. Besides, you are too indulgent to your pets, and you would not like to restrain, and deny, and punish them, as much as would be necessary to subdue their nature, and change their habits entirely. These animals live together quietly, but they are not lively and playful. The monkeys seem to retain something of their love of fun,

THE PLAYING MONKEY.

and of mischief. But yet, they do not carry it so far as to annoy their companions.

You would be very much amused, I am sure, to see the "Happy Family." Sometimes you will see them all up and moving, flying, hopping, jumping, but never interfering seriously with each other; mingling, in the strangest groups you can imagine. Sometimes, especially on a cold day, you will see the greater part of them cuddled down together in a corner, a pile, or lump of life, made up of cats, rabbits, Guinea-pigs, rats, monkeys, etc., etc., either quietly asleep, or trying to keep each

other warm; while the rest of the family are moving about, from perch to perch, or occasionally crowding themselves into the mass of sleepers.

There is in the Museum a great variety of the most curious birds and animals, either living, or stuffed, and looking like life, which will repay anybody for a few hours of study. I hope you will all have an opportunity to see them. Among them are

The Leopard—an animal of the cat

THE LEOPARD.

species. It is found in the tropical regions of Asia and Africa. Its fur is yellow, with ten or twelve ranges of small black clusters of spots on each flank.

The Ostrich—a native of Africa and Arabia, the largest of all birds, being four feet from the ground to the

THE OSTRICH.

top of the back, and its head often as high as ten feet—is remarkable for its swiftness in running, in which it is aided by wings, which are too small for flying. Its plumage is elegant, and much used in ornamental dress.

THE HORNED HORSE.

The Gnu, or *Horned Horse*, belongs to the ox tribe of ruminating animals, and partakes of the form of the ox, the horse, and the deer. It is found in South Africa.

The Rhinoceros (*nose-horn*) belongs to the same order of animals as the elephant, distinguished as hoofed animals, which do not ruminate, or chew the cud. It is of the species *Tapir*. It is much larger than the American tapir, and is

THE RHINOCEROS.

distinguished by a kind of horn on its nose, composed of a solid fibrous substance, resembling a tuft of hairs glued together. Some species have two horns, one above the other. It is stupid and ferocious, frequents marshy places, and lives on grass and shrubs.

THE SEAL.

MIKE SMILEY.

BY W. CUTTER.

"Such stuff are Yankees made of."

CHAPTER III.

OUR friend Eugene Ralston belonged to one of the most respectable and wealthy families in New England, and Mike, as the preserver of his life, was the object of the regard and gratitude of all his friends. He was immediately placed at school, where he made such rapid progress, as, in the course of a few months, to shoot ahead of some who had enjoyed the same privileges from their earliest childhood. He perceived, almost at a glance, that it was not so much wealth, as a well-directed intelligence, and a high moral estimate of the true ends and aims of life, that constituted the difference between the state of society to which he was now introduced, and that which he had left. And he at once resolved that no effort should be wanting, on his part, to secure all the advantages which his new situation afforded him. He therefore applied himself with a diligence and zeal that could not have failed, even with powers far inferior to his own, to reap a large and rich reward. His progress was rapid and easy; so much so, that a year had not passed before Mr. Ralston perceived, that to carry out his original design, of attaching Mike to himself as a servant, would be doing him great injustice. He not only made himself acquainted with every subject that was brought before him, but he mastered it; as far, at least, as he had means to do so. And the attempt to hold him in a subordinate situation could not have been long successful, if it had been made.

It was as much to the credit of Mike's heart, as his progress in learning was to that of his head, that, from the very dawning of his better fortune, he never lost sight of his parents, or his native village. He denied himself every indulgence for the pleasure of contributing to the comfort of his mother. Many were the tokens of kindness sent to her during the year; and they were always such as were best adapted to her circumstances.

It was nearly two years from the time that Mike left home, before he was able to make his parents a visit. And then, when his old friend Jim, the stage-driver, drew up at the door of his father's hut, instead of leaping out, as he thought he should, and shouting at the top of his voice, he buried his face in his hands and burst into tears. He had never realized, till that moment, the utter desolation of the home of his youth—the entire absence of all that constitutes the comforts of life, in the lot of his parents.

"Halloo, there, Mike, what are you about?" said Jim, throwing down the steps of the stage with a slam that brought Mrs. Smiley to the door, to

see what was the matter. In an instant the tears were wiped away, and Mike was in his mother's arms. Poor woman! she could hardly believe her eyes. Was it possible that this brave-looking young man was her own Mike! She put him from her a moment, and examined him from head to foot, without saying a word, and then, with all a mother's heart, strained him to her bosom, saying, "Mike, you are a good boy, Mike, to remember your poor old mother," and then burst into tears. Jim wiped a drop from his eye, as he mounted his box and drove off, saying to himself "Well, I have heard of people crying for joy, but I never believed it before."

It was a sad visit for poor Mike. Every blessing that he had enjoyed during the last two years, every comfort he possessed, was now remembered only to aggravate the contrast between his own lot and that of his parents. It made him perfectly miserable to look about him; for he felt that, as yet, he had no power to effect any substantial change in their condition. He poured out the fullness of his heart to his mother, who was so happy in the good fortune of her boy, as never to have thought that any material change in her own lot could result from it.

"But what can I do, mother," said Mike earnestly, "what *can* I do? I must and will do something. It makes me perfectly miserable to have so many comforts, while you are so poor and wretched. God helping me, it shall not be."

Starting suddenly up, as he said this, he was met by Giant Zeb, who tumbled in at the door, just in time to hear the last words.

"What's that that shall not be, and who's that that says so?" stammered the old man, with the peculiar tone and accent, or rather, with the accentless and toneless utterance of an habitual inebriate.

Mike was struck aback in a moment. His cup was full—he could not speak. His father, tumbling stupidly into the first chair he could reach, did not notice him, and he stood a moment as in doubt whether to speak, or to steal away and weep alone. But the doubt was instantly dissipated by the sharp voice of his mother, screaming bitterly, "Why, Zeb, so drunk that you can't see Mike?"

"Father," said Mike, extending his hand, don't you know me?"

"Know you?—let me see," replied the old man, rousing himself up—"what! you, Mike? Why, what a fine gentleman!—come, go down to Tim's, and treat all round, by way of welcome home. Ha! ha! ha! Mike—fine gentleman—plenty of money now—let's have another drink."

It was with much difficulty that the old man was diverted from this thought. He was too far gone to reason. After some time Mike succeeded in coaxing him to lie down on the bed, where he soon fell into a deep sleep, and did not awake till a late hour next morning.

Mike did not close his eyes that night. He was in a perfect agony of spirit. The whole truth had flashed upon his mind in an instant, when the giant frame of his father, reduced to the feebleness of infancy, with scarcely the instinct of a brute left to guide its motions, tumbled in at the door of his hut, and settled, rather than sat down, in the broken chair by his side. He wondered he had not seen it before. Here was the whole secret of the poverty and wretchedness about him—*rum*, *rum*, that was the fire that had eaten out the substance and the souls of all that desolate village, and con-

sumed parents and children for many generations. It was like a new revelation to his mind. He had seen men intoxicated a thousand times before. He had seen *gentlemen*, as they were called, carried home in a state of helplessness, from a dinner party, and from the society of *ladies* who had furnished the temptation, and plied it with all the seductive arts of flattery which woman has ever at command. He had seen the children of parents having some pretensions to respectability, employed to feed the fires which were consuming them and their substance, buying and carrying home the liquor which was to transform that house into a hell, and parental affection and gentleness to insane fury. He remembered one case, in particular, which had deeply affected him at the time, and often came up before his troubled fancy. As he was riding leisurely in a quiet lane in the vicinity of Boston, he was attracted by two beautiful girls, sitting on a bank by the road-side, with a large jug at their feet. They were in sad yet earnest conversation. He stopped, without attracting their notice.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

"Do you think we are doing right, sister?" asked the younger. "You know how bad it makes pa feel, and how cross he is to dear mother and the baby. Is it right for us to get it for him?"

"I don't know, sissy dear," was the sad reply. "The Bible says, children must obey their parents, and I am afraid. I wish I really could know what to do."

And then they wept, and then they prayed for strength and wisdom, and then went on their weary way, with the burden that was far heavier on their hearts than on their hands.

Mike had seen many such things, and felt them, but had not, till now, realized the magnitude of the evil. It was a national epidemic; and no eye had yet been opened to measure, and no voice raised to deprecate its fearful ravages, though myriads of hearts had been made desolate by it, though widows and orphans had perished by millions in its path, and the alms-houses and the graveyards of the country were teeming with its annually-increasing multitudes of victims.

THE SONG OF THE SNOW-BIRD.

POETRY AND AIR BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH—ACCOMPANIMENT BY S. N.

by on a tree, And mer-ri-ly sing-ing his chick-a-de-de,
Chick-a-de-de, chick-a-de-de. And mer-ri-ly sing-ing his
8va.
chick-a-de-de.
loco.

II.

He had not been singing that tune very long,
Ere Emily heard him, so loud was his song;
"O sister! look out of the window," said she;
"Here's a dear little bird, singing chick-a-de-de.
Chick-a-de-de, etc.

III.

"Poor fellow! he walks in the snow and the sleet,
And has neither stockings nor shoes on his feet;
I pity him so! how cold he must be!
And yet he keeps singing his chick-a-de-de.
Chick-a-de-de, etc.

IV.

"If I were a barefooted snow-bird, I know
I would not stay out in the cold and the snow.
I wonder what makes him so full of his glee;
He's all the time singing that chick-a-de-de.
Chick-a-de-de, etc.

V.

"O mother! do get him some stockings and shoes,
A nice little frock, and a hat, if he choose;
I wish he'd come into the parlor, and see
How warm we would make him, poor chick-a-de-de."
Chick-a-de-de, etc.

VI.

The bird had flown down for some pieces of bread,
And heard every word little Emily said;
"How queer I would look in that dress!" thought he;
And he laughed, as he warbled his chick-a-de-de.
Chick-a-de-de, etc.

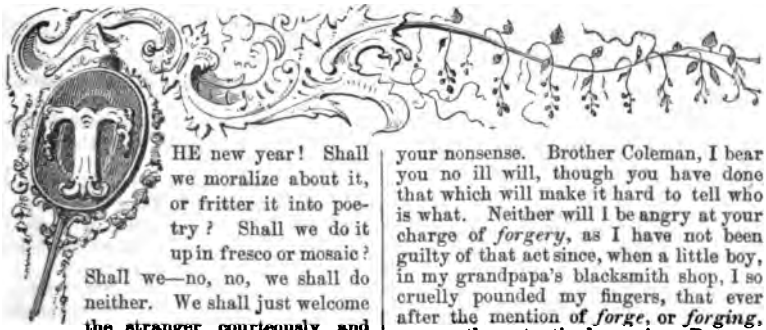
VII.

"I thank you," he said, "for the wish you express,
But I've no occasion for such a fine dress;
I would rather remain with my limbs all free,
Than to hobble about, singing chick-a-de-de.
Chick-a-de-de, etc.

VIII.

"There is ONE, my dear child, though I can not tell who,
Has clothed me already, and warm enough, too.
Good-morning! O who are so happy as we?"
And away he went, singing his chick-a-de-de.
Chick-a-de-de, etc.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.



THE new year! Shall we moralize about it, or fritter it into poetry? Shall we do it up in fresco or mosaic? Shall we—no, no, we shall do neither. We shall just welcome the stranger courteously and cordially, wish him a happy time of it, a smooth passage, and a better winding up than his predecessor had, and so go on our way to the *Chat*.

Here we are again, all together, in our snug parlor. "The dead past has buried its dead," and we are of the now, our responsibilities still upon us, our blessings clustering around us. We give you joy, one and all. A happy New Year to every one of you, and all whom you love. May your happiness be that which vanishing years can not take away with them, which shall know only one year—*eternity*.

We have a very large budget. Uncle Hiram has been obliged to grind his hatchet anew, in order to do the needful trimming and pruning. He thinks we shall be obliged to limit all letters to ten lines, or to offer a premium for the most comprehensive specimens. We shall think of it. Meanwhile, he will continue to amputate as usual.

"The Song of the Snow-Bird" will be new to most of our young folks, and such as have seen it before, will regard it as good enough to be repeated.

To save room, we shall have a monthly list of "Answers Received," instead of attaching the names to each answer.

NEW YORK, *Dec.* 1, 1857.

MR. HATCHET:—"Who steals my purse, steals trash; but he who robs me of my good name"—nay, *ha' done* wi' your nonsense. Brother Coleman, I bear you no ill will, though you have done that which will make it hard to tell who is what. Neither will I be angry at your charge of *forgery*, as I have not been guilty of that act since, when a little boy, in my grandpapa's blacksmith shop, I so cruelly pounded my fingers, that ever after the mention of *forge*, or *forging*, causes them to tingle again. But are *you* exempt from this same charge? Where is your proof? "Show your papers," or I must still claim to be the "Original Jacobs." I would rather believe you to be O. K., and at present will so consider you. I do not like the distinctions of North and South, proposed by Mr. Hatchet, for I am a Union man. No. Let that middle link, the *os Haydon* be joined to the *os Hoyt*, in one bone of concord; and thus *Siamesically* en*Twined* by the cords of fraternal affection, we shall present a noble example of that union which knows no North, no South, no East, no West.

Still, I fear there will be some confusion in knowing which is which, and I don't exactly see how it will be remedied; though there will have one advantage, namely, if *you* say a bright thing, *I* shall share the credit, and *vice versa*; ditto in relation to stupid things. There, enough on that subject. I suppose we may expect to enjoy the story of Carl Bedenken for the rest of our natural lives, as it is "without an end." What has been done with the latter? Was it *cut off*?

PARTICULAR NOTICE.—I am requested to state that †*† and !—! will hereafter *discontinue* their communications to the MUSEUM. All business relating to either of said writers will be settled by me.

WILLIE HOYT COLEMAN.

I don't know about that, Willie. It takes two to make a bargain; and here is !—! to speak for himself, and right well he speaks, too. If you are to speak for him, hereafter, you will have to look PQliarly sharp to your P's and Q's, or at least to your Q-ri-*os*-i-ties.

MR. HATCHET: I send a few curiosities, to be placed on the shelves of the MUSEUM AND CABINET.

BOTANICAL.

A sprig from the flower of youth.
Several leaves from the Book of Nature.
A few mourning weeds, dried.
Three buds of promise.

PHYSIOLOGICAL.

A tooth from the mouth of a river.
Also, one from the jaws of death.
The original bone of contention.
A hair from the head of navigation.
Biceps muscle from an arm of the sea.

ASTRONOMICAL.

The tail of the dog-star.
Ditto of the comet.
The buckle of Orion's belt.

POMOLOGICAL.

Three seeds from the apple of the eye.
The core of the apple of discord.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A bill on the River Bank (caved in).
The key which locked two friends in an embrace.
A splinter from a moonbeam.
A pair of spurs from a mountain range.
The lock to a tree trunk.
Stirrups belonging to a saddle of mutton.
An egg found in a mare's nest.
A timber from the bridge of the nose.
A link from the chain of circumstances.

The above are a very few of a great number of *valuable curiosities* worthy of a place in our MUSEUM. Will some of the Merrys lend their aid in collecting them?

!—!

Just the thing, worthy Mr. (or Miss?) "!—!," whom our voracious Willie was about to swallow at a breath, as the whale (?) did Jonah. What is a "Museum," but a "Cabinet" of curiosities? Hand them along. We will make room for all genuine specimens.

MISERY VALLEY, *Nov.* 7, 1857.

Well, if it's not enough to try a Job, without mentioning myself, then I'm mistaken.

"Weldon." You may well say, "What's become of Nip?" Indeed, I don't quite know myself. Here have I written two letters, in the short space of three months, to "our dear Chat," and—and, when in comes "Hatchet," looking as sharp as vinegar, and, after perusing my effusions, gives me a toss "under the table," tells me emphatically to "stay there," and troubles himself no more about me! If it's not enough to make me a fit subject for "Bloomingdale," then I am certainly in the wrong.

Everybody's forgotten me, except Weldon (bless his heart!), and I am just wretched.

If H. H. puts me in a basket again, I shall certainly do something desperate.

I feel like "boxing" any one, so if anything of the kind is wished for, I am ready. Yours, with groans,

NIPPINIFIDGET.

Just to keep you out of Bloomingdale, Nip, we keep you out of the basket; though, if you *should* go mad, it would be Uncle Sam's fault, and not Uncle Hiram's. The fact is, Uncle Sam likes your letters so much, he won't let Uncle Hiram see them. You will find them at Washington.

ROBINGROVE, *Oct.* 21, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have for a long time designed writing to you and the MUSEUM; but, since my last letter, I have been very busy.

Robingrove is still pleasant, but winter is coming on, and the robins will soon bid us farewell, and seek a warmer home in the "sunny southland."

Trippy's Aunty says that he cares for nothing but eating; his literary tastes are lost in—liver! But when the snow comes she hopes to see his talents revived. The other dogs send their best respects, but never expect to become as distinguished as Trip. Respectfully,

PANSY.

Thanks to the fairies for their favors, and to the bow-wows for their *bows* of recognition. Tell Trip he must improve his tastes, if he means to be a good *liver*.

MARION, SMYTH CO., VA., *Nov.* 4, 1857.

MY DEAR UNCLE:—I am glad to see that you have returned from your tour through the Western States. I have not written to you for a long time, but have written to Aunt Sue almost every month. What has become of Aunt Sue's "Bureau?" Does no one write to her now?

Say to her, that I would like to see her again, before the year closes. I am always very glad to get my CABINET, and, like some of my cousins, I always begin at the end to read it. Before I close, let me ask an introduction to Fleta, Willie, H. C., and A. O. With much love to Uncles, Aunt, and Cousins, I remain yours, sincerely,

LIZZIE M. SHEFFEY.

November 2, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—May I come in,
And to the tumult add more din,
And help to eat the *din*-ner, too,
Which is provided by Aunt Sue?
Aunt Sue cries, "Yes, come and partake,
Here's what will keep thy mind awake;
Come grave and gay—come one and all."
And now, pur-*su-ant* to her call,
We pur-*sue Aunt* into the hall,
Where on the table is arrayed
Enigma, puzzle, and charade.
Now, tripping in with laugh and song,
Here comes the *frank* and *merry* throng.
First comes gay Fleta, good and fair,
And *fleeter* than the timid hare,
When roused by *forrester*, from its lair.
Cousin Adelbert, too, I spy,
And that he *older* is than I;
And, stealing softly, comes the Clove,
As *spicy* as a *Ceylon grove*.
And O. K. Bush, whom may I see
Grow yet into a tall *O.* (a) *K. tree*.
The mind's not *colored* of Aunt Sue,
For here's Black-Eyes and *dark-eyes*, too.
Here's Uncle Joe, who scarcely grows
To be more witty than *jo*-cose.
Now comes another *merry* son,
And all that he does, is *Wel-don*.
A *Fisher*, too, and for his mate,
I see, indeed, a little *Bate*.
Here's *Crab* and *Fish* to swim the *Waters*,
And *Dashes*, *Dots*, and genial daughters.
And here's a *Boot*, in which to put,
In winter cold, a *solid foot*.
But I must stop, or else I'll catch it,
And get the spite of Hiram Hatchet.
The dinner's o'er, clang goes the bell,
And Buckeye Boy must say "farewell."
Farewell! but, Buckeye, come again,
Give us the echo of your strain,
Which, with its touches, brief but pat,
Is just the music for the Chat.

"?" is decidedly too demonstrative. Then she mixes up "new" and "ould" in such a way, that we can't tell whether she is Irish or Yankee. We refer her case to Aunt Sue.

"Kitty Montrose" is welcome. Aunt Sue says she can not *whisper* in company.

"C. M. G.," and his Latin puzzle, are received.

"Willie" shall be accommodated with more prize puzzles by-and-by.

"Southern Girl" need not be alarmed. It was only a part of her own fancy.

"Mignone" has our warmest sympathy.

"Lucy and Emma" are most welcome. We never "shut out" any who wish to come, and are always glad for them to take part in the Chat.

"Carrie," we shall be happy to see you. When you come, perhaps you can tell us the difference between "*licking*" and "*sticking*."

"Nelly," please make yourself at home. "Winona" won't be long away. No other letter of yours has reached us.

"C. F. W." shall have the numbers, if we can find them.

"Moss Rose" need not fear the *daggers*, they are sheathed. Uncle Frank will call, when he goes that way again.

"Phi" is right in thinking it is enough to have Aunt Sue for an Aunt, without knowing her name and history. But he is wrong in supposing that Uncle Hiram could not *pun*ish him for his name. *Fie* on him for saying so. He may send us a *whole comb* of new honey, as a forfeit.

If "Oscar" is nicely caught, let him tell us, if he can, why he does not travel faster. He is quite an artist.

"Massena" is welcome. Come often. We will certainly give you a call, in some of our rambles. But—how are we to find you?

"L. H. P." we can find, without trouble, and shall be strongly tempted to do so, after so fine a description of the place.

"Lucy" must bear her disappointment meekly. Uncle Frank came home in a hurry. He will be your way again, soon.

"Nelson H. L." Just so.

"Gamma" is formally introduced to "Jessie," "Gypsey," "Willie," and all the rest.

"Annie" dear, you are right, and when you *write* again, you shan't be crowded out. Uncle Frank will call next time.

ANSWERS RECEIVED.

Maria—Tennessean—Buckeye Boy—Lone Star—C. W.—Susie—C. F. G.—F. E. W.—Kitty Montrose.—Ella N.—S. T. R.—Wm. M.—Nullus—Adelbert Older—Lucy and Emmie—C. F. W.—C. E. F.—M. L. G.—Moss Rose—X. Y. Z.—H. B. Olds—Phi—Geo. B. H.—Oscar B.—L. H. P.—H. C. Bate—Philomathas—Emma J.—Ida S.—Missouri George—Esther—Lil-lo—S. L. M.—Minta—Jack—Two of Us—Anon—Max—U. L. A.

A HINT.

I had a very pleasant dream:
I thought I saw a golden stream
Flow in, and fill my cup.
I woke—and found that, one and all,
Our readers, answering to our call,
Were promptly PAYING UP.
R. M.

UNCLE FRANK'S MONTHLY TABLE-TALK.

You see, boys and girls, how we have begun the New Year, don't you? Because it would really be a great pity if we should put down new carpets, varnish up our furniture, hang up lots of new pictures on the walls, and make ourselves as spruce as possible, and you didn't notice any of the changes we made. I suppose we editors feel something of a housewife's pride, in our family arrangements, and we should be mortified, as well as she, if our fancied good taste all went for nothing. Now, the long and the short of the thing is just this: that, as our MUSEUM AND CABINET is the mammoth magazine for the little folks, and has a greater circulation than any other publication in the world, we are determined that it shall be well-dressed and make a handsome figure among its companions. That is the reason we have changed his drapery so materially. You see we have given him an entirely new suit, from his chin to his toes. The border around the page, we think, sets off the charms of our protégé not a little. What do you think? At first, it may seem that this change reduces the amount of matter (a change which might, perhaps, be regarded as ornamenting the body at the expense of the mind), but if you will look into the matter a little more carefully, you will perceive that it is not so. The type is smaller than formerly, while it is newer and equally distinct, and the pages contain as much matter. One can not patronize the tailor very extensively without running up a rather formidable bill. What we have been doing has cost a good deal of money. But we hope to get the worth of it back, and a great deal more, by the increased value which our friends will place upon our magazine. That is the way we take to wish you all a *Happy New Year.*

THE TWO UNCLES.

Uncle Frank and Uncle Hiram having become sufficiently acquainted with each other, to be able to determine that they will get along very well together, with no more jars than usually fall to the lot of most well-regulated families—of course I speak now of jars of preserves—will not, in future, always place their free-and-easy chat in separate departments. They will, on the contrary, often have something to say, when it will puzzle the wisest of you to guess which of the Uncles said it. So look out.

"SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER."

And who is Somebody's Daughter? Ah! that is what the shrewd girl does not care to tell. Nor does she inform us where she lives. But she sends us

some spicy rhymes, it must be confessed, which would do credit to anybody's daughter. I suppose she must have become somewhat inspired in reading Uncle Hiram's article on the sewing-machine, in the last number of our magazine. At all events, she has, by some means or other, worked herself up to a pretty high pitch of enthusiasm on the subject. I hope it will not be necessary for her friends to put her into a strait jacket. Just listen to her:

THE SEWING-MACHINE.

Done into rhyme by Somebody's Daughter.

I sing the exploits of the sewing-machine,
And in these few numbers install as my hero,
A greater than many a king or queen—
Than Pepin or Tamerlane, Pompey or Nero.

As it turns off its stitches, or faster or slow,
At the rate of a thousand or less in a minute,
One can not help wondering whether or no
The mind of a Yankee is really in it.

It curtails the doctor's vocation and fees;
Give one to your wife, to your sweetheart, or sister,
To shield her from pain and from wasting disease,
'Tis better than bleeding, or bolus, or blister.

As it sews you a seam, a knot it will tie,
As strong as the knot of the parson, or stronger;
On its genius and skill you may safely rely,
Though the stitch you should fancy be shorter or longer.

It greets both the rich and the poor as a friend;
'Tis at home in the cottage, the palace, the villa;
Its province alike is to make or to mend
A coat or a collar, a frock or mantilla.

Of sewing-machines 'tis important to know,
There are hundreds of styles, and a dozen of makers;
Some good and some bad, at high prices and low;
But the one I'm in love with is Grover and Baker's.

AUNT SUE'S BUREAU.

WHY are the letters addressed to Aunt Sue like good wine? Because they are none the worse for keeping; and that is a very fortunate circumstance, as I find some dated as far back as July! I am afraid the dear little writers fancied themselves neglected; but never mind, "better late than never," you know.

BEECHGROVE, IA., *Sept.* 16, 1857

DEAR AUNT SUE:—On receipt of the July number of the CABINET, I answered as many of the puzzles as I could make out, and wrote you a long letter, but before I had an opportunity of sending it, our house was burned. We saved very little, and barely escaped with our lives. One of my brothers was so badly burned, that for a time his life was almost despaired of, but he is now nearly well. (Poor, dear brother! How I wish I had been near him, to sometimes amuse him, and make him forget his pain, Aunt Sue.)

We are now residing at the house of a friend; when I next write I hope to date from "Home." I have often wondered at the little nieces and nephews making such a fuss about your name; *I* guess it is ———. Now, do tell me, Aunty, if that is right. I, too, say, "Welcome back, *ancient* Laura." Give my love to Black-Eyes and Willie H. C. What has become of O. L. Bradley? I wonder if my letter will get a hatcheting, or be consigned to that "terrible basket." Give my love to all the cousins.

Yours truly, MARIE.

I am afraid that was a "Yankee *guess*" of yours, Marie; their guesses are based on certainty, and there is no disputing yours. *I* can not imagine either why they should make "such a fuss" about Aunt Sue; I am half inclined to think that it is a conspiracy among my nieces and nephews to talk me into importance!

But, Marie, just see what F. M. H. says:

AUGUSTA, GA., *Sept.* 7, 1857.

MY DEAR AUNT SUE:—I beg you to pardon me for writing you these few lines, because you are an old maid [did you ever!—*A. S.*], and therefore do not like your nephews to annoy you with their letters. I declare, Aunt Sue, you ought to be out here, in the good old State of Georgia, and especially in Augusta; it is the most pleasant place in the South. The streets are laid out somewhat like those of Hartford, Conn., the abode of that young man, Willie, whom Black-Eyes and Nip are making such a fuss about.

I hope Willie will allow me to sympathize with him in his great trouble with the girls. Give my love to Black-Eyes, and ask her—for my sake—to quit teasing Willie.

Your affectionate nephew, F. M. H.

Here is a letter written by some one who seems charitably disposed to take Aunt Sue "on trust," but, alas! I can find no signature.

JOY, *August* 11, 1857.

AUNT SUE:—It is with pleasure that, after a long time, I sit down to acquaint you with the fact that I am still in the land of the living. [I am delighted to hear it—but who *is* "I?"—*A. S.*] Please give me an introduction to Mr. Merry, Uncle Hiram, and all the Merry cousins. [Certainly; Mr. Merry, Mr. Hatchet, allow me to introduce my friend "I."—*A. S.*] I see from the last number of the CABINET that Black-Eyes is apt to "pitch into" some of the weaker cousins. Please tell her from me, that if she touches me I shall let her alone, severely. And tell U. F. that his nephew Eddie was not so smart but that I found out his own age, and that of his father and mother; and I did not get up till six o'clock either.

There seems to be a very great desire among the cousins, and the Merry ones in particular, to know who you are. Now I know that we all love you just as well as if we knew your real name, so there is no use in fretting about it. Does Uncle Hiram have anything to do with your letters? [He *keeps* them for me.—*A. S.*] If he does, tell him to spare my letter this time and oblige me.

Won't somebody tell me who "me" is?

EDEN VALLEY, N. H., *Aug.* 24, 1857.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I have been much pleased with the CABINET ever since I formed its acquaintance, nearly two years ago. I have liked it all, but if I am partial to any part of it, it is certainly to Aunt Sue's Bureau. I wonder if there is room for another round that "Bureau;" if there is, I should be very happy to make the acquaintance of my cousins. My little sister sends her love and a kiss to Aunt Sue. [Bless the little darling! give her a good hug for me.—*A. S.*] With love to Uncle Frank, Aunt Sue, and all my cousins, Your devoted niece,

LILLIE FORREST.

Plenty of room, Lillie dear.

OAK WILD LODGE, *Sept.* 12, 1857.

DEAR AUNTY:—My own wishes have seconded my little sister's entreaty, that I write to "Aunt Sue;" and now in the name of dark-eyed Kate, light-haired Eddie, and golden-curled Minnie, I humbly and earnestly solicit an introduction to Uncle, and all the Merrys of the MUSEUM—a Museum that I like better, far, than P. T. Barnum's; and I beg of Mr. Daggers Dash, Star Daggers, or whatever he calls himself, not to set the MUSEUM in commotion by any more such hot-

headed letters as his last, and ask Walter Grey if he has not had Professor Fowler's fingers about his head; if he hasn't, let him go quick—the Professor will tell him he's a poet, or will be. With sentiments of purest regard,

Your friendly niece, ROSAMOND.

Walk in, *Fair Rosamond*, our "daggers" are harmless, and we have no poisoned bowl here.

EDEN VALLEY, *Aug.* 21, 1857.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I am very much pleased with the August number of the CABINET. I think it a great improvement on the July number, for there was none of Uncle Frank's Monthly Table-Talk in that. I felt rather *huffy* (if that word is in the Dictionary) about that deficiency, all of last month. I knew it was no use to grumble though, and so I kept pretty silent on the subject. My love to Uncle Frank and my cousins, and accept a large share for yourself.

Your affectionate niece,
EUGENIE FORREST.

I would fain bo silent, to let Uncle Frank speak.

Make room for Bess to state her grievances.

BROOKLYN, *Sept.* 16, 1857.

DEAR MUSEO-CABINET:—I could not have believed that you would treat an old friend so badly. Catch me wasting *two* sheets of pink note-paper, o'er-writ with *blue* ink, upon you again! But "Forgive and forget," says somebody, and I'll take the advice this time. If my letter ever reached you, which I considerably doubt (for it had to come only from the New York P. O. to your sanctum, about a quarter of a mile [?]), most probably the inexorable Hiram chopped it *all* up with that Procrustean hatchet of "his'n." Was it so? I really think, in view of your growing correspondence, that you had better "set" *it* "up" *first*, and let the rest of the Mag. take its chance. What say you? But, *should* you have the condescension to "prent" my "notes," keep me at a good distance from all "Dash-daggers," "Star-daggers," and all that warlike tribe. *Please* do. And please, *too*, introduce me to "Black-Eyes," and ask her to tell me who "W. F. O." is, if she knows. I'm exceedingly curious about *him* (?).

Yours, ORIGINAL BESS.

BROOKLYN, *Sept.* 14, 1857.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I think I may claim a place in the circle of your correspondents, for old acquaintance sake, as I have been a subscriber to your magazine ever since it commenced, and have always read it with the greatest interest.

Many are the enigmas, charades, etc., whose mysteries I have unraveled; many also are the labyrinths whose mazes I have threaded, but never could I summon resolution to write to your own dear self, although you look so sweet.* I should like to steal a kiss, yet I have the greatest horror of dark drawers and corners, and have always been afraid that it would be my fate to be consigned to some such receptacle for dull letters. But that rule is sounding in my ears, "Brevity is the soul of wit," and I hasten to close.

The answer to question No. 171 is "Windlasses," and to No. 172 is "Odoacer." I should like to answer in rhyme, but, alas! to me is not given the poetic afflatus. You know it would never do to have two smart ones in a family, and I am BESS'S SISTER.

* Didn't you take the "poet's license" there, little sister?

N. SANDWICH, N. H,, *Aug.* 21, 1857.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I have not written to the CABINET since its union with the MUSEUM, but I think I shall like it very much indeed. It seems that Uncle Frank has been playing truant again. Well, I suppose that we shall have to get along without him the best we can. I hope he will have some letters from the West in every number of the CABINET. Is he going into Minnesota and Iowa?

I remain your nephew,
OMAR W. FOLSOM

TREMAINSVILLE, O., *Sept.* 10, 1857.

MY DEAR AUNT SUE:—May I not become one of your nieces? I hear your kind voice saying, "Oh! yes, certainly;" and as this is the case, I presume I can make myself at home. What a delicious Indian summer we are having! We live in a farm-house, and the scenery all around us is delightful. Oh! if the people were only half as good as the earth is beautiful, this world would be fit for angels to live in, would it not, Aunty? [Yes, indeed, dear; but in that

case, I am afraid we should scarce long for a "better world."—*A. S.*] I hope you will not forget us if you ever come this way. Good-bye, dear Aunty.

Your loving LOTTIE.

WEST UNION, *Oct.*, 1857.

My dearest Aunty Sue,
I write this to you,
With the hope that you'll now introduce me
To Mollie and Lillie,
To Fleta and Willie.
Now, Aunty, please do not refuse me,
I wish only to say,
(And I hope that I may),
I enjoy much your magazine fare,
At the coming of night,
When I read with delight
Its stories, so racy and rare.
But now it is time
To finish my rhyme,
So I really must bid you farewell;
Give my love to the cousins,
By tens and by dozens,
And believe me your friend,

MATTIE BELL.

Answers to Questions in Nov. No.

190. It is often sounding.
191. Heroine.
192. 9½.
193. Coat.
194. P-ear.
195. The letter *r* makes fiend friend.
196. D-clivity.
197. Man-kind.
198. What is it?
199. Pen-man-ship.
200. July-uly, ly, y.
201. Hidden.
202. Beg-one.
203. One flees for shelter, the other is a shelter for fleas.
204. The cock.
205. The letter S.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

1. Why is virtue like a star? *C. W.*

2. Why is the letter D a great reformer? *Aaron De L.*

3. Divide a square into 16 smaller squares, in which arrange the numbers, from 1 to 16, so that added horizontally, perpendicularly, or diagonally, each line will be 34; and the square being divided into four equal parts, the sum of the four numbers in each shall be 34. *Omega.*

4. In what kind of skin was Adam clothed? *L. U.*

5. Spell *red rogue* with three letters. *L. U.*

6. Why is MERRY'S MUSEUM like a spoon in a cup of tea? *Wild Rose.*

7. My *first* is a disordered mind,
My *second*, a substance for food,
My *third* is a lassie, both gentle and kind,
My *whole*, a poetical mood. *S. F.*

8. A bouquet of flowers.
1. A goddess and her snare for an insect.
2. A prelate and part of his dress.
3. A ruler and part of a bird.
4. A female's ornament.
5. A heavenly body, a preposition, and a town in India.
6. A musical instrument and a useless herb.
7. A young horse and part of his body. *Cousin N.*

9. How did Queen Elizabeth surpass Niagara Falls? *Cousin N.*

10. What youth does not seek for my *first* with great care?
To woo me all perils, all climes he will dare;
Once a goddess, now often called fickle and vain,
But a dame woo'd by all, all can not obtain.
My *second*—what Indian's not proud of a name,
Which he shares with his dog, as well as the game?
If enough of my *first* you possess, and to spare,
My *whole* will be ready to ask for a share—
But, ladies, be warned of my *whole* to beware. *Anon.*

11. What two rivers in New England have prepared a suitable place of gathering for Uncle Merry's great family? *Susie.*

12. Four letters, I may truly say,
Comprise my little store,
But if you take just one away,
You leave me fifty-four.
Buckeye Boy.

THE SNOW-HOUSE.

"A palace, or a cot—it matters not."

THE SNOW-HOUSE.

See, Charlie, out there, by the elm tree,
The snow has been eddying round,
And has made, for our winter snow-house,
A broad and beautiful mound.

Come, Charlie, bring out your shovel,
And soon we will let them see,
How nice, how snug, and how cosy,
Our winter palace can be.

The door shall be arched and lofty,
The room within shall be round;
And we'll have a fire-place and chimney,
And a carpet of straw for the ground.

Then we'll have a magnificent party,
And all our friends receive,
With chestnuts, popped corn, and candy,
On Christmas or New Year's eve.

H. H.

PUTTING OFF THINGS.

MY friends, do you like long words? Because, if you do, I can treat you to one right on the spot, say half as long as your arm. For myself, I have no fancy for long words, and seldom come across them in my reading, without wondering why the man who served them up didn't take a chopping-knife, and cut them up into words of convenient size. I don't like long words at all; they may possibly show off a writer's learning, but they certainly don't speak very well for his common sense. Some people, if they were going to tell you the story I have just undertaken to tell, instead of employing the plain title which I have put over it, would have given it the imposing and sonorous heading, *Procrastination*. Now, boys, do you like that any better? I want you all suited. In this respect, I am as accommodating as the celebrated Tim Dexter is reputed to have been; he wrote a book, you know, without a single comma, or semicolon, or pause of any kind in the entire volume, but gave directions for the printer to furnish half-a-dozen pages of these pauses at the end of the book, with a note to the reader, stating that, as there was a great deal of difference among people as to the particular use of marks of punctuation, he wished every one to season the book according to his own individual taste. Here are the two headings, my boy; take just which you like. And now for the story:

Among the play-fellows of my boyhood was one Tom Stansell. Let me make you acquainted with one of the most marked features in his character—one which stood out so boldly that nobody could be in his company an hour without noticing it, any more than he could help noticing a huge and ungainly nose on a man's face. This trait in Tom's character was that of *putting off things*. I don't know how early he came by this habit, though he must have been very young when he first took it up. As long ago as I can remember the boys in school

CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.

used to nickname him Standstill, on account of this unfortunate habit of his.

He was never at his place in the school-house until late. How he always contrived to be systematically behind time was a mystery even to himself. When reproved, as he frequently was, by the schoolmaster, I have known him scratch his head, as if that organ was completely bewildered and puzzled, and declare that he could not, for the life of him, tell how he came to be tardy. It was just so at church, or at *meeting*, rather, as we used to say in good old Connecticut a third of a century ago. He was never in season, when he was left by his parents to depend on his own management. Many a time, on a Saturday afternoon, when there was no school, I have waited for him to call and go on a fishing excursion over to Mason's pond, according to his promise—waited, and waited, and waited, until I lost all my patience, as well as most of my good-humor, and went off without him. He was sure to disappoint me as to the time of fulfilling his promises, though he was sure to come some time or other. If he was sent on an errand, with particular instructions to be in haste, something would detain him, so that the errand would not be done in season.

Tom's habit was sometimes very expensive, both to himself and to others. One day, he and his sister were spending the afternoon at my father's. It was during the summer season. Toward night, dark clouds began to gather, and one or two reports of distant thunder were heard. My mother thought her young visitors would do well to start for home, for fear they might be overtaken by the storm. But Tom thought there "would be plenty of time" if they waited a little while longer. They did wait. Finally, however, Tom was ready to start. My mother lent him an umbrella, and begged him to walk as fast as possible. They had not left the door three minutes before the rain began to pour down in torrents, and both Tom and his sister, who had half a mile to walk, were drenched through and through. They reached home as wet as two drowned rats.

I said, a few moments ago, that Tom himself didn't know how he came to be uniformly *out of time* in anything that he did. Now, in this respect, I must give myself credit for being a little wiser than my old school-fellow. I think I *do* know. It resulted from his systematic and persevering habit of putting off things. Let me show you exactly how he did it. He was not ready to do anything at the instant when it ought to be done. He wanted to *think about it* when he ought to be *doing it*. He lay in bed, lazily and foolishly, when he ought to be getting up and dressing. That was the reason, you see, he was late at breakfast and late at school. It was just so with the lessons he had to learn out of school-hours. He was thinking of getting the books, when he ought to be conning over the lesson. He was absolutely never ready for the lesson. After tea, at night, his mother, perhaps, would remind him of his task. But the reply would be, "Oh, there's time enough;" and so he would amuse himself with some boyish sport. By-and-by, it wanted only an hour of bed-time. If he was again reminded of his lesson, the same answer would be ready, "There's plenty of time." And so, very likely, the lesson would not be learned until the next morning, and then, of course, hurriedly and imperfectly, if at all.

How true is the sentiment in that line of poetry, with which almost every boy is familiar, "Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined!" Tom was never broken of his habit. It followed him all through his boyhood, and after he became a man it stuck to him as closely as if it had been one of his most cherished friends; as, indeed, I half suspect it was. Tom has never been successful in business, not because he is deficient in industry, or judgment, or foresight, or application—for he has all these qualities—but simply because he is not ready to do things in season, but persistently and invariably puts them off. He can not close a bargain to-day, when everything about it is as plain as the nose on a man's face, but puts it off till to-morrow: "Well, why will not to-morrow do about as well?" *About* as well! The very way you ask the question shows that you don't believe it is *quite* as well. Then why not to-day? But the fact is, to-day is every way better than to-morrow. Perhaps something may occur to prevent its being accomplished after to-day. Besides, let me tell you a secret: "To-morrow," with Tom Stansell, and men of his character, is only another word for "some other time," and that time, "other time," is almost sure never to come.

Now, boys, I have not told you this story because I thought it might entertain you; still less have I told it because I take pleasure in pointing out the defects in people's characters. I have told it for the same reason that light-houses are erected.

Our government do not put up a light-house just because it is a rather handsome structure, and its light is pleasant to behold in a dark night. They build the light-house to show the mariner, as he approaches that coast, that there is danger on that shore. When a wise captain sees that light, he gives it a "wide berth," to use a sailor's phrase—he keeps out of its way. That is precisely the reason I have told you the story, my boy. I have set up Tom Stansell as a light-house. So see to it that you do not let your vessel run on to that coast; for it is a dangerous one. There are breakers in that direction. If you strike on them, you are sure to be wrecked. Don't put off things.

THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

UNCLE FRANK.

FRANK AND HIS FATHER FISHING.

THE LITTLE COMMODORE.

THE morning was fine, and the sun's rays were tinging with mellow light the tops of trees on the opposite hills, while the hills themselves still remained buried in deep shade, or were reflected in the smooth surface of the river. Having dispatched their breakfast, Frank and his father sallied out, each with his rod and line (Frank carrying a basket for the safe keeping of the fish), and soon were at the little cove. Frank enjoyed dearly a walk with his father, who was an enthusiastic admirer of all that is beautiful in nature; and well knowing how much the happiness of life is increased by such a taste, he took every opportunity of cultivating a similar one in his son. The lights and shadows on the mountain scenery, the various reflections on the transparent water, the refulgent sunset, the lightning that filled the heavens with vivid flashes—all were to him subjects of contemplation. Nor were these the only subjects that excited his fancy. The form of a tree, the texture and color of a leaf, the dew-drops distilled over the foliage, and even the rough pebble, possessed beauty in his eye. He knew, too, how to mingle pleasant instruction while discoursing on the uses of all these things to human, animal, and vegetable nature; and to this he added the rare gift of describing correctly what he had seen in other countries, and what he knew of their people. All these accomplishments threw a charm over the walk Frank took with his father.

As they were proceeding along to the fishing-ground, Frank noticed flat

circles upon the dewy grass, as if it had been pressed by some weight. Pointing this out to his father, he was informed that in Scotland and Ireland these spots are by the simple-minded peasantry called fairy rings. Indeed, they firmly believe that these little beings meet at night to dance and frolic in the moonlight, which accounted for the curious circles in the grass.

Arriving at the rock ere the sun was high enough to cast its reflection upon the spot, the deep, still water looked dark, which Captain Melville said was a sure indication that the fish would bite well. Having unreeled their lines, the captain took from the basket a little tin box, and having opened it, gave Frank one of the small clams brought for bait. "Now, Frank," said he, patting him upon the arm playfully, "bait well your hook, and we shall see who will catch the first bass. This is the month for bass, and unless I am much mistaken, there are some about." Frank was all excitement at the idea of catching a bass, but he knew that good luck in fishing depended very much upon keeping quiet. So, baiting his hook, with great agility he dropped it noiselessly into the water, as his father did the same, at a short distance off. Not a word was spoken for several minutes, when suddenly Frank's face brightened up, and he exultingly drew in his line, exclaiming, as a fine fish shone and floundered upon the surface, "See, father! see, father! I have hooked a bass; here's a bass!"

"Pull, my son—pull him in steadily; but he is not a bass! You must try again." And he glanced at the fish, and seemed to enjoy his son's enthusiasm heartily. "But, Frank," he continued, "I believe in my heart you have frightened away my first fish just as he was about to bite."

Frank had only caught a good-sized perch, and, trying again and again, he hooked quite a number of the same kind, but not one bass. Captain Melville, though an expert angler, was not so fortunate as his son, who had such good luck that he soon counted two fish to his father's one; and the basket being nearly full, he was now about to give up all hopes of catching a bass that morning. "We must give up the bass to-day, my son," said he, drawing up his line, "and as the hour for your tutor has nearly arrived, and I must be at the cars at ten, reel up your line and we will return home."

Frank was not inclined to favor this motion, and begging his father to remain a little longer, and let him have "one more try," he again cast his line, his father in the meantime pulling out his watch and motioning his approbation of the act. "Try again, then, my son," said the father, "but do not be disappointed if you have no luck." Frank watched the bait intently as it gradually sunk, his face became flushed with anxiety, every minute seemed an hour, and scarcely had his father done speaking, when he felt a sharp pull, the line tautened and vibrated, and he cried out, in an exultant voice, "There, father! there, father! there he is!" And quickly pulling in his line, there came splashing and floundering to the surface a fine fish, his father at once pronounced a striped bass, and which Frank, whose child-like enthusiasm now knew no limits, regarded as a prize of great value.

Frank's joy knew no bounds. He would have spent an hour examining the fish and exclaiming at his wonderful good fortune in taking it at the last moment, had not his father warned him of the necessity of returning home. The prize was carefully placed at the

GIBRALTAR FROM THE NORTHWEST.

top of the basket, which Frank insisted on carrying. When they reached the house, he begged permission to take it himself to the kitchen and ask the cook to dress it for dinner and serve it alone.

This story, with the engraving of Gibraltar, is taken from "*The Little Commodore*," by May Rambler, a very excellent book of 300 pages, just published by Sheldon, Blakeman & Co. The young sailor makes a voyage with his father, stops at Gibraltar, and other important and interesting places, about which he gives much valuable information.

The *Rock of Gibraltar* is a dark, precipitous promontory, rising out of the sea to the height of 1,400 feet. It bristles with cannon in every direction, and is one of the most impregnable fortresses in the world.

CURIOUS FACTS.

Bees are geometricians. The cells are so constructed as, with the least quantity of material, to have the largest-sized spaces and the least possible loss of interstice. The mole is a meteorologist. The bird called a nine-killer is an arithmetician; as also the crow, the wild turkey, and some other birds. The torpedo, the ray, and the electric eel, are electricians. The nautilus is a navigator. He raises and lowers his sails, casts and weighs anchor, and performs other nautical acts. Whole tribes of birds are musicians. The beaver is an architect, builder, and woodcutter. He cuts down trees, and erects houses and dams. The marmot is a civil engineer. He does not only build houses, but constructs aqueducts and drains to keep them dry. The white ants maintain a regular army of soldiers. Wasps are paper manufacturers. Caterpillars are silk spinners. The squirrel is a ferryman. With a chip, or piece of bark, for a boat, and his tail for a sail, he crosses a stream. Dogs, wolves, jackals, and many others, are hunters. The black bear and heron are fishermen. The ants have regular day-laborers. The monkey is a rope-dancer.

THE CHILD'S CHOICE.

I'd choose to be a daisy,
If I might be a flower,
Closing my petals softly
At twilight's quiet hour;
And waking in the morning,
When falls the early dew,
To welcome heaven's bright sunshine,
And heaven's bright tear-drops, too.

I love the gentle lily,
It is so meek and fair;
But daisies I love better,
For they grow everywhere.
Lilies droop always sadly,
In sunshine and in shower;
But daisies still look upward,
However dark the hour.

A THOUGHT.

If but a single thought I drop
Into a drowsy ear,
It may revive the spark of hope,
And the desponding cheer.

A word may save where volumes fail,
If spoken from the heart,
And with the dying soul prevail,
And life and joy impart.

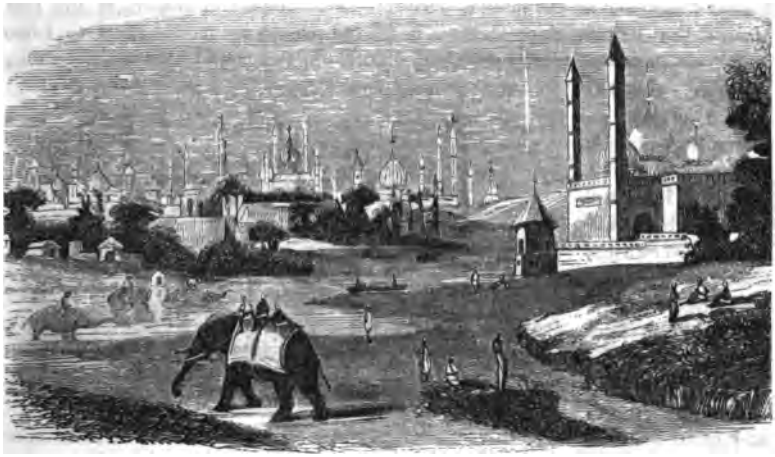
Ye all can speak a gentle word
To bless the weak and low,
And o'er life's dark and thorny road
Sweet flowers and sunshine throw.

A PEEP AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

LUCKNOW is an important place in India, being the capital of the kingdom of Oude. It is situated on one of the upper branches of the Ganges, on the direct line from Calcutta to Delhi, and is about 250 miles southeast from the latter place, and about 600 miles northwest from Calcutta. It is very interesting, at the present time, as being the place where General Havelock, with a considerable portion of the British army, is shut up and hemmed in, by a large army of native troops. The besieging army is estimated at 70,000, and the danger is very great that they will either capture the city or starve out the garrison. In either case, no part of the British army will be spared to tell the story. A considerable force, under the command of Sir Colin Campell, is on the march to relieve the place, and strong hopes are entertained that he may compel the raising of the siege, and so relieve the garrison. But if it be true, as stated in the last accounts, that the natives are 70,000 strong around the city, while Sir Colin has only 4,000 men, the prospect would seem to be uncertain, to say the least. But we shall soon know more of the matter.

Lucknow, like many Indian towns, has an imposing aspect, when seen from a distance, with its numerous cupolas and minarets stretching up into the sky and glittering in the sun. Some of the palaces and principal buildings are very beautiful. The architecture is partly Oriental and partly English.

Lucknow is a place of great resort during the seasons of its public festivals and court ceremonies, which far surpass in grandeur any thing now seen at Delhi. The state processions of the late king are described as rival-



THE CITY OF LUCKNOW.

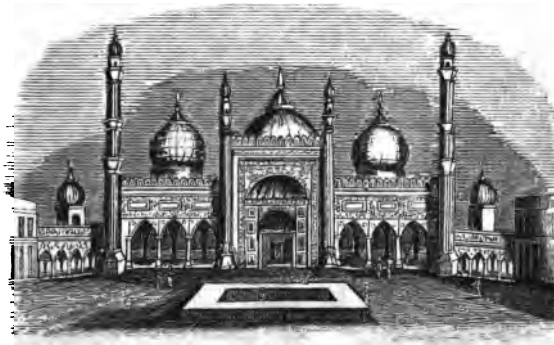
ing those of the Mogul emperors in the days of their glory. The Mohammedan festivals are celebrated at Lucknow with great magnificence. The court, and its numerous guests, are usually entertained with combats of wild beasts, and a dinner in the best English style, with an accompaniment of dances.

SOLDIER OF THE KING OF OUDE.

The kingdom of Oude has been, in former times, one of the most important of the British dependencies in India. It possesses great natural advantages, not exceeded by that of any other portion of the country. Its surface is level and watered by innumerable streams. Cultivated, as it was under its former rulers, it yielded rich crops of wheat, sugar, cotton, opium, indigo, and other valuable products. But oppressive taxation has destroyed the inducements to industry, and left large portions of land to run to waste.

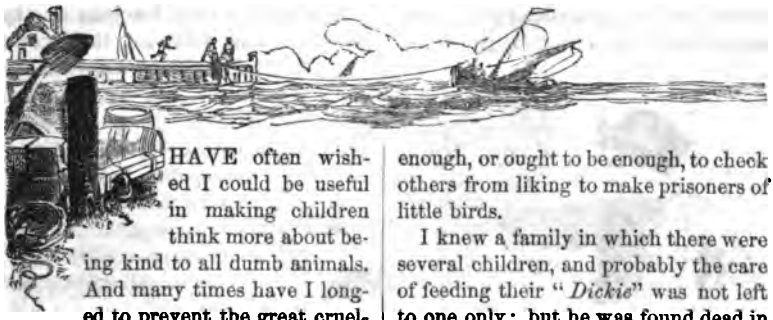
The district, or state, of Delhi adjoins the Oude on the northwest, and occupies nearly all the territory in which the principal sources of the Ganges are found. It was the central province, and seat of the great Mogul Empire.

Cashmere, which is farther north, on the borders of Tartary, is described as the most enchanting spot in all Asia. It is a broad, luxuriant valley, clothed with perpetual verdure, and watered by gentle cascades, falling from the mountains. Fruits and flowers abound. The rose of Cashmere is held in such high estimation, that an annual, called "the feast of roses," is celebrated in its honor. Cashmere was once regarded as a sort of holy land, and was filled with temples dedicated to various idols. The celebrated Cashmere shawls are made here, from the wool of the goats of Thibet. Under the Mogul dynasty the number of shawl looms in Cashmere was estimated at 40,000. It is now less than 3,000. A pair of shawls, of the best kind, would be worth 1,000 to 1,500 dollars, and would occupy fifteen men for eight months. How much would each get per month?



THE GRAND MOSQUE.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS.



I HAVE often wished I could be useful in making children think more about being kind to all dumb animals. And many times have I longed to prevent the great cruelty of confining birds in small cages; and have sighed at the sight of such little prisoners; while I said to myself, "If every one felt as I do, they would never make prisoners of the beautiful creatures a kind Providence has given, for us to admire and enjoy abroad in the open air."

Would any of you like to be always shut up in a little room, only able to move from side to side in the space allotted? How cruel! you would say, for any one to serve you so. Therefore you should think and feel for these little creatures; and I can not suppose you would delight in punishing the animals God has made, if you were taught to think more, for we should be very tender to all dumb creatures. If we loved God, we should learn to be good, and then we should feel happy in trying to make everything happy around us. Kindness to animals is always spoken of as an amiable trait in a child's character; and I hope you will ever bear in mind that they can feel as well as you.

Remember there is an eye that constantly sees you, and takes an account of all you do; and your delight should be in loving to make others happy as well as yourselves. Once having known of a bird being starved to death is enough, or ought to be enough, to check others from liking to make prisoners of little birds.

I knew a family in which there were several children, and probably the care of feeding their "*Dickie*" was not left to one only; but he was found dead in his cage, and their grandfather told me, with a sad countenance, that the poor bird had died through neglect. I can not forget the horror that came over me on hearing it. I wish it might be told, to prevent the keeping of such prisoners, and causing such cruelty again.

Some time ago, I was much interested in the fondness evinced between a little boy and a cat. Puss was a favorite with all the family, and attached herself so much to him, that when he was poorly and confined to his chamber, puss would find her way up stairs, and lay herself on his bed, purring, and seeming so happy to be by him. If any one went into his room, she would conceal herself until the visitor had retired, and then creep out, that she might enjoy her young master's caresses; and when he walked out, she would follow him with his faithful dog, wherever he went about the home premises. Indeed, it was beautiful to see how all his kindness to his pets was rewarded by their attachment and watchfulness. "*Keeper*" seemed to be a dog of no little intelligence, and a word to go or to stay was understood by him. Many a lesson, I thought, might be learned from this example of kindness of love.

A little girl, in a very plain dress, was returning from school, when a coarse and savage-looking man came along, dragging a dog by a string.

PLEASE DON'T!

Sometimes he would twitch the string sharply, and then beat the poor dog, because he cried, and tried to get away.

"Please don't," said Mary; "please don't hurt poor doggy so."

"What is that to you?" growled the savage; "mind your own business, and keep out of my way."

"Why," said Mary, looking him calmly in his face, "don't you know that God sees you?"

The brute was very angry, but that calm, quiet look and fearless attitude were too much for him. He turned away, and went on growling; but he did not twitch the string nor beat the dog till he was quite out of Mary's sight.

How many a child has been won by gentleness and kindness, that would not yield by severe measures! And we often find it so in the treatment of animals. The dog, for instance, that barks in surprise on first meeting you, and with a stick held up to him, will grow very angry, but by speaking softly and kindly, and coaxing him, will often come and appear to be quite ready for a pat on his side: do you not recollect these lines?

"Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you," etc.

And also the verse:

"A man of feeling to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions mark a brutal mind," etc.

It is well to store the memory with such useful rhymes, as the saying of them to others may often cause them to think how beautiful is the law of kindness! META.

LACONICS.

KEEP aloof from quarrels, be neither a witness nor a party.

None have less praise than those who hunt for it most.

If a man begin a fool, he is not obliged to persevere.

If your money is your god, it will plague you like the devil.

The heart has its reasons, which reason does not apprehend.

Close thine ears against those that open their mouths against others.

AFTERNOON RIDE.

ABOUT HORSES.

TELL you about horses, Franky? I suppose you want me to begin, *Once there was* a horse named Dandy, and so there was, but I can not tell any story about him, only that his master, who was full of poetry, said that he was born of a rosebush. This you will think was funny; his master said it only to show how beautiful he thought him. But I think he changed his mind somewhat about him, for Sir Dandy was so gay, that he tipped his master off his back one day, and seriously injured him.

The horse is a favorite animal everywhere. Painters have delighted to paint him—poets to sing of him—and recently a lady artist, with a beautiful name, "Rosa Bonheur," astonished the English people, artists and all, with the portrayal, on canvas, of her thoughts and feelings concerning this universal favorite.

Wouldn't you like to see this noble animal in his free, untamed state? What a sight, grand sight, a troop of wild horses, with head erect and nostrils distended, stepping so proudly—the hoof touching so lightly the earth that it seems to rebound, all grace! There is a real majesty in the bearing of a horse of blood and spirit.

Look at a fine horse closely, Franky, whenever you can—look in his eye—how expressive—his nostril, too!

It is not a pleasant sight to see the *working class* of horses in New York. I think of all beings the omnibus horses have the least to hope for—from the Battery through Broadway, up, up, up—one hardly knows where—Forty-second Street, and so on; and back again to the Battery—pull, pull, and slip, slip—on the Russ pavement, whether wet or dry, it is slippery for them. It makes me ache, to see such a constant strain to hold up, aside from the drawing of the load. They often do fall; and one in falling often draws down his mate, and drivers and bystanders work a long time, to get them out from the tangled harness and the mixed up heads and legs.

The draymen, at least some of them, show much kindness to their one horse, in protecting him from flies, and their contrivances are so droll!

Some tie large wisps of straw to each end of a cord, and hang across the back of the horse, so that these wisps, four or six of them like tassels, dangle about his legs as he walks.

One horse has a breadth of white cotton cloth, as wide as a sheet hung across him, like a long shawl. He would make a very good ghost, if it were only in the night.

Think of a horse with pantaloons on! You may laugh, Frank; I laugh every time I see one. Where do you think they are worn? Why, on the forelegs; and being always too short (a measure never having been taken), it is most ludicrous as he steps; like some country bumpkin, all knees. These pantaloons are pretty much faded, and ragged too, having spent their best days on the *understanding* of the master.

You have heard of the fabulous animal, half man and half horse, the Centaur. I first thought of the Centaur; but that was supposed to have the head and breast of a man, and the remainder was horse; this was *vice versa*, head of a horse over the legs of a man. I can not tell you how queer it does look—the horse himself would laugh could he look in the glass.

One I have seen with a frame over him, and a cloth stretched upon it, like an awning. This screened him from the powerful sun, and shut away many flies too, but you would think it were some heathen idol approaching, not in the likeness of anything on the earth.

The utmost strain of imagination could not make a Pegasus from any of them. I am sure his wings never flapped lazily against his sides.

A fine horse ought always to have a name. When your pony arrives, he must be named Tippoo. What say you? L. E.

AMBITION.

Ambition comes in many a form,
The sons of men alluring;
The soul to thrill, the heart to warm,
And vainest hopes assuring.
At times it wears a woman's face—
A woman's form of beauty;
And then with thoughtful look and pace
Assumes the garb of duty.

And then as changeful as the skies,
When summer suns are ended,
It holds to view a glittering prize
Of wealth and fashion blended.
But be thou wise—do not wait—
Trust not its goodly seeming;
For many a one hath found, too late,
His life has passed in dreaming.

Mrs. H.

THE ASTOR HOUSE.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.

BIDDING farewell to the American Museum, I stepped out into Broadway, and was, for a time, not a little confused by the rattling, and buzzing, and hum of the living multitudes passing and repassing, and rushing up and down, as if the goal of life was at one end or the other of Broadway. The contrast was not agreeable, passing so suddenly from the quiet I had been enjoying among the living and the dead in this great storehouse of natural curiosities. I soon became accustomed to the din, however, and began to take observations for my future progress. St. Paul's loomed up darkly on the other side of the street, a structure neither imposing nor beautiful. A statue of the great Apostle adorns a niche in the pediment.

Frank.—Does it look like Paul, Uncle?

I don't know, Frank. In the first place, I don't know how Paul looked, except that he represents himself as not very good-looking. In the second place, the statue is so high up, that you can not see what it looks like. If it were a statue of Julius Cæsar, it would answer as well, so long as the people accept it as meant for Paul.

In the church-yard, on the south side of the church, there is a tall and somewhat imposing monument, which may be worthy of a passing notice. It is an obelisk, twenty feet high, erected in honor of THOMAS ADDIS EMMETT, an Irish orator and patriot, whose brother, Robert, was executed as a rebel in 1803. Thomas, escaping to this

country, was received with great *éclat*, as one of a persecuted race, a martyr to the cause of liberty. I was more interested in this monument, that it brought freshly back to my memory my school-boy days, when I was accustomed to recite, with great power of eloquence, as I then thought, a portion of Robert Emmett's reply to the question, "What he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him?" It was a favorite theme for our weekly declamations, and its author was to us a sort of demi-god.

Thomas Addis Emmett became somewhat distinguished in this country as a politician and a lawyer. His death, which took place about thirty years ago, was sudden and impressive. He expired, without a moment's warning, while addressing the court at the City Hall.

Passing St. Paul's, the next object of interest is the Astor House, a fine, large hotel, and one of the best in the world. At the time of its completion, some twenty-five years ago, it had no equal. To it belongs the honor of originating the modern style of palace hotels. Others have arisen, since, more imposing in extent, and more elaborate in architecture and appointments; but I greatly doubt if there can be found in the world a house more conveniently arranged, better conducted, or more thoroughly furnished with every appointment for substantial comfort and reasonable luxury.

The Astor is built of Quincy granite, and occupies the whole front between Vesey and Barclay streets, 200 feet, extending back on those streets 150 feet.

The amount of eating done within those walls, in one year, would astonish almost any frugal housewife.

WINTER.

Old hoary Winter has come at last!
Do you not hear him in that shrill blast?
He says, "I come to bind them fast,
Your streams and rivers, and to cast
My mantle over your hills so fair,
And gardens, look! I'm already there."

And why are you here, so bleak and cold?
I know your tricks, so sly of old!
You rob our fields of the flowers gay;
You chase our beautiful leaves away.
O fie! to leave the trees so bare—
I know by their naked limbs thou'rt there!

"Please stop, my friend, don't complain so fast;
Although I come in the stormy blast,
There are some pleasures to you I bring,
That you would not find were it always spring:
'Thanksgiving' first, with its song and cheer,
Then 'Merry Christmas,' and 'Happy New Year;'

"The sleigh-ride swift, that lightens care,
And the fireside joys, that all may share.
But soon, quite soon, I too shall go,
With my icy face and mantle of snow,
And *Spring* and *Arbutus* will *crown* the year;
This, *this* is wherefore I am here."

Mary Low.

Seek virtue, and of that possessed,
To Providence resign the rest.

To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

CARL;

OR, A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

CHAPTER IV.

CARL still followed his idle habits, playing with Carlo, racing over the hills and meadows, until he was weary, then lying down under the trees or on the sea-shore.

One day, while he was in his favorite resting-place, under the great trees in front of the house, he saw a spider busily weaving its web round the twigs of a dead limb just above him. Carl watched all its movements with great interest for some time—then he cried out, "Oh, dear, how I wish that I could know where that little creature learned to make his house!"

He looked again at the dead limb, but the spider's web could hardly be seen. Then he rubbed his eyes, thinking to himself, "I am very sleepy, but I must see that web finished." But in spite of all his efforts the tree, and limb, and web faded from his sight, and all seemed enveloped in darkness.

Suddenly everything was bathed in a golden light. The trees became again visible, and the web hung in the air reflecting a thousand colors. Carl was just ready to seize hold of it when he saw, standing before him, a beautiful little lady; her long fair hair floated in curls on her shoulders, her dress, light as gossamer, was of rainbow hues, while golden wings overshadowed her.

"Who are you?" cried Carl in amazement.

"My name is *Fantasia*," said the bright being. "I know that you are anxious to learn how trees and flowers grow, and how birds fly, and ants and spiders build their houses, so I have come to help you. I can take you in one moment up to the clouds, over hills and valleys, into the depth of the ocean, and show you their treasures. See my chariot!" and Carl saw that she was holding tightly the reins of a tiny chariot made of a sunset cloud. It was struggling to be free, for though there were no steeds fastened to it, it was borne by the winds.

CARL AND CARLO.

"Will you go with me?"

Carl was just about to say "yes," when a deep voice behind him said, "Nay, stop one moment, my son!" and turning he saw a gray-haired old man. His face was full of deep thought, and a calm, peaceful light gleamed in his eyes. "Stop, my son!" he said. "Fantasia does very well in her place; but she must not lead you altogether. Do not believe that she alone can open to you Dame Nature's dominions. I only have the key, and you must follow me first, and let me unlock the gates. Then, when I have carried you as far as I can, you may safely trust yourself to her."

"But what must I do to follow you?" asked Carl. "Where is your chariot?"

"I have no chariot," replied the old man. "I am called Mister Studiosus. These are mine;" and he showed Carl piles of books, drawings and maps, telescopes and many other glasses.

"Why, those are things my uncle uses," said Carl, "and he shuts himself up in his study, day after day. I want to live out of doors."

"That you shall," said the old man kindly. "Now, decide. Will you go with Fantasia wholly, or take me for your guide first?"

"I will be wise once in my life," said Carl, and put his hand in the old man's. But he looked wistfully at the fairy chariot and its bright occupant, as it floated away in the air above him.

"Carl, Carl!" shouted a loud voice from the house. Carl sprung up. The rich light had faded—the old man was gone. The dew had begun to fall, and Katrine was calling to him that it was almost supper-time, and too late for him to sleep under the trees.

Carl walked slowly to the house, and was soon seated in his own corner of the sofa. He was very quiet, thinking of his strange dream, watching listlessly the fitful fire-light gleaming now and then on the dark book-cases, and revealing their rows of old books, here and there driving away the shadows that always returned heavier and deeper than before.

Suddenly Carl started. Surely in the shadow just behind his grandfather's chair stood the old man of his dream. He looked again and again. Yes, it was certainly he; but just as Carl was ready to speak, the shadowy figure disappeared, and in his place, leaning over his grandfather's chair, and whispering to him, was the little fairy Fantasia. Carl sat perfectly still for very amazement. His grandfather's head was resting on the newly-stuffed chair, and his eyes were closed, just as the little boy had often seen him, as he thought, asleep; but the little fairy was whispering to him, and sometimes he smiled as if she told him pleasant things.

Carl had not recovered from his wonder at this strange sight, when Katrine came in with the tea urn. The candles were lighted in the old silver candlesticks, and the whole room was full of light. The strange figures had vanished, and they did not come again that night.

PLEASURES.

But pleasures are like poppies spread;
You seize the flower—its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river—
A moment white—then lost forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.

MIKE SMILEY.

BY W. CUTTER.

"Such stuff are Yankees made of."

CHAPTER IV.

THE subject had taken such a hold of Mike's thoughts, that it excluded all others. He could not sleep that night. He did not even attempt it; but sat down near a little old table, and, leaning upon his elbows, with his face upon his hands, he endeavored to measure the length and depth and height and breadth of that awful evil. For a long time he was overwhelmed with its magnitude and omniprevalence. To move it, seemed like reconstructing the whole framework of society. He did not know where it was possible to make a beginning. At length he remembered that nothing was ever accomplished without a beginning; and beginnings always seem very feeble and inadequate to their end. And the world laughs at them. But upon them all revolutions depend. "And so," said he, striking his hand upon the table with some violence, "I'll begin; but how? where?" and he pondered long and deeply, with earnest prayer for help.

"Let me see," said Mike, at length, as he broke from his revery, and drew out a pencil and paper from his pocket, "how much does it cost my poor father every year for rum? He drinks, upon the average, and has done so, probably, for fifty years, six glasses of rum a day. This, at four cents a glass, is a quarter of a dollar a day, or a dollar and three quarters every week, or ninety-one dollars a year. *Ninety-one dollars a year!*" exclaimed the astonished youth; "and this, in fifty years, amounts to—what? —impossible!—FOUR THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS!!"

Mike was overwhelmed with the results of these simple calculations. "*Four thousand five hundred and fifty dollars!* for one man to consume in making a beast of himself. What a little fortune that would be!" Mike went on. "The man who spends this sum for rum, loses at least twice as much every year in being unfitted for labor; and as much more in the waste and destruction of his goods and property—the health and comfort of his family—which result from intemperance. Here, then, is more than *twenty thousand dollars*, which one man has sacrificed to the appetite for strong drink. And there are—let me think—one, two, three—twenty men, in this poor, desolate village, each of whom has been as deeply devoted to his cup as my father; and what does all this amount to? FOUR HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS!! Ah! I see through it all; enough to make every man a prince; and this accounts for the fact, that Tim Cochrane is the only man in the village who owns a decent house, or ever has anything comfortable for his family. All this

money goes into his pocket. Ah! I have it—I have it——"

Mike could scarcely wait for the morning, so eager was he to lay these astounding results before his father and the neighbors. They grew upon his imagination every moment as the night advanced; and, at the earliest peep of day, having commended himself and his cause to God, he left his little room, and sallied out into the field, to refresh himself for the day's work that was before him. He had found a place to begin at, and he was resolved, however hopeless it might seem, to begin at once, and do what he could.

He could not refrain from opening his budget first to his mother; for he felt bitterly how terribly she had suffered from that dreadful scourge. But the poor woman had suffered so long, that it seemed to her as necessary and unavoidable as death. She had never dreamed of release or comfort, but in the grave. She stared wildly when Mike told her of the money that had been worse than wasted in that poor, desolate place. She did not believe there was so much money in the world. "Ah! it is no use, Mike," said she; "it's no use; you might as well try to stop the river flowing."

But Mike would not think so; and he waited for his father to rouse himself from that death-like apathy. But he found him a desperately hard subject. He would not believe the figures. He would not believe anything. Besides, he could as well live without air as without rum. Mike was as persevering as his father was obstinate. He would not leave him till he had made him count it over on his fingers, and reckon it up for himself; and then he was obliged to acknowledge, that his rum cost him within a fraction of one hundred dollars a year. He did not suppose, at first, that he ever had so much money in any one year of his life. He was really alarmed. "But come," said he, "let's go down to Uncle Nat's, and see what he'll say to it."

Mike felt ready to face the whole world, for he knew he was right; he knew that figures, if placed right, always tell the truth. So he accompanied his father to Uncle Nat's. The smithy was next door to Tim Cochrane's; and there was never a shoe set, or a nail driven, that Tim did not reap the benefit of it. In that smithy, before an audience of some ten or twelve of the most ragged, squalid, filthy-looking beggars that were ever brought together in one place, out of the alms-house, was delivered, by Mike Smiley, the first teetotal temperance lecture that ever was attempted in these United States. The congregation was motley, irregular, and not so thoroughly open to conviction as could have been desired. It was some time before Mike could gain anything like general attention. But when Uncle Nat, who was considered good at figures, had examined the whole statement carefully, marking it down with chalk on the dingy walls of his shop, and finally, though very reluctantly, was compelled to acknowledge that it was entirely correct, the whole company opened their eyes wide with astonishment, and stood gaping at each other, as if they had lost the power of speech.

At this moment Mike jumped upon the anvil, with his paper in his hand, and commenced a set speech. He explained fully the results to which his figures led, and showed clearly, that there was not a man before him who had not already expended in rum,

and in the losses occasioned by rum, a handsome fortune. He pointed to their fields, which might have been, if properly cared for, as rich and fruitful as any on the banks of their noble river. He pointed to their hovels, and asked what made the degrading contrast between them and the palaces of some of the farmers of that beautiful valley. He pointed to their wives, who were little better than slaves, leading a miserable, half-starved, comfortless life, in the midst of a land flowing with milk and honey. He pointed to their children—but he could not sketch that picture—and then to their own persons, and the sketch he gave of them was such as actually made those hardened old sots blush and feel ashamed to be seen of each other. Mike saw his advantage. "I am but a boy," said he, "and why do I speak so? Because I love you. I am one of you; bone of your bone, and flesh of your flesh. There is my father; and there, yonder" (wiping a tear from his eye), "my poor old mother. You are all my friends; and I can not bear to go back to the comforts and blessings which are provided for me, in my new home, and feel that I have left you in this unhappy condition. Have I not told you the truth? Is it not rum that makes all the difference between us? How many comforts would not that hundred dollars a year purchase for your wives and children! How differently would your houses look if you should spend it upon them! How differently would *you* look if you should spend it in clothing, and in wholesome food! How differently would this whole village look if that *four hundred thousand dollars*, which you have drank up in rum, had been laid out in improving your lands, repairing and ornamenting your houses, educating your children, making your wives comfortable, and making men—yes, making *men*—of yourselves! Are you men now? Look at yourselves—look at each other—are you men? Do you look as if you had minds—souls—hearts?"

Surprised at his own boldness, Mike jumped down from his rostrum, and taking his father by the hand, begged he would forgive him if he had spoken too plainly. The whole audience was confounded. They had been taken by surprise. Every man of them was convinced; but habit long indulged gains a terrible advantage over conscience. An impression was made, but it needed to be followed up, blow upon blow, to make it effective and lasting.

Giant Zeb was the first to break silence. "I tell you what, Uncle Nat," said he, "the boy is right. But what can we do?"

"Do?" answered Tim Cochrane, who stepped in just at this moment from behind the door, where he had overheard the whole; "do? come into my shop, and I'll tell you what to do."

The charm was broken in an instant. In vain did Mike plead and beseech his father not to go. In vain did he remind them all of his figures. Uncle Nat led the way, and all followed. What followed that, need not be told.

BAS-RELIEF FROM KONYUNJIK—ROYAL CHARIOT.

WONDERS OF THE EAST.

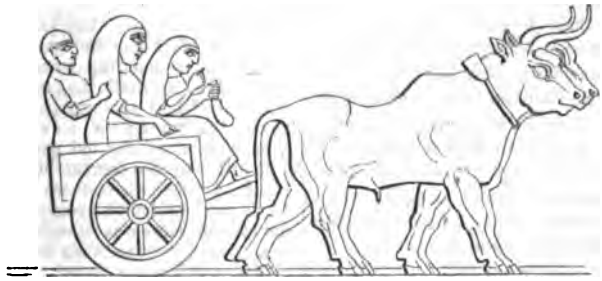
BABYLON and Nineveh were two magnificent cities in the far East. Their history stretches so far back into time, that even the most ancient records have but little to say of them, and, for more than 2,000 years, they have been in ruins.

Babylon was built on both sides of the Euphrates, and was fifteen miles square. It was justly celebrated for its walls, 350 feet high and 87 feet thick, for its 100 gates of brass, its hanging gardens, its temples, its altars, and the wealth, pride, and glory of its kings.

Nineveh was situated on the eastern bank of the Tigris, about 280 miles north of Babylon. It was 20 miles in length, and 12 in breadth. Its walls were 100 feet high, fortified by 1,500 towers, each 200 feet high. Its population was 600,000. This number may seem small, compared with the extent of the city. But it must be remembered that a large portion of the ground was occupied with gardens, parks, vineyards, and fields for pasturage.

We learn more of the character of these places from the Bible than from any other source. And there we learn why they were so utterly destroyed.

Within a few years some wonderful discoveries have been made among the long-hidden ruins of these great cities, and it is interesting to notice how entirely all these discoveries confirm the truth of the Bible, and verify its predictions. There we find their streets, their palaces, their temples, their idol images, and pictures of games, victories, etc., on the walls. The engraving on the opposite page is from one of the walls of Konyunjik, and represents a king riding in his chariot. This cut is said to represent a mother and children going into captivity. We are inclined to think, however, that captives in those days were seldom, if ever, accommodated with any other conveyance than that which nature gave them—their feet.



BAS-RELIEF FROM NIMROUD—A WOMAN AND CHILDREN GOING INTO CAPTIVITY.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

ONE of the most gratifying features of our Monthly Chat, is the uniform and punctual appearance of so many familiar faces. Some of the good friends who are always on hand have held their places at our table, year after year, from the beginning — always punctual with their annual dollar, and never growing too old to love young company. It is matter of inexpressible gratification to us, to find that those who have become attached to us in childhood and youth, are unwilling to tear themselves away, when those seasons are past, and other friends claim much of their regards. They become men and women—they are married and given in marriage—they have their own young responsibilities to look after, and still they cling to their old Uncle, and are never willing to be left out of the "Chat." God bless them, and keep them always young and always happy! Here now is one—who would have thought it? But she shall speak for herself.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, *Dec.*, 1857.

MY DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—Really it's been so long since I've seen you all that I feel like shaking hands all round. But I'll have mercy on you this time. And, now, first, I must thank you, my dear Uncles, for the prize you have given me. Indeed, you could not have surprised me more. Thank you a thousand times. And now for my cousins. Thank you, cousin "The Countryman;" I'm quite well—been well; have you? And Uncle Joe, how *do* you do? My grandma never beheaded crowing hens that I know of, but grandpa shot one. By the way, some "*females*" take the prefix *Mrs.*, and *my husband* insists that I have been *Missed* quite long enough. There! Don't everybody look so surprised? I never *said* I was *Miss*. Ho! There's another Willie H. C. in the camp, is there? And now for a race! Thank you, "Acorn;" mine in return. But I'll be brief. Hoping you will not push me from the circle, now that I have let out the secret of my being in possession of a *husband*, I will close, signing myself,

An eternal friend of the MUSEUM,
BLACK-EYES.

Ten thousand blessings, Mary,
On you and yours descend;
May you never know a sorrow,
And never want a friend!

NEW YORK, *Jan.* 2, 1858.

MR. HATCHET:—Dropping into the MUSEUM office one fine morning, I received the astounding intelligence that Miss—alas! we shall *Miss* her no more—Black-Eyes had got—my pen can hardly write the words — a HUSBAND! The astonishment of the old gentleman who was killed by the descent of a turtle on his bald pate (whereof we read in history) was probably great—*positive*, no doubt—but mine was *superlative*. There is no *comparison* between them.

Who would have thought that such a wild bird, so impatient of restraint, would have been caught in the toils of matrimony? But "Black-Eyes" has *found her match at last!*

WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

As there seems to be some doubt regarding the right of Willie H. Coleman to represent us in the Chat, we desire to state that he is authorized so to do, by *us*. Hereafter no letter bearing our signatures, which may appear in the MU-

SEUM, will be genuine unless certified by him.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to thank you, Mr. Hatchet, and your fellow-laborers, together with our "twenty thousand cousins," for the many happy hours which we have enjoyed in your company. Deeply regretting that we are now compelled to part, we bid you all farewell, and remain ever yours, †°†
!—!

TENNESSEE, *November*.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—However others may abuse the basket, I confess I am in favor of the "institution," for, by means of it, our kind Uncles relieve us of the necessity of reading what might weary us. What's become of Alice the man-hater? I haven't seen her pleasant (?) face this long time. I'm very sorry if I have changed your opinion in regard to the courage of Tennesseans, although I should think, from the way they write, you would have long ago come to the conclusion they were, to say the least, *bashful*, or afraid of meeting the warriors of the Chat. It is true, though, that we Tennesseans won't bear beating from any one but Tennesseans; so "Sigma" need not rejoice much.

I am not a Yankee, but for once I've been guilty of guessing, having guessed at Uncle Hiram Hatchet's alias. Is it not Hiram D——? Please inform.

Love, to my Southern cousins; *respects*, to my Northern ones.

Your Southern friend,
TENNESSEAN.

That first sentence is worthy of a philosopher. How *could* it have been written by the same pen which wrote the last!! You are not much a Yankee, truly. Guess again.

WHITE COTTAGE, *Nov.* 7, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK: — Welcome home! Didn't it look *sweet*, after being gone so long? But I *do* wish you had come to see us in your travels. Won't you do it next time? I never wrote to *you* before, though I know there is room in your heart for *one* more niece. And I want a place at your table, too. Can I have both? I would like to sit at your *side*, too, if you please; for, like Jerry, "It always frightens me to have so many bright eyes turned toward me when I enter a room." What has become of Nip? Where has *she* hid *himself*? Give my warmest love to Aunt Sue. To all the uncles and cousins—Black-Eyes and Fleta in particular—and accept for yourself a large share of the love of MARIE

BLAKELY, *November 8th*, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—At last the MUSEUM has made its appearance, and although I have anathematized the *hideous* mails daily, for the last two months, its joyous face proves as beneficial as a Lethean draught. I thank you for your early observance of my request. To the welcomes of the few, whose memories can stretch back to the year 1856, when I occasionally crept into the "Chat," let me say:

"Black-Eyes." "Yes," with much unction, to all your requests, except that concerning your "aid-de-camp," "Alice." In *that* I can sympathize, deeply, but am rather shy of doing that, for, in "days of yore," I got into a *scrape* by such "Good Samaritan-ishness."

Well, Mr. Coleman! You'll do for the "Grand Panjandrum" himself. The girls have made such a fuss over you, that it is all your high-mightiness *can* do to bend your august head for a moment to an *ancient* friend. She appreciates your condescension properly. Just imagine her making the deepest of reverences, and uttering, "Pretty well, I thank you, sir," in the meekest of voices, and the tableau is complete.

Why, †°†, I am surprised at your verdancy. I received a telegraphic dispatch from "Il Signor Petrarcho" but yesterday; in *prose*, however, and insinuating, alas! that I was getting too superannuated to make sonnets, it *didn't pay*. The wretch! adding insult to injury, wasn't it?

"Adelbert," while you are settling with Uncle Sam, give the old curmudgeon a *few* for *me*, will you?

Well, I think I'd better stop now, or I will certainly be among the "schoolfellows" "*kept in*" for disobeying *rules*.

Yours, in a hurry,
"LAURA."

Laura, dear, do you remember who it was who said of a certain lady, that "he did not know which to admire most, her *personalities* or her *personality*?"

A NEW LOT OF CURIOSITIES FOR THE SHELVES OF THE MUSEUM AND CABINET.

A few stitches taken in coat of paint.—*P. Jones.*

A log from the drift of a discourse.—*P. Jones.*

A fish from the stream of life.—*H. L.*

A pebble from the hill of science.—*H. L.*

A corn from the foot of a mountain.—*H. L.*

Tears from a weeping willow.—*H. L.*

A lock of hair from the head of a discourse.—*H. L.*

A feather from the bed of a river.—*H. L.*

A shingle from the roof of the mouth.—*H. L.*

A shoe for the foot of a tree.—*H. L.*

A button from a coat of paint.—*H. L.*

A glass of spirit from the bar of public opinion.—*C. W.*

The contents of a box on the ear.—*C. W.*

AKRON, O., *Nov.* 6, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE:—I have your little paper from its commencement. It was born the same year that I was. Having grown up with it, and having no brothers nor sisters, I feel a kind of sisterly affection for the little playmate. I kept all the numbers and got them bound, so that they make me quite a library.

Truly yours, ELLA S. BIERCE.

That is right, Ella dear. We wish all our young friends in the country had such a library.

WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

DEAR SIR:—I saw mentioned in the Drawer of the October number of the CABINET a curiosity which I acknowledge is a great one; but I think I have as great a one, if not greater. I planted a convolvulus vine and a cypress vine near each other. After a while the cypress vine grew into the convolvulus, and cypress blossoms grew out of the convolvulus vine. I shall save the seed, and plant it next year, and see what it will bring. ROBT. BARTON.

Very good, Robert. Send us some of the seeds, and we will try them too. We will call the cypress North, and the convolvulus South; and so we will have the Union saved—one and inseparable, now and forever.

H——, MINNESOTA, *Oct.* 28, 1857.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, COUSINS, ETC.:—Permit an entire stranger, though a constant reader of the CABINET, to address you all. Auntie, dear, your name is not Goodrich, is it? Don't *I* know? Isn't it ——? Any way, that's my opinion. Uncle Frank, what a pleasant trip you are having (or were), and why don't you come to Minnesota? To be sure there are no railroads, which would be a serious objection; but then—How many years does it take, Uncle Hiram, to perform that pilgrimage of yours? I am afraid you won't come as far west as I am, so *I* shall not see *you*. Uncle Robert, what do you do with so many nieces and nephews? Don't you get tired of them? "W. H. Coleman," you are a "*case*," most certainly. "Bess," I should like to *see* you. Where have you kept yourself all this time? "Cousin Hannah," ask Edith, Lucy, Jessie, and the rest, if you aren't a very dear, obliging cousin. "Lillie Dale," you are not the one that the song "Lily Dale" was written for, are you? You are not "'Neath the chestnut tree, where the wild flower grows!" are you? "Fleta," you are a "*pose*," decidedly. Aunt Sue, if you want my love you may have it. I should like to see you at my house; ditto Uncles three. Love to all cousins—Lily, Bess, and all Eyes, with all the rest of the 20,000. *My* eyes are blue, but you will not want another of that name, so I sign myself,

Yours, very affectionately,
PRAIRIE BLOSSOM.

Uncle Hiram expects to get through his pilgrimage some time before the close of the century. Uncle Robert never gets tired of young folks, and never can have too many of them about him.

LE ROY, ILL., *Nov.* 2, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—I was very glad to hear that you were at home again, after your long journey. I hope you will tell us all about your travels in the wilderness. Didn't you feel as though you were out of civilization? I am not very much obliged to Uncle George for his conundrum on my own name. It would make me "older" than the world itself. I guess Walter won't challenge that "Sharp" Hatchet to make a pun on his name again. His challenge

reminds me of an anecdote of Hazlitt, who, when in the presence of the actor Kean, said that no one could make a pun on his name. "Pshaw!" said Kean, "what shall we say of the man whose genius *has lit* his age of the world?" How "keen" that was! Your nephew,

ADELBERT OLDER.

ANDOVER.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—Will you please move a little, and let me come into your circle? I would so love to become more intimately acquainted with the "Merry" family! I am a very social girl, and love fun and frolic, and as I have been so well entertained by the wit and humor of the cousins, and have received so much good instruction from the *wise Uncles*, through the CABINET (a welcome visitor at the parsonage), I can't but wish to be right in your midst. I will only occupy a little space.

Please offer love to Aunt Sue, and the nieces and nephews, from me, and keep a good share for yourself and Uncle Robert.

JENNIE J. JOHNSTON.

There you are, Jennie, and Lou with you, fairly seated at the table, where your places shall always be kept for you, and your voices always be welcome.

ZUMBROTA, MINNESOTA.

DEAR UNCLE:—I write to tell you how happy I am to receive the MUSEUM—more so than ever, now that I am so far from you. I came here with my parents last June. We live in the beautiful valley of the Zumbro. I made a short call, with my father, at your office a while before we came here. Do you recollect me? I enjoy living here as well as I did in Brooklyn, though there are not so many people here. We have a good minister, and a Sabbath-school that I love. My father is also teaching a singing-school, and I have fine times with my mates. We expected to have a cold winter, but so far it has been mild and pleasant. Yours affectionately,

ABBY M. S——.

Remember you, Abby dear? Indeed I do. It is not often that I forget a visit from any of my young friends. I hope I may be able to return it, next summer, by calling on you. I hope your village won't outgrow itself into a city before that time. Ask your father why his singing-school is like a poor piece of poetry by the village poet. I'll tell you, in a whisper, so that he can not hear—It makes the village music (muse sick).

HADLEY, MASS., *Dec. 5th.*

MY DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—Years have passed since the CABINET first gladdened our Green Bay home—long enough quite, I think, to allow me the privilege you grant to all—of being owned as your little niece. I should have claimed it long before, had I been older; but having not heard of the famous "extension tables," so popular in these latter days, I was afraid I should take somebody's place. You visited my dear home this summer, away north, on the sunny Fox, and when I saw "Green Bay's" name in the Table-Talk, the spirit moved me to write to you, and tell you how well I love the CABINET, Aunt Sue, and Uncle Frank. I am here attending "Hopkins' Academy," but still, most constant of all old friends, the CABINET comes, with its abundant contents, things both new and old, funny and grave, to while away a few moments after an evening of study.

With much love, ever yours,

LOTTA E. PORTER.

Uncle Frank is off in the far West again. But Lotta is welcome to feel as much at home, as if her old friend were here to say so.

FLORENCE, MASS., *Dec.* 6, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Have you room for one more "Nephew?" If so, I ask permission to enter.

From your would-be nephew,

ADRIAN.

By all means, Adrian, come in, and come always.

MADISON C. H., FLA., *Dec.* 9, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Allow me to peep into the *Chat*. Laura, how could the "dear old MUSEUM," as you (and I too) call it, be *bettered* when it was *best*? Badger, did you dare to venture, as Georgian says, into "*hoop* range?" You and W. H. C. *North* are audacious fellows—indeed, daring. Georgian, welcome—why is it that more of the sunny Southerners do not assist in enlivening the Chat with their letters? I hope our

Southern W. H. C. will be able to cope with W. H. C. *North*. Romantic Nip, you chat so sweetly, that if I could get near you I should feel tempted to a kiss.

Yours truly,
ALONZO C. WHITNER.

"The Sunny South" is coming up. Do you second the motion of the member from "Texana?" Here comes another

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SPRING GROVE, FLA., *Dec.* 7, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I have just received the MUSEUM for December, and, as I do not go to school to-day, I have concluded to take a seat (if welcome) around the Merry table; and if you will command order, I wish to say something. Who is this Nippinifidget? I don't know whether he is much of a Nip, but he has the fidgets certainly. Laura wants to know whether Original Bess was one of the CABINET Curiosities, or a School-*fellow*. I can tell her. She was one of the CABINET Curiosities; but the hatchet is raised, and somebody is knocking at the door, so I will go out at the window. Give my love to Aunt Sue.

Yours, JAMES S. CARRUTH.

We keep our windows closed in winter, so we can't let you out that way.

HOUSTON, *Dec.* 25, 1857

MR. MERRY:—When I received the December number of the MUSEUM, I commenced as usual at the Chat, and had read a little way, when I saw the name "Texana." Wonder who that is! Read a little further, and lo! W. H. Coleman. Whew! What times we shall have now! Let me get out of the way! Such were my exclamations when I saw the epistle from "W. H. C. South" (as Uncle Hiram afterward designates him). I read a little further, when lo! Uncle Hiram steps in and reconciles the "two Colemans." That is good. I thought we should have had some quarreling, but it is all hushed up by Uncle Hiram. Wishing you and Uncle Hiram, my cousins Badger and Bay States, and all the rest of the "Merry family," a "Merry Christmas" and a "Happy New Year," I bid you adieu. STAR STATE.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., *Dec.* 10, 1857.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—My father has been a subscriber to your MUSEUM for the last ten years, and on that ground I crave an introduction to the Chat. I see there are but few representatives of our State, and in the last number but two—Green-Eyed Nettie and Miss Annie Drummond, both from Chicago. Why is it, Mr. Merry, there are no more subscribers in the State, or are they laboring under the delusion that the Monthly Chat is made up by the Editors of the MUSEUM?

Yours truly, HARRY G——.

Whatever reasons your neighbors have for keeping away, Harry, you can assure them there is room enough, and a ready welcome.

OGDENSBURG, *Jan.* 1, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—You can't imagine what fine times we had at our festival last evening. It consisted of the scholars of the First Presbyterian Sabbath School, and the Mission School, with their parents and friends. Our pastor and superintendents of the school made short speeches. We were assembled in Eagle Hall, the largest in the place. It was beautifully decorated with evergreens and flowers, and evergreen-mottoes. There were six prizes given to those scholars who brought the most children into the Sabbath-school. The first prize, an elegant Bible, was given to the one that brought in the most. The table was splendidly decorated and loaded with dainties, and surrounded with trees bending under the weight of cornucopias, one at least for each child.

This is nameless, but interesting. Uncle Hiram witnessed a similar gathering on Christmas eve, when many young eyes were delighted, and many young hearts made glad.

KINGSBORO', *Jan.* 1, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—A happy and merry New Year to you all! I presume it will be both a happy and a merry New Year, for you are always merry. I suppose you have plenty of snow in New York, as we have here. If you should happen to visit Kingsboro' you will find abundance of snow. I hope this will not discourage you from coming. Perhaps the snow will all melt away. Good-bye.

EMMIE M. JOHNSON.

We will take the summer for it, Emmie. Love to C. W. J. and all the rest, not omitting the new friends, whose names you sent us.

UTICA, *Dec.* 15, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE:—I should like very much to have a private interview with you for one moment—no, what is the use? I might as well out with it first as last. I have noticed, with regret, the many "young gentlemen" who of late have been asking introductions to the numerous female cousins of the MUSEUM; and, fearing lest I should be too late, have at last broken the bonds of bashfulness, and beg that I may also be introduced to some of them. I know that there must be some left, and now, dear Uncle, just see that I am acquainted with one who has beauty and kindness combined, and I will trust the rest. I'll live in hope for another month.

COUSIN FRANK.

In our circle, Frank, there are none who will not answer your requirements. We, therefore, introduce you to the whole family, and leave "the rest" with you.

FLUSHING, *Jan.*, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—I am very much disposed to find out whether the "Chat" is really a "public institution" or not, for somehow I don't quite understand it. I have my suspicions that these interesting little letters are composed for the occasion by our revered Uncle Frank, the beloved Aunt Sue, or some other members of the "Union." Be that as it may, I think you can not but admire my determination to search "if these things are so." Please be so kind as to solve my doubts, whether Willie Coleman, Fleta Forrester, etc., are "real live" persons. If they are so, may *I* be permitted to join them sometimes? Truly yours, LINA.

Real, live persons, Lina, every one of them, and they are so many, that even our capacious heart sometimes has misgivings of its ability—not to take them in, but—to do them all justice. Come and try it, Lina, and we will introduce you to the whole family.

Did you consider what a high compliment you were paying us, in supposing us capable of writing all this variety of letters, and such a variety of characters? Verily, you flatter us, and we blush.

TEXANA, TEXAS, *Dec.* 16, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I am somewhat at a loss to know whom to speak to, there are so many cousins on every side. Tell "The Countryman" not to be afraid. We will go in together; they will make no remarks about our hair, coats, elbows, etc., if we are neat and tidy in our dress and appearance. I agree with Uncle Hiram in being a pacificator. We must put in a petition to Congress to have Texas moved up close by. We must have harmony and brotherly love, and, in the language of Webster, possess, with President Merry and his CABINET, if not with Congress, Union now and forever, one and inseparable. Set Congress an example. Hurrah for Union, President Merry, and his CABINET!

Yours in the bonds of Union,

WILLIE H. COLEMAN, South.

Why, Willie, you are getting rather too near to politics. If you go much further, we shall have to build a "platform." Well, the MUSEUM should be one of the planks, anyhow, and that one plank would be enough, without any other.

BROOKLYN, *Jan.* 1, 185[illegible]

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I send [illegible] dollar for the MUSEUM. I [illegible] ou my it, and was just going to [illegible] st forgot Christmas dollar, when m[illegible] spend my minded me that if I want[illegible] mother re- now was the time to [illegible] d the MUSEUM, says it must be ex[illegible] ay for it, for she a nice book once [illegible] sive to publish such I hope they all [illegible] month for little folks.

That is [illegible] ay promptly. MADGE.

mothers [illegible] ight, Madge dear! If all the would [illegible] were as considerate as yours, it materially lighten our labors.

N. Y., *Jan.*, 1858.

Happy New Year, Mr. Merry! I am almost tempted to write you a great, long letter; but then I imagine I see Uncle Hiram frowning at it, and thrusting it under the table; so it won't do. I wonder what will become of some of your circle if that ten-line arrangement goes into force. Am I not brief enough?

Yours truly, COUSIN N.

Short and sweet, Cousin. We don't mean to say that, if shorter, you would be sweeter; but—Why is a letter like pie-crust?

BROOKLYN, *Dec.* 25, 1857.

MY DEAR CONSOLIDATION :—

From "mature consideration,"
And due deliberation,
I have concluded
That the late agglomeration,
(After long disintegration,)
And the close concatenation
Of the Muse-o-Cabin-Parley,
Schoolfellow, too, must surely
(E'en though it rhyme but queerly,)
Be—
Unless I'm deluded—
(In which case, you know, I'm not reprehensible,)
As *paying* a "spec." as it is indispensable
To me.

There's that "corps editorial"
Deserves a memorial,
Though a spice dictatorial,
'Bout "*brevity*:"—
Uncle Sue, Hirat Hatchem,
Aunty Frank (*let me catch him!*)
And Aunt Merry—who'll match 'em
For gravity? (!)

Now that you're "consolidated,"
Don't let your *prices* get "inflated;"
Don't let your vanity
Run off with your sanity,
Nor your friends 'gratulations
Lead to endless jactations,
Or sky-high "quotations"
Of "*consols!*"

I really hope, whichsoever aunt or uncle you are who peruse these pages, that you are invulnerable to *personalities*, otherwise I have but small hope of the acknowledgment of this rigmarole, "olla podrida," or whatever you choose to call it. Be that as it *may*, I've had my *say* (can't help it!). Laura, what do you mean to insinuate by saying that I'm "corner-ish?" I live at least three doors from *any* "corner." Thank you, Nettie! (If you're really "green-eyed," you're in the same box with me.) Certainly, I *intend* to be a "*bright, particular star*." Will somebody, will anybody who knows, tell me something about the fate of my (meant to be) "*prize*" enigma, or select conundrums?

Uncle Frank!—but I haven't time now—*some* time or other I'll talk to you. Do you want, or expect, dear Consol., any translation of Doctor Franklin's financial-pictorial-(*your* doing?) letter? Here is one. (Simply) BESS.

Simple (?) Bess will please excuse Uncle Hiram. His hatchet was just ground for the new year, and he couldn't help it.

BALTIMORE, *Jan.* 11, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM :—I wish you, and all my aunts, uncles, and cousins, a happy New Year! When I wrote to you last, my little cousin Juliet was only a week old, and now she is running about, and is sweeter than ever.

I am very much obliged to you for the Snow-Bird Song. I knew it before, but not the accompaniment. I am glad to have it, because I am learning to play on the piano.

I think Charlie is the prettiest name for "M. E. W." to call her little brother.

Your niece, CLEMENTINE.

INDIANAPOLIS, *Dec.* 4.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—I have long wished to become one of the Merry family, but am somewhat bashful, and have not dared to introduce myself.

Like "Jerry Miah," I am apt to make mistakes. I am often mortified to find myself saying "yes, sir!" to a lady, and similar blunders.

You can not imagine with what pleasure I read the "MUSEUM," especially Uncle Merry's Chat.

Please introduce me to "Fleta"—softly, softly, lest the others should look round, and thus make me more bashful.

Yours affectionately,
TIMID BIRDIE.

P. S.—Merry Christmas to all the Merry family. T. B.

Be quiet, Birdie! don't flutter so. We will give you a snug nest in the "Corner," and Alice shall take care of you.

COMMERCE, *Jan.* 7, 1858.

DEAR AUNT SUE :—I think I may claim a place in the circle of your correspondents for old acquaintance sake, as I have been a subscriber to your magazine ever since it commenced, and have always read it with the greatest interest.

Many are the enigmas, charades, etc., whose mysteries I have unraveled; many also are the labyrinths whose mazes I have threaded.

Your affectionate nephew,
GEO. H. HOPKINS.

Answers to Questions in Dec. No.

206. They are always on bended knees.
207. They frequently resort to the "Hatchet," to find their "Wood's worth."
208. When she is *a-gent*.
209. One reflects without acting, the other acts without reflecting.
210. It is farthest from the bark.
211. Two demi-johns.
212. It makes him *yell "oh!"* (yellow).
213. It is a poor trait (portrait).
214. It must be broke before you use it.
215. When it rises, it is light.
216. I should be *D-lighted*.
217. Time.

ANSWERS RECEIVED FROM:

Percy—W. H. C.—Ogdensburgh—Phi—H. A. Danker—A. Older—E. F. R.—Oscar B.—Acorn—C. F. W.—R. Stevens—C. C. Waters—C. M. W.—Harry G.—Missouri George—S. A. Brown—Vox—L. S. T.—Susie—X.—Carrie E.—Hal.—Fred.—Geo. Sterits—Timid Birdie—Geo. H. H.—Adrian—James J. J.—Kate Curtis—Tim.—Andrew S.—Simeon—N. S. R.—J. C.—Hookey—Red Wing—Mary N.—Lu.—Sandy—Bess.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

13. Why is a modern lady like a barrel? *E. P. A.*

14. BUDGET OF ANAGRAMS.

1. A short mile. 2. Cash is empty. 3. A strange poem. 4. Mother's pain. 5. Sisters enough. 6. A single thing. *A. Older.*

15. Why is a sick baker impolite? *A. Older.*

16. My first is a preposition; my first and second is a river in Asia; my third we must do to be successful; my whole is necessary to success. *A. Older.*

17. Why is the letter N like an Irishman running? *Geo. B. H.*

18. I am sometimes the slave, but generally the master, of man; and though in myself evil, all are censured that lose me. When a slave, I am obedient; but when a master, my servants are as entirely under my control. What am I? *Missouri George.*

19. Why is an unmarried lady always in the wrong? *Missouri George.*

20. What is the difference between a destroyed town and an ascended balloon? *Missouri George.*

21. Why was the first day a very long one? *Oscar R.*

22. Soli soli soli. *H. C. Bate.*

23. Why did Joseph's brethren put him in the pit? *Cousin H.*

24. Why can not the letter V be seen? *A. Older.*

25. What reason has Sir Colin Campbell to feel happy? *C. W.*

26. Why is one egg sufficient for a Frenchman's breakfast? *Kate Curtis.*

27. What is the difference between a physician and a magician?

28. What is that which is always coming, but never comes? *C. W.*

29. My *first* denotes a well-known feast,
Long held sacred in the East;
Done to umbrella or book, 'tis plain
You'll ne'er be able to do it again.

My *second* is a word complete,
Which in conversing all repeat,
A word, and yet so very small,
One letter taken away you have it all.

My *third* possessed by everything,
Man, beast, hill, dale, lake, and spring,
Tho' 'tis strange, 'tis strangely true,
It's never found the same in two.

My *whole* an adverb in optics known,
Its parts I've given—the whole now shown—
Arouse your thinkers and scowl your phiz,
While you study to say what the secret is.

30. My *first* must grace a legal deed,
With its companion firm and red;
Its help in marriage too they need,
Before the blessing can be said.

My *second* half a hundred is,
If in the shortest way you spell;
You soon must guess me after this,
I may as well the secret tell.

My *whole*, by his celestial strains,
Bears the rapt soul to worlds above;
The Great Creator's power proclaims,
And tells of the Redeemer's love.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE choice of a book, whether for a child or an adult, is a matter of no light responsibility; and he who, without good reason, recommends a book to a family of 20,000 or more, has much to answer for. As caterers to the intellectual tastes of the young, we feel that we can not be too careful in guarding them against the insidious influence of what is wrong, as well in selecting and presenting for their reading only that which is useful or innocently amusing.

Of "The Aimwell Stories" we have several times spoken in terms of high commendation. We have now, for the fifth number of the series—

MARCUS; *or, the Boy-Tamer. By Walter Aimwell. With illustrations. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.*

Its leading object is to illustrate and enforce the duty which the elder brothers and sisters of a family owe to the younger, and the happy influence they may exert in seconding and strengthening the efforts of parents in their training. While the narrative is full of entertainment and interest for the younger readers, it will be found highly suggestive to parents, teachers, and such "older children" as may wish to know how they can repay, with interest, the watchful care and indulgent kindness of the parental love which guarded and guided their early years.

A TEACHER'S GIFT; A TEACHER'S OFFERING; A TEACHER'S PRESENT; A TEACHER'S TOKEN. *Boston: Brown, Taggard & Chase.*

Four pretty, neat, well-selected, and pleasantly illustrated little books, from the hand of one of the most experienced and successful Sabbath-school laborers in New England. Well adapted for premiums to the younger classes in the Sabbath-school.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' ILLUSTRATED BIRD BOOK. *By Julia Colman. New York: Carlton & Porter.*

The title of this book is suggestive, at once, of beautiful pictures, interesting stories, love, music, poetry, and useful information. We need only say, further, that the book is true to its title, and will prove a welcome and judicious addition to any juvenile library.

SIX STEPS TO HONOR; *or, Great Truths Illustrated. By Rev. P. H. Andrews. New York: Carlton & Porter.*

The "Six Steps" which are here shown to lead to "that tall eminence" are: 1. Obedience; 2. Truthfulness; 3. Honesty; 4. Kindness; 5. Energy and Perseverance; 6. Piety. We can not, and need not, do more than to say that the steps are well taken, happily defined, forcibly illustrated, and clearly shown to be in the power of all to take who aim at true honor, and are willing to "strive" for its attainment. We commend it heartily to our family.

WOODWORTH'S VIENNA LAMP, *for burning Coal Oil.*

In these times we take pleasure in recommending anything in the way of domestic economy. And we fully believe, after trial, that this improved lamp will furnish a cheaper light than any other now in use. The oil is not explosive. A gallon of it, costing $1, will burn 160 hours, and give a good center-table light. It is decidedly the thing for family use. Sold by D. A. Woodworth, 118 Nassau Street, N. Y.

PET IN A PET, AND HOW SHE GOT OUT OF IT.

She seemed a little angel,
When first your view she met;
But, with all her sunny sweetness,
She had learned to pout and fret;
Her name was *Bel Petrina*,
But they fondly called her *Pet*.

Her sister was Louisa—
They called her Bonnie Lou;
Her brothers, Ned and Harry,
Were gentle, kind, and true;
Pet was very, very pretty,
But she was pettish, too.

One day, as all were strolling
About the pleasant wood,
Each trying to please the other,
As brothers and sisters should,
Pet turned away and left them
In a very unhappy mood.

Suddenly dropping her basket,
And flinging down her hat,
In an April shower of passion,
By the side of the brook she sat,
When something within her whispered,
"Pet! Pet! I don't like that."

The breezes fanned her temples,
Fresh, soothing, soft, and cool;
Her pouting lips reproached her,
Reflected in the pool,
And something within her whispered,
"Now, is not Pet a fool?"

"Ah! so I am," Pet answered;
Then away, like a bird, she flew,
And said, "Dear father, forgive me—
Kind brothers, and Bonnie Lou,
I will be Pet no longer,
But gentle and kind, like you." H.H.

MIKE'S RESOLVE.

MIKE SMILEY.

BY W. CUTTER.

"Such stuff are Yankees made of."

CHAPTER V.

MIKE made a very prudent use of all the little savings of his wages, in putting the house into more comfortable order for his mother. He made ready to return to the city, with a heavy heart, but with a firm resolve, to try what he could do in the cause he had now so earnestly undertaken. Crossing the fields, as a shorter way to the stage-house, he paused on a little knoll, which had been one of the dreaming places of his boyhood, and looked around. Behind him was the wretched and desolate house he was leaving. Before him, the spire of the old church, and, in painful contrast by its side, the gable of Tim Cochrane's house, were in full view. "God helping me," said he to himself, "I will see that church repaired, and Tim Cochrane a better man, or a better man occupying that house. I will make the place too hot, or too good for him, as he is." Then, with an earnest prayer for help, he went on his way, in the full strength of a noble purpose, and a living hope. When he returned to Mr. Ralston's, he took an early opportunity to call the attention of that gentleman to the figures he had made at home. Mr. Ralston, though a temperate man for those days, was astonished at the result. He gave the subject his serious attention. He assisted Mike in getting at some further statistics upon the subject. Mike pursued it with the ardor of a man whose heart is in his work. The farther he proceeded, the more he was astonished—overwhelmed. At length, he ventured to put his investigations into the form of an essay, which he sent to one of the leading journals of the city, with the signature, "Total Abstinence."

That article was the leader of one of the mightiest revolutions that ever

swept over the face of society. It was copied into all the papers. It attracted universal attention. It was talked of in all the streets, and at every table, and at every fireside. It was fiercely attacked on every side, and that by some of the ablest pens in the nation. But its positions were impregnable. Not one of them was ever refuted, or even so much as shaken. They are to this day the grand colossal columns that support the central dome of the Temple of Temperance.

This essay was followed up by others by the same hand. And when, by-and-by, it came out that the mover of all this far-reaching excitement was an humble lad scarcely nineteen years of age, in an inferior station in society, the excitement became still deeper and more general. Mike was called out—not to fight, as would perhaps have been the case if all this had happened elsewhere — but to explain himself more fully.

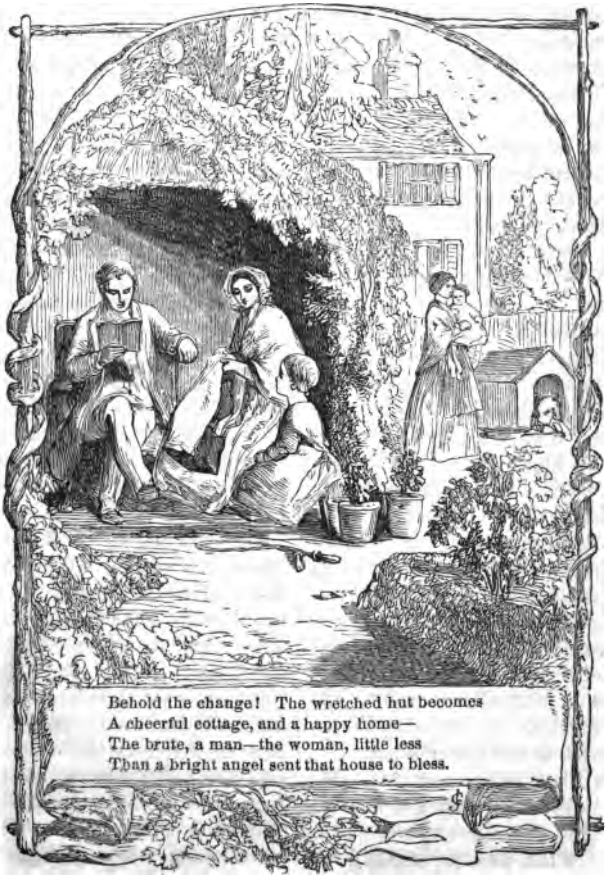
So well had he availed himself of the advantages to which his relation to Mr. Ralston had introduced him, that he did not hesitate, after consultation with that gentleman, and receiving his approbation, to propose a public lecture. This was attended by a crowded audience, who were completely astounded at the fearful picture of the then state of our country. So many desired to hear it who could not be accommodated, that it was necessary to repeat it. Then it was called for in other places. Everywhere it produced a marked impression. It excited inquiry. It provoked discussion. It led to self-examination.

Mike's hands were now full. He had made his beginning, and a noble beginning it was. But where was it to end? What was the remedy for the tremendous evils that were consuming the vitals of society. On this point, the young orator allowed no compromise. It was "*total abstinence!*" and he laid it down with great emphasis, showing clearly that this was the only ground on which the intemperate could ever hope to become temperate, or the temperate to remain so.

The results of that grand moral movement are well known. Look abroad over our fair land, and see millions of acres then arid and sterile, now blooming and fruitful; thousands and tens of thousands of hearths then desolate, now cheerful and bright as the early remembrance of home—countless broken widowed hearts made whole by the returning sunshine of love and plenty, and whole families, yea, whole communities, then dispersed, divided, hovering around the purlieus of the alms-house or the prison, now gathered, united, industrious, intelligent—as it were a nation born in a day, or a whole tribe redeemed from servile bondage. Men, fathers, husbands, legislators, teachers, once raving, delirious, fierce, brutal, now clothed and in their right minds, risen as it were from the second death, and standing erect, beloved and honored, in the high places of our land.

Discouraging as was the prospect in his native village, Mike did not despair. He was frequently there, and so diligently and faithfully did he ply the arguments and persuasions of a heart warm to the life in his subject, that he succeeded, at length, in obtaining a solemn promise from his father, that he would try the experiment for one year. Zeb Smiley was a man of more than ordinary natural abilities, and his resolution, once taken, was proverbially unchangeable. By his

influence, Uncle Nat was brought to the same stand. Both of them signed their names to the same paper, and thus each became a sentinel over the other. The whole neighborhood of tipplers was in consternation. Tim Cochrane was in a rage. His craft was in danger. In his passion, he pounced upon Uncle Nat's forge and tools, to secure the balance of his score at the counter, and turned him out of his shop. The effect of this was salutary. Uncle Nat and Zeb immediately went off together at the suggestion of Mike, and, by his aid, secured a valuable contract for labor in clearing a new road, which furnished full and profitable employment for the whole season. They labored side by side, encouraging and strengthening each other. And daily, as the effects of their old habits wore off, and their strength, physical and mental, increased, they found their toils grow sweeter and lighter. Mike continued his labors in the village, till he



Behold the change! The wretched hut becomes
A cheerful cottage, and a happy home—
The brute, a man—the woman, little less
Than a bright angel sent that house to bless.

obtained the names of more than two thirds of the old topers to his pledge. By the aid of Mr. Ralston, he set up a temperance store, which was kept by one of his cousins; and, before the year was out, Tim Cochrane was obliged to move away, for want of custom to sustain his business.

Go through that village now, and what a change! The houses are all neatly painted or white-washed, the fences in good repair, the fields waving with plentiful harvests, or green and blooming with the first promise of the year. The daily gathering of bright-faced, happy throngs of children to the school-house, and the Sabbath meeting of a grave, decent, devout congregation of parents and children in the house of God, all tell of the marvelous, the almost miraculous change that has come over the scene. If the story had been told fifty, or even twenty years ago, it would have been set down for fiction—a picture that might look well on paper, but could never be reduced to real life. But we have seen it with our own eyes. We know the spot. We know many of them; and if it is worth a voyage across the Atlantic to see Herculaneum and Pompeii recovered, all dead and silent and soulless, from the burial of ages, what is it not worth to the heart of the philanthropist, to see hamlets and villages and towns recovered from a moral burial, and not only dwellings and fields and gardens thrown open to the reviving light and showers of heaven, but their occupants restored to life and health and beauty, and men, women, and children, husbands and wives, fathers and mothers, young men and maidens, rejoicing together, and blessing God and each other, in their marvelous resurrection from the dead?

A TRUE ENGLISH GAME-COCK.

THE following anecdote of the behavior of a true English game-cock, during the action fought in St. Domingo Bay, by Admiral Duckworth, in 1806, is related on the authority of an officer of the Superb, commanded by Capt. Keates: "On the poop-deck of that ship was a large wooden fabric, forming an oblong hollow square, and so constructed that the upper apartments served for marine arms, and the lower for poultry. Now it happened, in the very hottest of the engagement, while we were closely engaged with the three-decker (L'Imperiale), that a twenty-four pounder double-headed shot broke through this useful compound structure, destroying no less than twenty-seven stands of arms, and making terrible havoc among the feathered race; splinters, bayonets, broken muskets, etc., prevailed in all directions; when lo! from the midst of this 'confusion worse confounded,' up sprang this gallant cock, till then 'unknown to fame,' and perched on the spanker-boom, crowing exultingly. Another shot, cutting the boom in two, at his feet, now drove him from his post. Indignantly retreating a few paces aft on the broken poop, again he fixed his stand; and thence, ever and anon, was heard his clarion voice to sound amid the 'din of war.' This appears strange, you will say, and yet it is not altogether singular. A circumstance nearly similar took place in the Marlborough, on the memorable 1st of June, 1794. I say nearly similar, because, in that instance, the bold bird was *sound*, though not *safe*, whereas our little hero was found to have received many contusions, and to have lost an eye, ere he extricated himself from the ruins of his house, and the sad wreck of his messmates."

BOAT CAPSIZED BY A HIPPOPOTAMUS ROBBED OF HER YOUNG.

AFRICA.

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S JOURNEYS AND RESEARCHES IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THIS valuable and interesting work, recently published by Harper & Brothers, opens to view one of those "unknown regions," which we have been accustomed to people with the darkest forms of savage life, or to look upon as arid desert, and utterly uninhabitable. Like similar revelations of other intrepid explorers, it lifts the dark curtain, which has hitherto hung, like a pall, over large portions of our globe, and introduces us to new scenes, new forms and phases of human life, and new developments of the great problem of human society. It is full of the romance of adventure and novelty; and, while it fills and satisfies the cravings of curiosity, as it proceeds, leaves you, like a wholesome meal when the digestion is good, with a healthy appetite for more.

Dr. Livingstone's travels extended from the Cape of Good Hope, in latitude 36°, through the center of South Africa, to Loando, on the Atlantic, in latitude 8°; and from Loando, southeastwardly, retracing his steps about half the way, to Quilimane, on the Indian Ocean, opposite the central part of Madagascar. The whole distance traveled must have been some 4,000 miles. The incidents of the way were many and varied. The country was sometimes hard and sterile, and sometimes fertile and very beautiful, diversified with hill and valley, lake and river, and abounding in fruits and flowers. The natives were sometimes hostile, and sometimes hospitable. His adventures among them are full of novelty and thrilling interest.

The most exciting of his adventures were those in which the wild animals of the country had a share. One of them is represented by the accompanying engraving. It occurred near Naliele, on the river Seeba. "Proceeding along the shore, at mid-day, a hippopotamus struck the canoe with her forehead, lifting one half of it quite out of the water, so as nearly to overturn it. The force of the butt she gave tilted Mashauaua out into the river. The rest of us sprang for the shore, which was only about ten yards off. Glancing back, I saw her come to the surface, a short way off, and look at the canoe, as if to see if she had done much mischief. It was a female, whose young one had been speared the day before. No damage was done, except wetting persons and goods. This is so unusual an occurrence, when the precaution is taken to coast along the shore, that my men exclaimed, 'Is the beast mad?' There were eight of us in the canoe, at the time, and the shake it received shows the immense power of the animal in the water."

It would appear that the poor beast meant no harm, but only a gentle hint that the river was her proper domain, not to be navigated by light canoes, without a license.

Of the lion, he says: "Nothing that I ever learned of it, would lead me to attribute to it either the ferocious or the noble character ascribed to it elsewhere. With respect to its great strength, there can be no doubt. It would seem, however, to be inferior to that of the Indian tiger. Most of the feats of strength that I have seen performed by lions, such as taking away an ox, were not carrying, but dragging or trailing the carcass along the ground. Messrs. Oswell and Vardon once saw three lions endeavoring to drag down a buffalo, and they were unable to do so, for a time, though he was then mortally wounded by a two-ounce ball."

The encounter, as related by Vardon, took place on the banks of the Limpopo. Vardon had started and shot a buffalo, who turned and fled, followed at a rapid pace by the huntsmen. As they came in sight of him, these lions leaped upon him from the jungle. He bellowed lustily, and kept up a kind of running fight, for some distance, overpowered as much by the shot he had received as by the lions. As they began to tear him to pieces, Vardon and his companion came up, killed two of the lions, and drove the other off. "It is not often," says Vardon, in his narrative, "that one *bags* a brace of lions and a bull buffalo in about ten minutes. It was an exciting adventure, and I shall never forget it."

To commend to general reading a work replete with such incidents as these, and full of information respecting hitherto unknown regions and tribes, would seem to be unnecessary. It ought to be in every family and school library. It would be read with avidity, like a novel. It is illustrated with a large number of engravings, two of which we have been permitted, by the kindness of the publishers, to present with this article.

It has also two valuable maps. It opens a wide field of interest, not only for the scholar, but for the Christian, showing immense fields for missionary labor, "already white to the harvest." Let our young friends take down their maps, now, and look at Africa. See how little is known of any portion of it, except a narrow border running along the coasts! How blank and uncertain all that vast space, inclosed within those narrow borders! And say, if you would not feel an intense interest in having it laid open before your eyes, mapped out, and described by one who has personally traversed it, and tells you only what he saw, and what he knows to be true. For keeping young folks awake and interested, and stirring them up to reading and to action, commend us to well-written voyages and travels, and narratives of personal adventure.

THE FIRST FALL OF SNOW.

The snow had begun in the gloaming,
And busily all the night
Had been heaping field and highway
With a silence deep and white.

Every pine and fir and hemlock
Wore ermine too dear for an earl;
And the poorest twig on the elm-tree
Was ridged inch-deep with pearl.

From sheds, new roofed with Carrara,
Came chanticleer's muffled crow;
The stiff rails were softened to swan's down,
And still fluttered down the snow.

I stood and watched by the window
The noiseless work of the sky,
And the sudden flurries of snow-birds,
Like brown leaves whirling by.

THREE LIONS ATTEMPTING TO DRAG DOWN A BUFFALO, AS SEEN BY MR. OSWELL AND MAJOR VARDON.

ROBIN HOOD.

As bold Robin Hood, with eight merry men,
Was ranging the forest, the mountain, and glen,
He came to a hostel, that stood on a moor,
And loudly he thundered and knocked at the door.
"Up, up, Mr. Boniface, 'tis folly to feign,
And give me some grub for my eight merry men.
We're weary with fasting and eating dry peas,
So your good wine and wassel bring out, if you please;
And lest you should fail to abound in good cheer,
We've brought you a haunch of King Richard's good deer.
One blast from my horn would bring from the glade
Six hundred true men as ever drew blade;
Then woe to the churl who would treat us with scorn—
He would swing on a tree at the dawing of morn."
The landlord came out with his trusty broadsword,
And gave them a welcome to locker and board;
In all their demands he was forced to 'quiesce,
But he liked not their logic much, nevertheless;
So with many a tale of the Merry Greenwood,
And the sayings and doings of bold Robin Hood,
There was wine in the goblet and ale in the pot,
As he dished up his supper, and all piping hot.
They ate and they drank, but ne'er thought of time,
Till the bells from the kirk told at midnight the chime.
All merry with wine, bold Robin Hood said,
"Give each of my eight men a canny good bed;
I'm fagged by the chase and weary with mirth,
All wrapped in my pladdie I'll lie by the hearth."
Up spoke Mr. Boniface: "My house is but small,
I have beds only seven—you're welcome to all."
Then the eight merry men, full of frolic and fun,
Started off for the beds to see who could get one.
Then Friar Tuck seized on bed number one,
Which Little John claimed, and a battle begun;
With kicking and boxing they'd many a bout,
Till Tuck, being strongest, kicked Little John out.
Meantime number three took bed number two,
And man number four to number three flew,
And man number five bed number four seeks,
While number seven seizes on bed number six.
Then Little John, finding the floor rather hard,
To bed number seven contented repaired.
So each of the men had a bed, as you see—
Pray how does the count with the landlord's agree?

I. M. W.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.

GAZING at the Astor House provoked in me something of an appetite for dinner. But I was doomed to wait some time, before tasting it. As I was crossing Vesey Street, I met an old friend, the first familiar face I had seen among the many thousands that had passed me in my pilgrimage. He seized me cordially by the hand, and, though moving very rapidly when he came up, seemed in no haste to go on. He turned back, and held me a long time in conversation about the great city, its singular history, wonderful growth, wealth, wickedness, etc. He was an old man, and very talkative. He was born in New York, and had always resided there. He had heard his father and grandfather relate many curious and interesting incidents of its early history, and seemed to have the whole story at his tongue's end. He was particularly interested in talking of its rapid growth, and showing how steadily and powerfully it had been expanding into the acknowledged metropolis of the Western world.

His grandfather's memory extended back almost to the time when the old Dutch government was superseded by the English. In an old almanac, which he carried in his pocket, he showed me a sketch of the city as it was in 1664, when it contained 1,500 inhabitants, and occupied only so much of its present territory as lies below Wall Street. In truth, it did not occupy more than half that space, for a large part of what is now covered with buildings was then water.

This cut shows us the East River view of the Battery, or Market Field, as it was then called. The fort on the

NEW YORK IN THE OLDEN TIME.

left was called Fort Amsterdam by the Dutch, and Fort George by the English. The gallows, standing in solemn loneliness on the shore, shows that New York, even in its youth, was not as virtuous as it should be.

It would occupy too much time and space to tell you all that my friend had to say; but it will help you to form some idea of the strides the city has taken toward the country, to remember that the Astor House is about half a mile above Wall Street, and about four miles *below* the great "Central Park," which may perhaps be regarded as the present limit of the city on the north, though destined, by-and-by, as the name given it imports, to be its center.

Standing on this point, we were continually jostled and disturbed by the crowds passing up and down. *New York as it is* was continually withdrawing our attention from *New York as it was.* I could not help remarking to my friend the seeming earnestness and activity of the passers, saying, that every one appeared to have an important object ahead, which he was bent on accomplishing at once.

"Oh!" said he, "that is all *appearance.* Not one in twenty of them have any object at all, except to see what is passing, and to occupy time."

"Is that possible?" I asked. "How, then, do they support themselves?"

"Your last question is more than I can answer," he replied; "and one half of these people would be as much puzzled to answer it as I am. The first I can answer at once, and give you proof that I am right."

"How will you do that?" I asked.

"I can stop five hundred, or a thousand of them, on this spot, for half an hour, or more, and not one of them shall know why they stop, or what they are looking after."

So saying, he stepped to the edge of the side-walk, drawing me with him. Then, pointing toward the sky, just over the Museum, he said to me, earnestly, "There! don't you see it?"

Instantly some twenty or thirty persons gathered around us, each asking, "What is it?" The number of idle gazers and questioners increased at every moment, and in about two minutes, the walk was so crowded and crammed, that no one could pass, and all new-comers were compelled to stop. Not one in twenty of the crowd knew why they were stopped, or how long they would be detained; and very few of them cared, as long as they had something new to excite them.

It was amusing to hear their questions and conjectures, some of them given in a tone of positive earnestness, as if their very lives or fortunes depended on knowing what strange thing had happened.

"Ha!" cried one. "I see it."

"What? What? Where?" cried a score at once.

"There! over the Museum. I vow it it is a balloon, with an elephant in it."

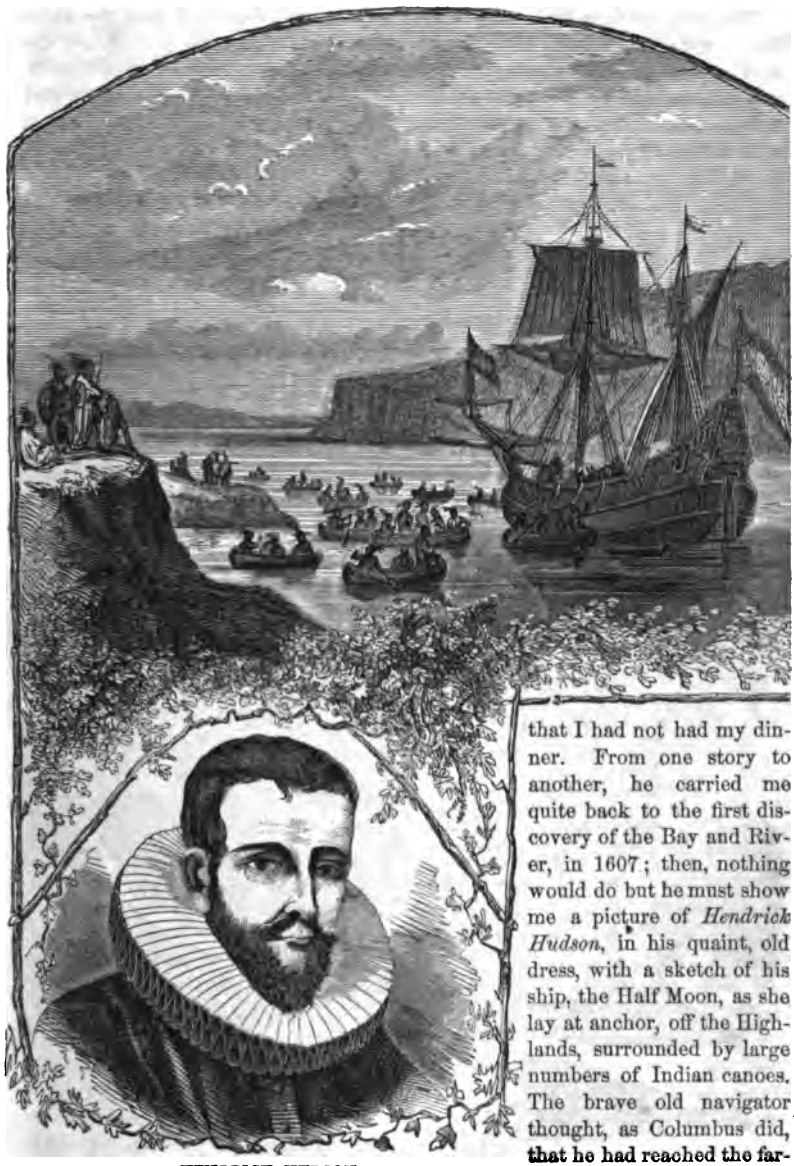
"Nonsense!" said his neighbor. "You don't see any such thing. The balloon never was made that could carry an elephant."

"That's as much you know," replied the other. "Pray, did you never hear of Rufus Porter's balloon, that was to carry fifty men to California in two days?"

"*Was* to!" growled the impatient objector. "Did he ever do it?"

Having accomplished his object, my friend took me by the arm, and drew me aside, to continue his story of "the Olden Times."

In his enthusiasm, he forgot that



HENDRICK HUDSON.

I was on a pilgrimage, with my pack in my hand, and he did not know that I had not had my dinner. From one story to another, he carried me quite back to the first discovery of the Bay and River, in 1607; then, nothing would do but he must show me a picture of *Hendrick Hudson*, in his quaint, old dress, with a sketch of his ship, the Half Moon, as she lay at anchor, off the Highlands, surrounded by large numbers of Indian canoes. The brave old navigator thought, as Columbus did, that he had reached the farther India, and that the "River of the Mountains," as he called it, came down from the heart of its golden regions.

The early settlers had many difficulties with the Indians, owing chiefly to the avarice and injustice of the new-comers, and to the effect of the "*fire-water*." Treaties were made with them, at various times, only to be broken, on the first and slightest pretense. The Indians, not knowing how to read, depended upon the white men to make, declare, and explain the treaty. And then, when any difficulty arose, it depended upon the honor and honesty of the white men to make a fair case of it. Whatever may be said of the cruelty of the red men, their provocations were many and great. It

TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

INDIANS PAYING TRIBUTE.

certainly was not necessary to rob them of their lands, as they were disposed to sell them very cheap. For *seventy-five dollars*—and that, perhaps, in rum and trinkets—they sold the whole island of New York.

The old Dutchmen were shrewd in making bargains, but they were not very careful to keep on the right side of the Indians. They often provoked them to acts of violent retaliation, and then made war upon them, as if they had been first to offend. The Indians were noble-looking men, some of them, and worthy of a better fate. With all their fantastic costume, they do not appear to much disadvantage by the side of the Dutch governor and his council. If the Indians had been the artists in this case, they might, perhaps, have drawn a picture still more favorable to their ancestors. As it is, the history and the illustrations are all the work of the "*pale faces*;" and, bad as it appears for them, they have probably made out the best case they could.

My friend occupied me so long with these old matters, and entertained me so much by his enthusiasm and his anecdotes, that I did not move from the spot where we first met, where I shall now be obliged to leave you, having no more time at present.

A SATCHEL FULL OF UNEASINESS.

YOU wonder what this title means. I will tell you.

Fanny and Cousin Lottie, with satchel on the arm, started for a long walk. The satchel was to bring home two promised kittens for the little Fanny.

They walked up Grand Street, and looked, and talked, and enjoyed. As they passed by the burying-ground, Fanny, as usual, ran up the stile, and walked and ran upon the flat top of the broad stone wall, while Cousin Lottie kept on the sidewalk, and helped Fanny to come down at the end of the wall. On and on they went, till they came to the large gate with the great iron hook; they walked through it, and up the little hill that led them to the door of a very kind family. The man was a gardener. Oh, such a nice green-house as he had! Cousin Lottie often walked through it, and often sat an hour in March, the month of howling winds, and when the flowers were such a delight. Sometimes, when kind-hearted Charley brought for her a chair, and she sat all alone, she would lean her head upon the chair arm—she had no other arm to lean upon—and weep so sorrowful; and then she would look up, and all was so still—and an auricula, and a daisy, and a primrose, and a carnation, and a rose would seem to be looking right at her; and they were so sweet, and looked so hopeful, she would smile and think they were her friends; and they were, for they brought her good. But I forget the kittens.

They had been promised to Fanny for a long time; and Mary Ann ran to the barn, and drew them out from their hiding-place. Prettier kittens you need not to see. You would have said the cat-mother had an eye to the raging fashion, in the color she had dressed them—the most complete yellow brown, "tan color," as fashion said. One of them had not a hair of any other color, to the tip of his tiny,

THE KITTEN.

squirming, sharp-pointed tail; and the other was lined or striped with white, and all the rest tan.

Cousin Lottie and Fanny were delighted. They laughed and admired, and the kitties mewed.

Well, they were put in the satchel; and it seemed to the fixers as if it were as good a place as they could have; but the kitties had no such thought, as you will see.

The lid was fastened by the center lappet, as if sandwiches and fruit were inside, for a pic-nic; and with satchel on Fanny's arm, they commenced a return homeward, with the charming presents. Cousin Lottie had now and then a misgiving as to the probabilities; but the thing must be done. After a dozen steps, the squirming and the mewing began. Kitties seemed to have made up their minds very decidedly that it should be no go. Directly, one head was out from the opening by the side of the lock.

It was put back carefully, and out came the other. And so they went it, alternately, and together. Lottie's shawl would slip down, and while pulling that on, Brownie and Stripe were half out the satchel, and all four hands were busied poking *them* back, in the quickest possible manner. No time for carefulness. Here they were, only about a quarter of the way home, and the kitties were perfectly rebellious.

"Oh, for a boy," says Lottie. "Oh, for a boy," says Fanny, "that has no shawl and parasol to carry."

They called to one on the opposite walk. He could not go; he was on his way to school.

Up pops Brownie's head, mew—mew—mew; the Striped, out two paws, and mew—mew—mew.

They looked then for some passing hack, which they might use; for Fanny said she had money to pay for it, and things were becoming desperate.

After a time they found a hack near the tall poplar trees; and you may depend it was a relief to get the pussies inside its walls. As they mewed and squabbled so in the satchel, one had an idea that they were talking of their forsaken mother, and pleasant home on the garden hill; but after they had looked about a while in their new *residence*, by a little imagining, Brownie seemed to say, "Well, Stripey, what think you? This is much smarter than the garden on the hill-side, and the bedroom in the barn."

"What large, nice trees! How we will run up there, and just *look* into those pretty birds' nests; and," said Stripey, "what nice walks in this large garden, covered with the pounded stones! Mud and sand will not stick to our paws as we frolic there. How much time it will save us, not to have so many feet to clean, every time we take a run; but, boo—what comes there? Oh, Brownie, see that great, great dog!"

Two or three hairs rose up on Brownie's back; but it seemed very useless, for Watch walked along as cool and dignified as if they, too, were under his protection, and he would scorn even to *appear* ferocious to the defenseless; and he turned his hazel eyes upon them, so that they felt quite comforted.

Then "Dick" the dove passed along, curving his pretty neck, and picking up crumbs in the court, and they thought his white coat and red boots were so pretty. Then Dick flew away to the roof near Fanny's window, and out came the visitor, "Trip." Not so very quiet times were there now, for Trip was a great frolicker, and being

on a visit with his auntie, he had no work at all. He was not very beautiful, Brownie thought; but it might have been seen that he had been washed and combed with his auntie's fine tooth-comb; and then, had Brownie only known, in addition, that he always slept inside the sheets with his auntie, it would have been quite certain that he was a *good* dog; and truly, "handsome is that handsome does," and that's the way Trip comes by his beauty.

But Trip showed himself very spry, and not really quarrelsome to the newcomers; and when Abby brought the saucer of milk for them, they had every appearance of feeling quite at home.

After all was over, Cousin Lottie had a *thought;* if kitties are to be carried in a satchel, never to stir with it till it was *sewed up* (as the woman did her drunken husband in the sheet) all across, with small breathing-holes. Let me tell you, children, unless you would do something never to be forgotten, don't try to bring home kitties with the satchel lid only locked down.

Oh!—oh!—mew—mew. L. E.

MY KITTY.

"Dear Kitty," says I, when I go home at night;
And kitty looks up so cheerful and bright.
She's so kind and so gentle, so glad when I come,
That I often say, "Kitty's the light of my home."

THE STOLEN HAT.

HALLO! there—my hat! my hat!
Old Rover has stolen my hat!
It is nice—it is new,
And what shall I do,
If he spoils my nice new hat?

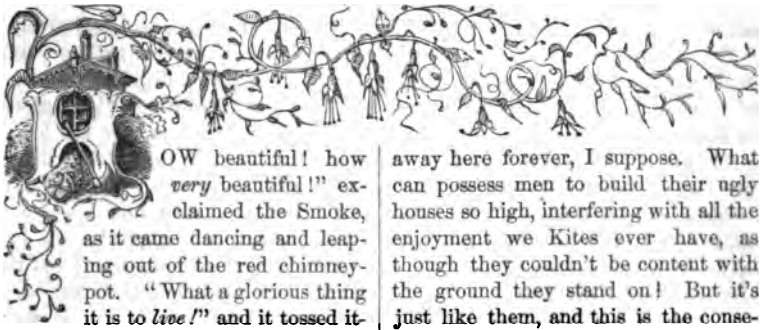
Here, Rover! come back! come back!
Or you will repent it, that's flat;
I've got a big bone,
But you shall have none,
Unless you bring back my new hat.

Why, what can the saucy dog mean,
To run away so with my hat?
I'll whip him, I will,
And I'll give him his fill,
And show him I can not stand that.

Well, isn't that funny? The rogue
Is up to a frolic, you see;
With a smirk and a bow,
And a saucy bow-wow,
He has brought it back safely to me.

THE SMOKE AND THE KITE.

"Sermons in stones, and good in everything."



"HOW beautiful! how *very* beautiful!" exclaimed the Smoke, as it came dancing and leaping out of the red chimney-pot. "What a glorious thing it is to *live!*" and it tossed itself about in the cool evening breeze, as though it would have *sung* for joy.

"*What* is so beautiful?" asked a Paper-kite, whose tail had got entangled among the stacks on the house-tops, and who was lying between the slanting tiles, looking very deplorable; "who is it finds anything 'glorious' *here?*"

"Why, *I* do," said the Smoke, bending down again in graceful curves, "*I* do; only look at the beautiful blue sky, almost covered as it is with red and golden clouds; see how grandly they sail along—how much they seem to know!—how many things they can see—how . . . . . ."

"What nonsense!" interrupted the Kite, "as though there were anything out of the way in *that*. Why, the sky's *always* up there, it never goes *away*, *does it?* What is there in that to make such a fuss about?"

"Do not *you* think it beautiful, then?" asked the Smoke, in surprise; "oh, it is like a new life to *me!* I . . . . ."

"Where can you have been poking to all your life?" put in the Kite; "here am I, entangled among these detestable old bricks, and must rot away here forever, I suppose. What can possess men to build their ugly houses so high, interfering with all the enjoyment we Kites ever have, as though they couldn't be content with the ground they stand on! But it's just like them, and this is the consequence of their pride. There never was a Kite in the world that has not had occasion to complain of the stupidity of house-building. As soon as we mount up to our proper element, and are beginning to feel at home, somebody or other, or something, is sure to be so envious as to prevent our getting any higher. Either the string is too short, or it gets entangled round some stupid thing, or it breaks, and then no matter to them what dreadful frights *we* get—it's all the same whether we come down alive or dead. There was my own brother, the most beautiful Kite that ever had a tail, and exactly like *me*, who was so rudely shaken by his enemies that, though making all the haste down he possibly *could*, he was suddenly thrown into the sea, whence he never rose again. And here am *I*, doomed to suffer a still *worse* fate; *now* scorched by the sun, *then* battered by the rain, or unmercifully kicked by the wind—really I never was intended for such rough usage, and what *beauty* is there for *me*, I should like to know?"

"Ah! if you only knew where I have been," said the Smoke, kindly; "but I dare say you *do* find it very

hard to bear, more especially as you have been a plaything all your life."

Now the Wind whispered to the Smoke to come higher up, and it certainly did look very inviting up there. "*Take me, too,*" said the Kite, and the Wind did raise one corner, but it was of no use; the tail held it fast down, so that it could not rise.

"Never mind," said the Smoke; "I will stay with you a little while."

"Yes, and tell me something interesting, for I can never hear anything up here," grumbled the Kite.

So the Smoke told him—

"MY OWN STORY"

IN THESE WORDS.

"I remember belonging to one of the largest trees in an immense forest. I was the trunk; but I can not remember much of that long-ago time; it seems only like a happy dream in fairy-land, where everything was bright and beautiful. I recollect, when this had lasted some time, a longing came over me for something higher, *nobler*, I hardly knew *what*—but when I listened to the beautiful songs of the Wind, I felt discontented that they were not sung to *me*. I wished I were a bird that I might answer them. I envied the branches in which they played, and the leaves at the top, that could see so far. I became jealous of the bright flowers and the green grass, because they *were* bright and green; indeed, everybody seemed to be better off than *I*. In vain, when the leaves were blown, they whispered words of peace and contentment as they fell; they even envied me the strength and lastingness of my nature, but I was very foolish, and it was *all in vain*. In truth, *I was a grumbler*. Oh, I little thought then, what was to happen afterward. I *should* have been more contented, had I only *known*.

"Well, one day a terrible noise seemed to fill the air; there were fearful commotions all round. I saw the most gigantic trees thrown up like little pieces of stick, and instinctively I clung tighter by my roots to the ground; then I remember a dreadful wrench—then—I was thrown up as if in mockery, high, higher than ever the leaves had been . . . . then, down, down, down-going as though without end, in such darkness, such hot, close air! Well, at last we stopped; we had reached a bottom *some*where; but the rocks were heaped over us pell-mell, crushing us down with their tremendous weight.

"Grumble, grumble, grumble—this was all I did, but it was of no use down in that silent darkness; so I left off at last, but still even then, for some while, I fretted to myself.

"I can not stay now to tell you *all* about that *long, long* time—it seemed as though it would last forever; nor of the noiseless, unceasing change which was working upon me, almost without my knowing it! How much, how *very* much I learned, which I never knew before, which I can never forget, from those dear, firm old Rocks! How they taught us to be patient first, and to *wait;* and how, while we were waiting thus, our very natures changed, while thoughts of the bright future that was coming made us strong—and how busy we were in *getting ready* for it!

"Ah! it seemed a weary time to wait for, but we were growing fitter for it every day (though we did not know what days *meant* THERE).

"It came at last—a noise—knock—knock—knock—knock—and then—and then—*a ray of light!* Oh, what a joy to us! Hundreds and hundreds of years had passed since we had seen

the light, and now it shone for us once more. Ah! the dear, bright, beautiful light—no one but God *could* make such a glorious thing! Then we looked on each other, and *saw* the change which we had only *felt* before.

"And men with their heavy tools came down; there was some rough handling to pass through, but I was strong enough to bear it then without grumbling. Soon I was drawn up, up the long, deep mine in a basket. I reached the top. The sun shone on me like a kind, old, faithful friend, and I could answer his beams with brightness. I even shone in colors, and that was quite enough to tell him how much had happened to me since last we met.

"Still I had to practice the patience I had been learning a little longer. We were dragged a long way, so closely packed up that it was impossible to see anything. We only heard strange sounds, which we could not understand, and felt how *very* fast we were being whirled along.

"For the last few months I have been lying in the coal-cellar of this very house; but even there I have learned a great deal of men and things, which we never knew in the dark mine.

"It was there I heard of the one sharp trial awaiting me, by which I was to serve mankind and raise myself to a new life. It seemed very terrible, but when the time came I was ready for it. I felt the red flames curl round me—together we made a bonny fire. 'It is Christmas Day,' the children said, 'it is Christmas Day!' They all seemed so happy. And as they sat round the hearth, sucking oranges, guessing riddles, cracking nuts and jokes, I smiled upon them in my pain, and murmured a song from between the bars . . . . (I think one little boy was listening to me.). . . . It is over now, I am *so* happy. But I have other work before me, and . . . ."

"Come, come," said the Wind, "you are wanted this way; make haste, make haste."

"Good-bye, good-bye," whispered the Smoke, as he rose. "Be *patient* and *humble;* learn *something* from *everything;* grow strong at heart, and when next we meet you will be *happier!*"

"Good-bye," said the Kite, "good-bye;" and he did not feel sorry that it was growing quite dark, and that the silent night had come, for he had *great thoughts to think!*

How he thought them, and what good they did him, will make a story for another day.

QUERY.—Is not your philosophy rather smoky, Mr. Smoke? My answer may also "make a story for another day." HIRAM H.

BEARDS.

A CERTAIN baron who gloried in a tremendous pair of red whiskers, had collected his friends for a hunting party at his chateau, and, wishing to show his wit and amuse his guests, he called a gardener who was working near, and who wore no beard, and asked him why he could not wear a beard.

"Sir," replied the peasant, "when the good God gave out the beards, I came a little late; the light, the brown, the black, were all distributed, and none remained but red. I preferred to go without rather than have one of such color!"

The baron was surprised to hear the laughter of his friends, for he was quite unable to see the joke.

DIFFERENCE OF TIME.

HOWEVER brightly the sun may shine, he is able to light but half the earth at a time. Hence, when it is day on one side of the world, it is night on the other side. This fact my young readers have thought of a great many times. But some of you may not be able to tell me, when it is noon here and midnight in China, what time it is a part of the way round the world, in Europe, or in the Sandwich Islands. If you will get your slate and pencil, I think we can figure it out. The earth turns around in 24 hours. This makes the sun seem to go around the earth in the same time. You know it is 360 degrees around the earth. If the sun seems to move 360 degrees in 24 hours, how far will it seem to move in one hour? Divide 360 by 24 and you will get the answer—15. Every 15 degrees, then, east and west, makes a difference of one hour in the time. The sun seems to move from east to west, passing over places east of us before it reaches our meridian. Hence, when it is noon where we are, it is 1 o'clock P.M. 15 degrees east of us, and 11 o'clock A.M. 15 degrees west of us.

If 15 degrees make a difference of 1 hour (or 60 minutes), then 1 degree would make a difference of $\frac{1}{15}$ of 60 minutes, which is 4 minutes. A degree of longitude in the latitude of New York is about 52 miles. (You recollect that the degrees of longitude grow smaller and smaller as you go toward the poles.) If, then, 52 miles make a difference of 4 minutes (=240 seconds), 1 mile will make a difference of $\frac{1}{52}$ of 240 seconds, which is about $4\frac{1}{2}$ seconds; consequently, when it is precisely noon at your father's house, it is $4\frac{1}{2}$ seconds *after* noon at your uncle's, one mile east of you; and is $4\frac{1}{2}$ seconds *before* noon at your neighbor's, one mile west of you. People do not generally try to keep their time quite so accurately as that; but if they did, no two neighbors' clocks would precisely agree, unless they were exactly north and south of each other.

The table on the opposite page will show you the difference in time between a great many places in the United States. Suppose you wish to find the difference of time between Boston and St. Paul. Look for Boston in the column of names at the top, and for St. Paul on the side. Trace the lines of figures, as you do in the multiplication table, till they meet, at the number 88, and you have the difference of time in minutes. You have found then that whatever time a true clock at Boston indicates, a true clock at St. Paul will be 88 minutes—almost an hour and a half—slower. When it is noon at Boston it is only 32 minutes past 10 o'clock A.M. at St. Paul.

You can find the difference of time between places not put down in the table, by looking in your Atlas for the difference in longitude, and multiplying the number of degrees by 4, which will give you the difference of time in minutes. For instance, Paris is $76\frac{1}{2}$ degrees east of New York. $76\frac{1}{2} \times 4 = 306$. 306 minutes—5 hours and 6 minutes. So when it is noon at Paris, it is 5 hours and 6 minutes before noon (*i. e.*, lacks 6 minutes of 7 o'clock A.M.) at New York; and when it is noon at New York, it is 6 min. past 5 P.M. at Paris.

Will some of my young readers, by using their Atlases and slates, tell me, when it is noon at New York, what time is it at Rio Janeiro? at London? at Pekin? (Look out and get it right.) What time at the Sandwich Islands?

	Albany, N. Y.	Augusta, Ga.	Baltimore, Md.	Boston, Mass.	Buffalo, N. Y.	Burlington, Vt.	Charleston, S. C.	Chicago, Ill.	Cincinnati, Ohio.	Concord, N. H.	Detroit, Mich.	Galveston, Texas.	Halifax, N. S.	Indianapolis, Ind.	Jefferson, Mo.	Kingston, Can.	Little Rock, Ark.	Louisville, Ky.	Milwaukie, Wis.	Mobile, Ala.	Montreal, Can.	Nashville, Tenn.	Natchez, Miss.	New Haven, Ct.	New Orleans, La.	New York, N. Y.	Philadelphia, Pa.	Pittsburg, Pa.	Portland, Me.	Providence, R. I.	Raleigh, N. C.	Richmond, Va.	St. Louis, Mo.	St. Paul, Minn.	Sacramento, Cal.	Springfield, Mass.	Tallahassee, Fla.	Toronto, Can.	Trenton, N. J.	Utica, N. Y.	Wheeling, Va.	Wilmington, Del.
Albany, N. Y.		23	12	10	21	2	25	56	43	9	38	35	40	43	74	12	74	43	57	5	0	53	71	3	35	2	6	36	14	9	21	16	67	70	192	4	4	23	4	6	20	3
Augusta, Ga.	23		21	43	12	25	3	23	10	43	5	52	73	15	41	21	41	15	24	25	23	20	23	25	23	21	27	7	47	42	13	17	24	45	150	37	11	19	20	27	4	25
Baltimore, Md.	12	21		20	9	14	13	44	21	21	25	73	53	25	63	0	62	25	45	45	13	41	39	15	54	10	6	14	25	21	9	4	55	60	180	16	22	11	3	6	17	4
Boston, Mass.	10	43	22		21	3	25	55	53	1	43	25	36	55	84	22	94	53	67	53	10	53	51	7	70	13	15	25	4	1	21	23	77	23	202	6	54	23	14	15	20	13
Buffalo, N. Y.	21	12	9	21		23	4	25	22	20	17	64	63	27	53	9	53	27	25	37	21	23	50	24	45	19	15	3	23	20	0	5	25	57	171	25	23	2	17	15	3	13
Burlington, Vt.	2	25	14	3	23		27	53	45	7	40	27	35	50	76	14	76	50	61	60	2	55	73	1	66	4	3	25	13	7	25	18	63	50	194	2	46	25	6	6	21	10
Charleston, S. C.	25	3	13	25	4	27		21	13	24	13	60	65	23	49	13	49	23	23	23	25	20	46	25	41	23	19	1	25	24	4	9	23	55	167	24	19	3	21	19	4	17
Chicago, Ill.	56	23	44	55	25	53	21		13	25	13	29	26	6	13	44	13	3	1	2	55	21	15	29	10	54	30	30	20	23	25	49	11	23	196	30	13	23	23	30	27	23
Cincinnati, Ohio.	43	10	21	53	23	25	13	13		23	5	43	23	5	21	21	21	5	14	15	43	10	27	25	23	21	27	17	27	23	27	23	25	25	149	47	1	20	30	30	14	23
Concord, N. H.	9	23	21	1	20	7	24	25	23		27	24	29	27	23	21	23	27	26	27	9	23	30	6	30	11	15	25	5	0	25	25	26	27	201	5	23	23	13	15	25	17
Detroit, Mich.	23	5	25	23	17	20	13	13	5	27		27	73	10	25	25	25	10	19	20	23	15	23	21	25	25	23	13	23	17	27	23	23	27	25	25	149	23	6	15	24	23	9	20
Galveston, Texas.	25	23	73	25	24	27	20	23	23	24	27		125	27	13	11	23	11	27	25	23	14	25	13	25	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
Halifax, N. S.	20	23	23	20	23	25	25	25	23	20	23	125		23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
Indianapolis, Ind.	23	15	25	23	27	25	23	5	5	27	10	27	23		25	25	25	0	9	10	23	5	23	21	25	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
Jefferson, Mo.	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23		23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
Kingston, Can.	74	41	62	54	53	76	49	13	21	23	25	73	53	25	62		62	25	55	55	13	41	25	15	54	10	6	14	25	21	9	4	55	25	150	10	23	11	3	6	17	4
Little Rock, Ark.	74	41	62	54	53	76	49	13	21	23	25	11	114	25	0	62		25	17	16	74	21	3	77	3	73	25	25	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
Louisville, Ky.	43	15	25	53	27	25	23	5	5	27	10	27	23	0	25	25	25		9	10	43	5	23	21	25	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
Milwaukie, Wis.	57	24	45	57	25	51	23	1	14	25	19	23	97	9	17	55	17	9		1	57	4	14	25	9	55	21	21	21	25	25	21	25	21	10	21	185	21	13	24	25	21	25	19	25
Mobile, Ala.	25	25	25	25	25	25	23	2	15	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		25	5	13	25	3	25	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
Montreal, Can.	0	23	13	10	21	2	25	25	23	9	23	25	25	23	25	25	25	25	25	25		23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
Nashville, Tenn.	53	20	25	53	25	25	23	5	5	27	20	27	25	5	25	25	25	5	4	5	53		23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23	23
Natchez, Miss.	71	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
New Haven, Ct.	3	25	15	7	24	1	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		25	5	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
New Orleans, La.	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
New York, N. Y.	2	21	10	12	19	4	23	24	21	11	25	23	23	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Philadelphia, Pa.	6	27	6	16	15	5	19	25	27	15	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Pittsburg, Pa.	25	7	14	25	5	25	1	25	27	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Portland, Me.	14	47	25	4	25	23	25	25	25	5	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Providence, R. I.	9	23	21	1	20	7	24	25	25	0	27	24	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Raleigh, N. C.	21	23	9	21	0	23	4	25	25	20	27	24	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Richmond, Va.	16	27	4	25	5	23	9	25	25	23	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
St. Louis, Mo.	67	24	55	77	46	69	43	11	24	25	29	13	107	13	7	55	7	13	10	9	67	14	4	70	1	65	61	41	61	76	46	61		23	125	71	23	44	63	61	30	69
St. Paul, Minn.	23	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25		25	25	25	25	25	25	25	25
Sacramento, Cal.	192	159	180	202	171	194	167	136	149	201	154	107	223	144	118	180	118	144	125	134	193	139	131	195	196	190	186	206	206	201	171	176	125	114		196	146	169	188	186	163	184
Springfield, Mass.	4	37	16	6	25	3	29	60	47	5	42	89	36	52	78	16	78	53	61	62	6	57	75	1	70	6	10	40	10	5	25	20	71	62	196		48	27	8	10	33	13
Tallahassee, Fla.	44	11	22	54	23	46	19	13	1	53	6	41	84	4	30	32	30	4	13	14	44	9	27	47	22	42	38	18	58	53	23	28	23	34	148	48		21	40	33	15	36
Toronto, Can.	23	10	11	23	2	25	2	23	20	23	15	62	63	25	51	11	51	25	24	25	23	20	43	26	43	21	17	3	27	23	2	7	4	55	169	27	21		19	17	3	15
Trenton, N. J.	4	29	3	14	17	6	21	53	39	13	24	51	44	44	70	3	70	44	53	54	4	49	67	7	63	2	2	22	13	13	17	12	63	74	168	3	40	19		2	26	4
Utica, N. Y.	6	27	6	16	15	5	19	50	37	15	23	79	46	43	68	6	68	43	51	52	6	47	65	9	60	4	0	20	20	15	15	10	61	72	186	10	23	17	2		26	2
Wheeling, Va.	29	4	17	39	3	31	4	23	14	27	17	45	19	25	47	15	47	25	29	29	24	43	23	27	27	23	3	43	23	8	13	23	43	69	163	23	15	6	26	23		21
Wilmington, Del.	3	25	4	15	13	10	17	43	23	17	20	77	43	40	66	4	66	40	49	50	3	45	63	11	53	6	2	15	23	17	13	3	59	70	184	19	36	15	4	2	21	

RULE FOR MAKING ENIGMAS.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—While I was yet young I was among your most constant and best pleased readers, but "when I became a man, I put away childish things." Nevertheless, my love for your pamphlet was never more strong than it is now, and in proof of it permit me to contribute the following rule to your younger readers for making enigmas, which reduces, I am flattered to imagine, a comparatively abstruse subject to a simple, if not an easy form.

RULE.—Choose any word for a subject; then analyze it, or take it to pieces, by setting down in a column the number of letters there are of each kind; then spell a word or two from the letters before you, never using one letter twice unless twice repeated in the subject.

As you use up the letters in words, scratch them off the column, so that they will not confuse you. When you have only three or four letters remaining, make a new table, and, by putting them together in different manners, you generally will find a word which will use them up. If not, *then* you may use some other letter in the subject twice, to complete the word.

Having now given my rule, and perhaps not in the clearest manner, I will try to make it plainer by an example. Take for subject

THE PHILOSOPHER SOCRATES.

1	3	5	7	9	11	13	15	17	19	21
2	4	6	8	10	12	14	16	18	20	22

There are in these words 22 letters. Of these, 2 are t's, 3 h's, 3 e's, 2 p's, 1 i, 1 l, 3 o's, 3 s's, 2 r's, 2 c's, and 1 a. (I write them here in a line to be short. It is always best to write them in a column.)

We see immediately on examination that there are a sufficient number of letters to spell a number of words. It is not hard to form words with the letters, but it *is* hard to discriminate which words to use. Discriminatingly we spell first *opher* (put figure 2 instead of 3 in the number of o's, put figure 1 instead of 2 in the number of p's, put figure 2 instead of 3 in the number of h's, etc.). We spell next *sop* (put figure 2 instead of 3 in the number of e's, etc., as before), then *claret* (scratch off as before). Now, if you have scratched off every letter as we spelled the words out, your table is much blotted, so make a new one, which will necessarily be much reduced in size: 1 t, 2 h's, 2 e's, 1 o, 2 s's. We spell immediately *hose*, and we have left these letters: 1 t, 1 h, 1 e, 1 s—but by putting the first letter last we have *hest* (see Webster's Unabridged). In the generality of cases we are not so fortunate as to use up all the letters, no more, no less, and it is only by great study that this is to be accomplished in any case.

Now we have accomplished two great objects—1st, we have used all the letters; 2d, we have used none twice, which two things of all others make an enigma hard to guess. Having obtained the words, they may be arranged to suit the writer. Care should be taken to mix the letters around, to make it hard to unravel them. Now we give the enigma in form:

My 8, 11, 5, 6, 14, is the name of the biblical California.

My 9, 16, 4, is connected intimately with the betrayal of our Saviour, and was used by him to point out his betrayer.

My 17, 7, 19, 18, 3, 1, is the name of a kind of wine, of a red color.

My 12, 20, 15, 21, is a word familiar to the mouth of every fireman, and is indispensable to every "machine."

My 2, 13, 22, 20, is that which servants are accustomed to obey.

I have now finished my little labor of love to the young readers of this inestimable magazine, and it does not surprise me in the least that the magazine is flourishing, for what little engine is there which will not go, when it has boilers to supply its little wants—large and numerous enough to make an engine ten times larger go with ease?

With a hearty shake of the hand to your able coadjutors, a hurrah for your boys, and a kiss to the girls, I write myself your humble friend,

BLACK-EYED TEDDIE.

WILLIAMSTOWN, *Jan.* 25, 1858.

Thank you, Brother Teddie, most cordially. Your labor of love will materially help the young folks, by showing them how to make short and compact work of their enigmas. R. M.

EMIGRATION.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—In the December number of your magazine I noticed a poetical scheme of emigration, very pungent and witty. Below are a few lines in the same style, which please publish, if you consider them worth the trouble.

Let travelers depart for Rome
  At coming of the morn,
The passionate to Ire-land,
  And topers to Cape Horn.
To Sing Sing let musicians go,
  And o'er that prison reign—
While fishermen should start for Wales,
  Or to the River Seine,
And "merry" boys and girls depart
  In one promiscuous band,
Unto the River Merri-mack,
  Or else to Mary-land. BUCKEYE BOY.

WIEBE'S SCALE-BUILDING KEY-INDICATOR.

THE almost universal introduction of music into schools, and the faith, now prevalent, that all can learn to sing—or that the exceptions are too few to be regarded in the account—give a special interest and importance to every improvement in the mode of teaching the elements. A perfect understanding and command of the scales being of paramount importance, in laying a good foundation for music, this "Scale-Building Key-Indicator" will be found a most convenient and efficient aid. By a simple mechanical arrangement, with sliding tablets, the whole thing is shown to the eye. Any major-key, and its relative minor, may be found, its number of sharps and flats, the succession of its tones and semi-tones, its common chord, and even its position on the key-board of the piano; thus not only *showing* the various changes on which the scales are built, but the very reasons and laws by which they are governed.

These Indicators are of different sizes, adapted to the convenience of a single scholar, or, like the ordinary blackboard, to that of a class or a school. The one before us is of substantial pasteboard, about 12 by 14 inches.

We are glad to learn that the "Indicator" has been already adopted for the Public Schools of Brooklyn. We trust they will be introduced everywhere, and we seriously hope that every pupil in music will have the advantage, at the beginning, of a clear, practical, and tangible explanation of the grand mystery of the science—the chief difficulty in the way of every beginner—the mystery of majors and minors, with their ever-shifting relations of sharps and flats. "Is any one '*merry*,' let him sing," and sing well.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

TALCUT FARMS, OHIO, *Feb.* 3, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE:—Will you admit another niece—a wild, "harum-scarum" girl, as Uncle Jabe calls me—to your circle? If so, please introduce me to your other 20,000 nieces and nephews, not forgetting Willie H. Coleman. I should really like to see that young (?) man now, I have so much curiosity to see how he bears the late news from Black-Eyes. I imagine him looking quite "down in the mouth." And above all things, I should love to peep into *Mrs.* Black-Eyes' home, and see how she manages that husband of hers. I'll warrant she doesn't give him a moment's peace. I wonder what he thinks of her flirtation with W. H. C. Uncle Frank, now tell me truly if dear Aunt Sue's name is not ———. I am sure you can not deny it. Please just let me into the secret, and I will tell no one. I won't even let Uncle Jabe—who is the greatest tease that ever breathed, and always pries into all my secrets—know it.

Dear Uncle Frank, I have been in the most deplorable state of ignorance as to the prettiest *nom-de-plume*. I at last concluded to name myself after the first living creature which entered the room. Just as I had decided so to do, in came old puss, and so I will sign myself,

Your affectionate niece, MALTA.

P. S.—Do not let the man with the hatchet see this; and tell W. H. Coleman that I sympathize with him in his recent affliction. Where is Nip?

There you are, Pussy dear, in the very midst of the circle. We almost tremble for our "Timid Birdie," and our pet "Dove." But—if you once show the mischief in your eye, we shall set "Nip," or "Willie," or "Pansy's Trip" on you.

We shall not deny what "Aunt Sue's name is not," because you are sure we can not, and we are too civil to contradict you. Besides, we are afraid of "Uncle Jabe."

"Nip" shall speak for her(?)self.

Feb., 1858.

DEAR QUARTO:—Well, of all astounding news, that of Black-Eyes' marriage, contained in our "Monthly Chat," is certainly the *most*. Who *would* have supposed it? How often have I wished that I were better acquainted with my "charming cousin!" And indeed I quite intended to become so, not without the hope of ultimately—ahem! well, no matter—too late *now*, and my affections are, alas! misplaced. However, I am sufficiently recovered to offer my sincere (they are really) congratulations to the "happy husband," and may he live long to enjoy his blessing! Magnanimous Nip, etc.!

Pray, Mr. Coleman, may I humbly inquire if *you* are "knocked into a cocked hat," also, at this denouement? It would seem so. Do, pray, have mercy upon the afflictions of *others*. Don't be so selfish. You have not for a long time (*how* long to me!) mentioned me, in your effusions. What am I to think? I am almost glad the fascinating Black-Eyes is off the carpet; but, then, there is Laura. The cry is still, "They come!"

Mr. A. C. Whitner, I think you very presuming, and suppose you are very young, or you would have sense enough to "keep your distance" when the ladies are on the tapis.

I am very grateful to my cousins for remembering me in their letters. I don't forget them. On the contrary, I think them so happy in receiving their "Monthly Quarto" that I have recommended it to several of my little friends, that they might participate also with us. Whether our number of 20,000 has been increased, I am not able to say. I hope so, any way. Now, Uncles, aunts, cousins, and all, I must bring this to a close, though not before telling you that you must bid me "farewell" for some time. "It may be for years, and it may be forever," as the song goes, though I hope not that latter. The fact is, I am off for Europe, soon, and for a good long travel—a large party of us—and, oh, dear! *such* anticipations! Do bid me a pleasant good-bye in the April Chat—all of you—for when my "packet" from home is sent to me, one of the ingredients (!) will be the MUSEUM! It takes so little room that it can easily be slipped in. You must pardon my apparent forgetfulness of Rule 2d. I have not! Worse still? Willful disobedience? No; but I have thrown myself upon your generosity. I

am going away. Think of that, and overlook this, as my last, for a long time. It is my farewell epistle.

Good-bye, friends, all; good-bye, from
Your neuter, NIPPINIFIDGET.

There, Nip, we have given you full swing, this time, not because you say it is your last, but just that it may not be your last. You owe us something for holding back, and putting down Uncle Hiram, who would have amputated you at both ends. You will, of course, let us hear from you, in Europe. We will devote a page to "our special correspondent," and you shall tell us about the wonders of the old world. And so, you have our blessing.

A smooth, bright passage o'er the sea,
A joyful welcome home,
Heaven's choicest blessings go with thee,
Wherever thou may'st roam.

But—you must call at our sanctum before you go.

MORRISTOWN, *Dec.* 8, 1857.

Welcome, Uncle Joe! A funny old man is the epitome of jollification.

I sent a kiss some time ago to both Black-Eyes and Nip. I wonder if it was received?

Please give my best congratulations to Black-Eyed Mary and H. A. D., for their success in obtaining the prizes. I haven't wit enough to make up a conundrum or riddle that would come anywhere near winning a prize, so I envy 'em.

With best respects to the cousins, and "love and a kiss" to Aunt Sue, I remain,

D. B. O.

HOUSTON, *Jan.* 9, 1858.

DEAR UNCLES R., F., AND H.:—I see that the consolidated magazine has got a new dress "from its chin to its toes," as Uncle Frank says. Well, I am glad of it, and I suppose that some thousands more of your subscribers are too.

If I can be heard amid the fuss about Aunt Sue's name, I will say that I know what Aunt Sue's name is.

Any one wanting information on this subject, can call on me at Houston.

STAR STATE.

There, now, is a chance for all the curious. Give him a call. He is not more than 2,000 miles off.

A NEW LOT OF CURIOSITIES FOR THE SHELVES OF THE MUSEUM AND CABINET.

A muscle from the arm of the law.—*Commodore.*

A splinter from the post of honor.—*Eureka.*

A timber from the ship of state.—*Eureka.*

A thimbleful of the milk of human kindness.—*Eureka.*

One of the horns of a dilemma.—*H. H.*

The tip end of the North Pole.—*H. H.*

A feather from the wing of an army.—*Hal.*

One of the toes of the *Great Bear*.—*Hal.*

A hook for an ancestral line.—*Hal.*

A rail from the pale of the church.—*C. W.*

The horn of an Irish bull.—*C. W.*

A hoop from the skirts of a forest.—*C. W.*

A spoke from the wheel of Time.—*C. W.*

A bolster for a bed of onions.—*C. W.*

BATAVIA, *Jan.* 27, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—Will you please introduce me to the circle? What a large parlor you must have to hold the circle! So if I do not crowd I will come in. What a puzzle they have about Aunt Sue's name. W. H. Coleman has been traveling, I see. Give my love to Mr. Merry, Hiram Hatchet, Aunt Sue, and the host of cousins. One of your nieces,

ADEL.

Uncle Hiram's love back again, Adel. Uncle Merry would say so, too, if he were here.

SANTIAM, OREGON TER.
Nov. 18, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE:—Once more allow me to intrude into your presence. Now, really, Mr. Merry, I am sorry I said anything about the "Plains" in my other letter, because I fear I can not describe them in a manner to interest my numerous cousins. However, if you will promise to be very quiet, and not let any keen and piercing "eyes" peep over your shoulder (I do not mean to accuse any one of ill-manners), I will send you a description of one or two of the prettiest to read, all to yourself. You will not tell, will you, dear Uncle Robert? Oh, yes, while I think of it, I sent for three numbers of the MUSEUM last summer,

but they have not yet arrived. What is the reason? I find out the answers to some of the puzzles, etc., but the distance is so great that I am always too late in sending them. Why, it is absolutely a month, and sometimes more, from the time they leave New York until they reach our country, and then, you know, it would be another month until a letter could go back; and by that time most of the answers are given. But you say, "Enough," and I see the shadow of the "hatchet" approaching, and I had better bid a hasty but affectionate good-bye and retreat. Affectionately, LUCY.

We can not tell, dear Lucy, why the numbers you sent for have not been received. They have been sent regularly every month. We suppose the fault is with the mails. This letter of yours, which is dated Nov. 18, reached us on the 28th January, 71 days.

ASHTABULA, *Jan.* 27, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE:—I have often thought I should like to become one of your nieces, or if I can not be that, an acquaintance. I have tried three times before to write to you, but each time my heart failed me. I think I can hear you say, "Silly child."

Please introduce me to Aunt Sue, and all the Merry cousins, and ask Aunt Sue if I may have a place beside her "Bureau," that I may look into her dear, kind face.

I have made the acquaintance of the CABINET, and like it very much.

I wonder if this silly letter will be consigned to the basket. Yours in haste,

BLACK-EYED SUSIE.

Welcome, Susie, to full fellowship, as a niece. We do not say "silly"—but, we do wonder what kind of a heart that may be which would "fail" to take part in Uncle Merry's Chat, when it had a chance.

MATHERTON, *Jan.* 30, 1858.

GENTS:—I here send you one dollar to pay my last year's subscription. We are poor here in Michigan. I sold my pet lamb to pay it. I will send one more dollar for the present year for MERRY'S MUSEUM AND WOODWORTH'S CABINET.

T. L. MORRICE.

There is an example for you. Some of our young friends, who wouldn't have to sell a pet lamb, or practice any other self-denial, or sacrifice, seem to have forgotten us. Please remember, any of you that have not "paid up"—that it takes 100 cents to make a dollar, and that many hundreds of (gold) dollars (or bills) are wanted to keep the MUSEUM going.

CHICAGO, *Feb. 4th*, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I am more displeased than ever with "Simple Bess" (formerly "Original Bess"). I admire her modesty very much in changing her name, but I do not admire those long words with which she has prefaced her letter. And while I was repeating them, my tongue got so much twisted that I fear I can not talk for a week, which would be a dreadful calamity for me. Well, I am of the opinion, Uncle Merry, she must have staid at home from school (if she is not a married woman, like the stately Mrs. Black-Eyes) a whole day, on purpose to find long words out of the dictionary. At any rate, I should like to know how long it took her. But there is the bell, and Miss Hatch, I am afraid, will come along and say, "Very proper way of spending your time, Miss Kennedy," so I will close. Give my love to all, including Mrs. Black-Eyes, although I'm afraid she will turn into an *old man* yet. Good-bye. I remain your devoted niece (although our acquaintance has been short), NETTIE KENNEDY.

OTISVILLE, ORANGE CO., N. Y., *Feb. 6th*, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—As hard times have been knocking at almost every door, I thought I should have to do without the MUSEUM this year. But my father gave me a dollar this morning to pay for another year, and right glad was I, for by this means I shall be able to hear from some of my Merry cousins. When dating my letter, I noticed that to-morrow would be my birth-day. Then I shall be thirteen years old. You will not tell any of the girls, for that would make me feel bashful. You may give them my *love*, but I shall not send it *all* until I get a little older. I just want to ask my cousins a question, if any of them can give the information—Which is the mother of the chicken—the hen that lays the egg, or the one that hatches it?

Your Merry Cousin, MARSENA.

Happy to see you, Marsena, though, from the first syllable of your name, we fear you will instigate another war in our

now peaceful circle. Are you descended from Zenobia, or Boadicea, or Joan d'Arc?

The chicken question shall be looked into, if we break all the eggs in the nest.

NEW YORK, *Feb.* 4, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—If you have an extra seat beside some one who will keep me out of mischief, I would like to come in and get acquainted with some of the "Merry" family. Do you think you can make room for me? From the

"COMMODORE."

We have only two objections to you, Commodore. One is, that we are neither sailors nor marines. We don't like fighting, pulling the ropes, nor being strung up to the "yard-arm" for slight offenses. The other is, that our Chat is getting crowded, and we have no room for—"yarns."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS—SPECIAL NOTICE.

MR. STEARNS, who is greatly *interested* in his subscribers, wishes us to suggest, privately, to some of them, that they are in arrears in their payments. He supposes they have overlooked it, as a small matter, of little importance to them, or to him. He begs to assure them that every dollar tells, now-a-days, and that he and Uncle Hiram would both be decidedly more amiable, if they generally take this hint, and act upon it promptly. The bills have been sent, by way of refreshing each one's memory, as to the exact amount due. We earnestly hope they will receive immediate attention. You can hardly imagine how much good it would do, all round. It would illuminate the MUSEUM, replenish the CABINET, rejuvenate the SCHOOLFELLOW, enliven the *Chat*, make Uncle *Merry* merrier, put an amiable edge on our *Hatchet*, and even make the *Ste(a)rn* man, who stands at the helm, laugh in his pocket, if not in his sleeve.

N. B.—Those who have "paid up" will please not read this.

AUNT SUE'S BUREAU.

I BEGIN to feel very proud that my young friends don't forget me, while Uncles Hiram and Frank are chatting to them so pleasantly; they come over to see their old (!) Auntie once in a while, and she gets a good many pleasant nods across the room. There is Marie with a pretty smile, and Jennie J. Johnson (what a flock of J's!) bowing to me.

Much obliged to Prairie Blossom for her desire to see me, *chez elle*, but she has a rather queer way of offering her love, hasn't she?—"If you want my love you may have it"—as though she kept small quantities of love done up in little brown paper parcels, "to be called for!" Here is Lotta E. Porter, too, and J. S. Carruth, both smiling; and if Uncle Hiram *hasn't gone and went* and appropriated my friend Geo. H. Hopkins' letter, just to fill up an odd corner! and never so much as said, "Walk in, you're welcome." Did you ever see such an *obfusticated* effusion as that signed "(Simply) Bess!" Doesn't it "beat the Dutch?" But I must attend to my own little circle of correspondents.

Mattie Bell comes first. Your "little poem," Mattie, I have handed over to Uncle Hiram to pronounce judgment upon.

Who will answer Lila's first question?

BELOIT, *Dec.* 27, 1857.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I have resolved to direct my epistle to you, feeling more acquainted with you than with the other editors. Why is it that since the union of the CABINET with the MUSEUM the letters have been addressed to Uncle

Merry, more than to the former editors of the CABINET?

Aunt Sue, I hope if you ever come West you will not pass us by, as Uncle Frank did last summer. Now, did he not give those encouragement that lived on the line of direct railroad communication that he would visit them? Give my love and best wishes to all of the editorial corps, and accept a kiss.

From your loving niece, LILA.

[Uncle Merry is always at home to receive letters and company, while Uncle Frank is traveling all abroad.—H. H.]

If I "ever come West" just let me know where to find you, and *see* if I pass you by.

Cornie Fleetwood seems to be "posted up" as to my identity, but she doesn't know *me*, or she would not have asked that *leading* question.

MAPLE GROVE, *Jan.* 2, 1858.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I wish you a happy New Year, Auntie (if I may address you by that name; may I?). Are you the Aunt Sue spoken of in the CABINET? If so, I know the *secret*. When you visit the West, please come and give us a call. We should be very happy to see you.

Your affectionate niece,
CORNIE FLEETWOOD.

Thank you! I should be delighted to call.

Enter Sweet Briar, defensively armed at all points, ready to keep the peace.

TRENTON, N. J., *Jan.* 8, 1858.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I have but just begun to take the MUSEUM, but through the CABINET feel quite well acquainted with you, and hope soon to feel at home with all the Uncles and cousins. I like the "Song of the Snowbird" very much, especially the Accompaniment. Could you not be kind enough to arrange something as a duet for treble and alto? I see that some think a few of your correspondents inclined to be quarrelsome. I trust that I shall not quarrel with any one. Hoping that I shall prove *sweet* enough to avert enmity, but still have a *briar* to defend myself with in case of attack, I sign myself

Your niece, SWEET BRIAR.

Very much to the point.

My old friend Older is my oldest correspondent, dating back—well, we won't say how far. Hear him.

LE ROY, *Jan.* 7, 1858.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—

Since 'tis fashion of the time
To write our letters all in rhyme,
I'll crave assistance of the muse,
And humbly hope she'll not refuse.
To one and all I make my bow,
Who are amid our circle now.
Here's Willie 'mid our *merry* band;
Since winter rules o'er all the land,
A *Coalman*, sure, should prosper well;
And surely Uncle Frank can tell,
In these hard times, what *wood* is *worth*.
Two *Forests* come to share the mirth;
(Of lack of wood we need not fear),
And *Nip in a fidget*, too, is here.
And Bess I see, and Buckeye boy,
And *Mr. Nobody*, of Joy.
Here's Mattie *Bell* with merry *strain*—
That *bell* I'd like to hear again.
Here's Mr. Dash and exclamation;
But, hold! the hatchet's ground anew,
I fear I'll need an amputation,
So I will stop at once. Adieu.

ADELBERT OLDER.

You'd "like to hear that bell again,"
(And in a merry mood you sing it,)
Perhaps in love with its sweet "strain,"
You possibly might like to *ring* it!

Arther (I should have spelled it *Arthur* if I had had my own way) need not be afraid of the "daggers" any more. They seem to be somewhat like Macbeth's visionary weapon—"we have them, yet we have them not." I believe they are suspended; not so much *à la Damocles* as *à la Banks*

STARRY VALE, *Jan.* 19, 1858.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I wonder if the Merry family are having as merry a time as we New Englanders are having? We have some grand times skating. I wonder if I could join your Merry family without meeting "Star-daggers" and "Dash-daggers?" I entertain a great *horror* for daggers. Where is Uncle Frank now-a-days? He is of such a roving nature that I can't keep track of him. Give my love to my Uncles, aunts, cousins, and particularly to "Eugene Forrest."

Yours truly, ARTHER T ——s.

The last I heard of Uncle Frank, he was among the "buried cities."

J. Oberholtzer, I protest against calling Hope a "Miss;" it is decidedly a *mis*-nomer. Is she not the mother of good spirits? F. M. H.'s *mis*take is more excusable; he *missed* it blindly, but you *mis*-named Hope with your eyes wide open.

VERNAL BANK, LIONSVILLE,
Jan. 25, 1858.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—An inward monitor says: "'Tis silly to imagine that any prosaic effort of mine will be worthy of a place in Aunt Sue's Bureau;" but "Miss Hope" says try.

While perusing the CABINET of 1854 I stumbled over your *portrait*. How the "Blue and Black Eyed Merrys" long for a glimpse at your countenance! What generous surmises! F. M. H. even had the audacity to add the soubriquet of "Old Maid." They are not in the secret. Would it be wrong for me to intercede in their behalf, and beg of you to satisfy their curiosity?

I think the "Song of the Snowbird" excellent, if I may act the part of critic. The accompaniment reflects great credit on its author. Yours, as of old,

J. OBERHOLTZER.

Modesty suggests that you are perhaps not a good judge of music. Civility and Approbativeness say, "Don't doubt it."

Answers to Questions in Jan. No.

Question 198, in the November number, not having been answered in due course, we give the answer now.

The word is *Faith*, which makes all the parts of speech, thus:—*Article*, a—*Noun*, hat—*Pronoun*, I and it—*Adj.*, fit and fat—*Verb*, hit—*Adv.*, aft—*Prep.*, at—*Conj.*, if—*Int.*, ah! *Uncle George.*

1. It shines brightest in the dark.
2. It makes men *mend*.
3.

16	8	2	13
5	10	11	8
9	6	7	12
4	15	14	1

4. Bare skins.
5. Fox.
6. It is in T resting.
7. Mad-ri-gal.
8. 1. Venus' Fly-trap. 2. Bishop's cap. 3. Prince's feather. 4. Ladies' Tresses. 5. Star of Bethlehem. 6. Bugle-weed. 7 Colt's foot.
9. Niagara is a won(one)der—Elizabeth was a *Tu*-dor.
10. Fortune-hunter.
11. The Kennebec and Androscoggin, which form, by their junction, Merry-meeting Bay.
12. LIV-e.

ANSWERS RECEIVED FROM:

W. H. Sweney—Star-State—Eureka—Oscar B.—George B. T.—X. L.—Hal.—Charlie C. Waters—C. F. W.—Percy—M. S. N.—Orlando—Peter Jones—Cousin N.—Freehold—W. M. K.—Lucy and Emily—Wm. R. D.—Susie T. R. S.—Non—Ella—W. S. L.—Laney—Wat.—Neddie—Q. Harry Dow—Will B.—No. 6 C. W. P.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

31. TWO ACROSTIC CONUNDRUMS.

1. A drink, and the vessel that holds it. It is composed of *a vegetable*, *one of the Society Islands*, and *a preposition*. *Sweet Briar.*

2. A piece of furniture, and that which covers it. Composed of *a subject of discourse—a shoemaker's tool—an island in the Indian Ocean—a small leaf*, and *an interjection*. *Sweet Briar.*

32. One eve as I walked by Dundalk's pleasant harbor,
My *last* in the lap of fair Thetis did lie.
My *first* is a tree in the midst of yon arbor,
In "Edward your friend" you'll my *second* descry.
With my *first* and my *second*, then, use transposition,
And my mystical answer you'll easily scan.
I owe you the *whole*, so with all expedition
Send forth the solution as soon as you can. *H. W. Montrose.*

33. Tom and Harry had just paid their fare in the car. Tom said to Harry, "How is it that the cars have a wooden lightning-rod?" Harry scratched his head, but could not scratch out an answer. Who can? *A. Older.*

34. U R YY CC a tavern no perfume by a male child, said the jail does wrong assembly. *A. Older.*

35. Your servant, I am a very important personage. I lay the iron bands that unite these States; I manufacture the powerful steed that traverses them, and make the huge steamships that proudly plow the Atlantic. It is I that cultivate the vast prairies of the West, and hasten the march of civilization. I was at the creation, and have seen the rise and fall of empires, and I was the cause. I was in Nero's power; Luther had me at command. I belong to every living thing. At the North, at the South, at the East and the West, there am I. The feathered tribe in the air, the inhabitants of the fathomless deep, the volcano's mouth, the earthquake's gap, all acknowledge my dominion. I am sole agent of the world. *Ralph Rambler.*

36. Can you tell me why
The deceitful eye
Can best descry
Upon how many toes
The pussy-cat goes? *Bess.*

37. Why is a top like a lazy horse?
A. Older.

38. What coat should be all sleeves?
C. W.

39. We live in all parts of the world—are descended from an immense and ancient ancestry; our forefathers having been present at the creation. We are ingeniously made—either small or large, and of one color while alive. When dead, our countenances change as those of mortals. We are powerful, harmless, though in millions; yet behave toward each other sometimes as though bent on our destruction—again, we are peaceable, and sometimes inspire poetry. Some of us live high and proud—others, lowly; and though we resemble man so much in disposition, we do not in form. When we die, sometimes we fly—sometimes not. We are never buried, and never aspire to heaven. Yet, insignificant as we seem, we have benefited the world much, and will continue to do so until the end of time.

40. Why is one murder a crime, and fifty not so? *Lad.*

41. My *first* is an animal, noble and grand,
Which my *second* provides for, to use and command;
My *second's* an animal, grander still,
Who guides both my *first* and my *third* at his will;
My *third* is a palace, a prison, a shell,
In which my grand *second* may travel or dwell;
My *first* and my *third* are fashioned to be
An aid to my *second* on land and on sea;
My *whole* is an art which employs my first two,
When my *first* to my *second* proves useful and true,
While my *second* is able my *first* to subdue,
In all which my *third* has nothing to do. *Hal.*

42. What piece of money is the most difficult to reach? *Hal.*

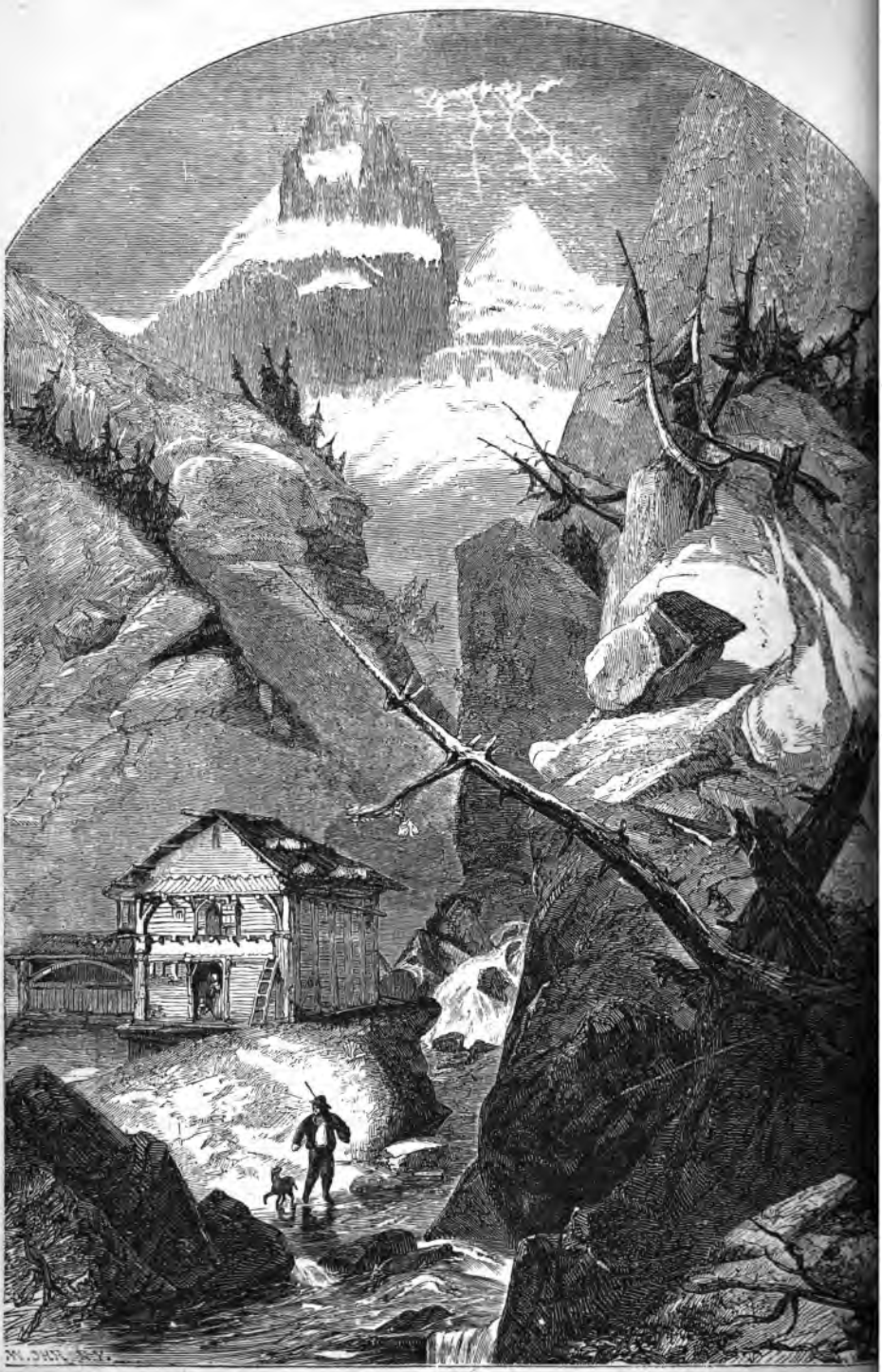
43. Why is study not conducive to the health of a king? *Hal.*

44. How luscious my *first* with its pale, golden hue!
Suggestive of meadows o'erspangled with dew,
Where the maid singeth blithe by the babbling brook-side,
As she milketh her cows at soft eventide.

My next is endowed with strange musical powers,
And constant he sings thro' the long summer hours.
Alas! for his song there are no thanks to pay,
His friends are but few, and fickle e'en they.

How gorgeous my *whole* in his gay painted dress,
Bright thing of an hour—life is all happiness!
As he basks in the sun, or flits through the air,
Fond whispers of love to some rose-belle to bear.
Fleta Forrester

45. My *whole* is nineteen, and no more,
Take away one, and leave a score.
W. H. Sweney.



SCENE AMONG THE ALPS.

MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

THE mountain scenery of Europe embraces almost every element of sublimity and beauty. The grandeur of the Alpine summits, and the romantic beauty of the Swiss valleys, have been themes of admiration to the poet and the traveler for ages past. Their magnificence, indeed, has quite overshadowed that of other and humbler districts, which, if the Alps had not been neighbors, and quite too tall for competition, would have figured largely in the poetry and romance of the world.

The following story, which, our readers will be glad to know, is from the pen of Cousin Hannah, relates to a peculiar phenomenon sometimes observed on one of the mountains of Europe, and the superstition to which it gave rise.

THE SPECTER OF THE BROCKEN.

Peter Peterson, and his brother Hans, lived in a little village in Hanover, just at the foot of the highest of the Hartz Mountains, the celebrated Brocken. It was a wild, beautiful country. The steep, rocky mountains looked as if resolved that no human foot should climb them; the gloomy forest-trees stood close together, like ranks of soldiers, ready to repel any invasion of their territory; and the turbulent streams leaped down precipices, and forced their way through deep caverns, as if to defy any attempt to cross them. Yet people did live at the foot of these mountains, their cattle grazed on the patches of open pasturage, and sometimes forced themselves a short distance into the thick, frowning forests, and drank of the rushing streams. Sometimes, too, they would stray so far in these wilds that the poor peasants would have to follow them and drive them home; but they did so, trembling with fear, for they well knew that if these places were rough and inaccessible to man, they were the favorite haunts of the wild man of the forest. Did not the weird huntsman sound his horn and dash through those passes in the night? and when the wind blew and the storm raged, had not the hosts of darkness been heard hurrying on their spectral steeds to their rendezvous?

Peter and Hans had heard all these things, and believed them, too. Had not their grandmother told them, over and over again, how the spirits of the air, spirits of the earth, and spirits of the water reveled in those very mountains, woods, and streams, so near and yet so terrible to them?

Peter and Hans were both brave lads, not more inclined to superstition than most lads of their age. They only believed and trembled at what all the world around them believed and trembled at.

But Peter and Hans were curious, too, and they were not cowards either; so that their curiosity would often get the better of their prudence,

and they would venture on some part of the forbidden or enchanted ground.

One day, as they were driving homeward the flock they had been watching, Peter exclaimed, "Look! Hans, see how bright the sun shines on the top of the Brocken. Do you suppose the old fellow up there sees it, or is it too bright for his eyes?"

"Perhaps it is," said Hans; "you know he was never seen, except about sunrise, so I think he must walk about at night, and go to bed in the daytime."

"So he says 'good-night' to the sun, when he's getting up. I wonder how he can keep his eyes open, when the great sun is wide awake, and sends such a flood of light down on the earth," said Peter.

"It could not do us any harm to look at that old fellow some morning at sunrise," said Hans. "I declare I am tired of hearing about these folk, and never seeing them."

"It would only do you harm if they should see you," replied Peter.

"I don't mean that they shall see me," answered Hans, "that is, not near enough to touch me. Besides, I only intend to see the specter up here on the Brocken, and that I can do by climbing that hill, yonder."

"Well, you have some spirit in you, after all, Hans, and I have a mind to go with you. Two are better than one," cried Peter.

"Yes, two are better than one," said Hans, slowly.

"I don't know," said Peter; "we will fix a time by-and-by."

"No, indeed," exclaimed Hans; "wait till your courage oozes away, or somebody hears us talking of it, and stops us. *I* shall go to-morrow."

The boys had now reached home. They did not venture to say anything more on the subject, lest their careful mother should thwart their plan.

Early the next morning the boys were up. It was their duty daily. Every one in the cottage rose early. This morning, at least, there was no lingering. They drove their flock to the foot of the mountain, and then, with no time to lose, began swiftly to ascend it. When they reached the top, there, full before them, stood the Brocken. The sun's rays had just touched the very summit with a faint tinge of rose color. Not a cloud was to be seen, not a mist to intercept their view; but the specter was not there.

"He never does come out in a clear day," said Hans, pettishly.

"They say he always manages to cover himself with mist and clouds, so you don't see him so plainly as we could if we were there now. What a grand view we could have at him if he only would come out of his hiding-place!"

The next morning the boys ascended the mountain again. Hans was a little in advance, and, as he turned a projecting rock, and stood on the very topmost point, the Brocken, vailed in light vapor, was before him, and there, terrible in its shadowy vastness, stood the gigantic form of the specter. Hans stood a moment, trembling, and then, recovering his courage, turned back to call his brother. "He is there, and I have seen him, Peter," he whispered.

Peter shrank back.

"Oh, you need not be afraid," said Hans; "he did not notice me nor harm me. There are some dreadful chasms and precipices between this and the Brocken. Even his giant foot could not step over them."

Thus reassured, Peter came up and looked, but the specter was gone. His

SPECTER OF THE BROCKEN.

strength, too, was gone, and he lay down, panting, while Hans stood by him, looking earnestly at the spot where he had seen the specter. Suddenly he appeared again. Hans did not take off his eyes, but turned toward Peter, and whispered, "He is there again; look!"

Peter, crouching close to the ground, looked up, and saw the awful form, standing motionless, except that the wind blew his long coat's fantastic folds hither and thither.

He seemed looking toward them. At last Hans raised his hand to his cap, fearful that it might be blown off. The specter did the same.

Hans was frightened. The specter certainly noticed them, and had mocked him. What did it mean? Without turning his eyes, he leaned over toward his brother, and whispered, "Peter, do you see that? He saw, and mocked me. He is watching us."

To his horror, the specter also leaned to the ground, as if speaking to some one near him.

"Lift me up," cried Peter; "help me to run away. Let us get away from this place before he springs over to us."

"He can't do that," said Hans, growing brave as he saw his brother's fear; "I will lie down beside you, and see what he will do."

Hans laid down, and, to his astonishment, the specter vanished.

"He has only taken some short way hither, or gone, perhaps, to call some other creatures like himself," whispered Peter, in an agony of fear. "Let us go quickly."

Hans trembled too. He was more

afraid of the specter invisible than when he saw him on the distant mountains, and knew they were separated by impassable gulfs. So, giving his hand to Peter, he helped him to rise, shaking in every limb. But instead of running, they stood petrified with fear. The specter too had risen, as if from the earth, dragging with him another figure as large, as terrible in every respect as himself.

Unable to move, the poor boys might have stood there till petrified with fear. But suddenly the sun broke through the clouds, chased away the mists, and shone full and clear on the Brocken and all the neighboring peaks. The specter and his awful companion vanished in the clear sunlight, the boys' courage returned, and soon they were able to return home.

Poor Peter, however, could not soon recover from the shock his nerves had sustained. At length, to explain the singular change in looks and health, Hans was obliged to tell the story of their adventure. It spread through the village; young men and maidens, old men and children, all flocked to Hans to hear his story. All the stories that had ever been told of the "Old Man of the Mountain," "The Huntsman of the Hartz," and the "Specter," and hundreds of such personages, were rehearsed over and over again by the grandams. Yet no one dared venture out, except in broad daylight, with every precaution against the evil influence of demons.

It was not until many, many years afterward, that a traveler, wiser than the poor peasants, proved, to his own satisfaction, and theirs too, that the specter was only a reflection of the person who stood on the other mountain, thrown by the sun on the mists of the Brocken.

The relative height of the two peaks was such, that the first slant rays of the rising sun would glance over the summit of one to that of the other, carrying with them the images of whatever objects were in the way.

Thus the people of the Hartz had for years been afraid of their own shadows, like many wiser people even in this day.

"THERE IS A SILVER LINING TO EVERY CLOUD."

Though dark seems the future, and the present is dreary,
Keep still a brave heart and a resolute will;
In the good cause of progress, oh! never be weary,
But fight 'gainst oppression and tyranny still.
Remember, though dark is the cloud that's above you,
And no dazzling sun in the horizon is shining,
And no one in the wide world to care for and love you,
That to every dark cloud there's a bright silver lining.

Still keep on your way, and your duty pursuing,
Till your life and your labor and duties are o'er;
Then receive your reward for your faithful well-doing,
And fear not oppression or poverty more.
But remember through life, though the voyage be hard,
For 'twill save thee regret and much sorrowful pining,
Though your stay upon earth has been checkered and barred,
That to every dark cloud there's a bright silver lining.

Buckeye Boy.

THE UMBRELLA, AND THE APRIL SHOWER.

Keep close—we'll crowd the closer,
The harder it shall pour;
'Tis seldom one umbrella
Is called to shelter four;
But ours is large and generous,
And has a heart for more.

Yet faster, and yet faster,
The pelting sheets arrive,
And our one good umbrella
Is bound to shelter five,
For we are packed as snugly
As bees within a hive.

Now let it come in torrents,
We're snug as snug can be;
What cares our brave umbrella
For five, or four, or three?

On every side 'tis shedding,
The rain in careless glee.

The clouds are very leaky—
The bottom must be out,
But, with our good umbrella,
We have no fear nor doubt,
Though every stick above us
Rains like a tiny spout.

Heigho! 'tis coming faster,
The bottles sure have burst,
But hark! the brave umbrella
Says, "Clouds, do *now* your worst,
If you would wet these children,
You must destroy me first."

They must have thrown wide open
The windows of the sky;
But, with our good umbrella,
I think we'll get home dry;
Or, if we do get sprinkled,
We'll neither fret nor cry.

Step lightly, bonnie sister,
Keep close, sweet little pet,
With such a brave umbrella,
We shall not be much wet;
But Prink will have a drenching,
On that I'll make a bet.

How like a river torrent
It pours along the street!
Prink cares not for umbrellas,
To him a bath's a treat,
And our good India-rubbers
Are umbrellas for our feet.

What's that you say, dear Nellie?
'Tis dropping on your arm?
Indeed, our kind umbrella
Didn't mean you any harm;
And soon the good warm parlor
Will make all dry and warm.

Ha! ha! the wind is rising,
But we are almost there.
What if our good umbrella
Should fly away in air?
Run, Prink, and say we're coming,
And open the gate—do you hear?

CARL AS AN ARTIST.

CARL;

OR, A STORY WITHOUT AN END

CHAPTER V.

CARL'S dream had given him a new idea. He turned it over and over in his mind, the next day, as he lay under his tree. He at last came to the conclusion, that the old man wanted him to study instead of dreaming, while the little fairy had promised to help him. Though he could not guess how she could do this, still he thought she *might* whisper to him, as she did to his grandfather—

"By study, my boy."

Carl was always prompt to carry out any plan that he had formed. So

the next day he possessed himself of a microscope, and began his studies. He soon discovered that a glass was not all he needed, to assist in his discoveries; and he amazed his grandfather by pulling down the great books in the library, and poring over them, or asking wise questions, sometimes puzzling him to find a good answer.

One day, as the old man was taking his customary walk, he was surprised to see Carl sitting quietly on a grassy bank, with a slate before him.

"Is it possible that our idle Carl has taken a fancy to arithmetic?" said he to himself.

He walked softly up behind the boy, and looked over his shoulder. There were no figures on the slate, but a pretty drawing of a little flower which grew close by. Carl started when his grandfather's shadow fell across the slate.

"What is Carl doing?" asked he.

"Only drawing this flower," said Carl. "It fades so quickly, I can't take it home, and it is so pretty. I thought I saw a picture like it in one of your great books, and I want to compare them, and be certain what it is."

"That's right, that's right, Carl," said the old man. "I always knew you would begin to learn when the time came. You will be a naturalist, I see."

"What is a naturalist?" asked Carl.

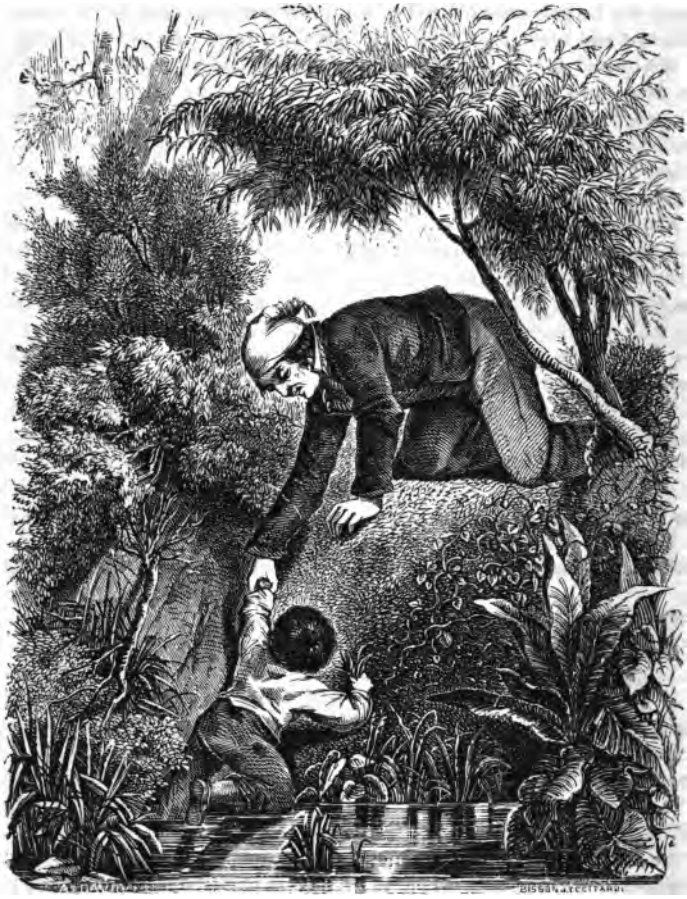
"A man who studies all about nature, animals, flowers, trees, the earth; but take care not to lose your life for your study, as Pliny did."

"And who was Pliny?" asked Carl, laughing. "You see I don't know much, now."

"There's time enough for that," said his grandfather. "Pliny was a learned Roman, who lived more than 1,800 years ago, and wrote about Natural History. He was very eager to learn all that he could about the wonders of nature; so when there was a great eruption of Mount Vesuvius, he went out in a boat to witness it. He thought he was safe enough; but the mountain poured forth such torrents of burning lava, that they completely buried two large cities, called Herculaneum and Pompeii. The clouds of smoke and ashes wholly obscured the light of the sun for two days; birds were suffocated in the air, and fishes in the sea died. No wonder that in venturing near such a scene of destruction Pliny lost his life."

"Well," said Carl, "I don't think there is much danger of any such mishap to me, if I am ever so curious in my studies of nature."

It was not long, however, before Carl had occasion to remember his grandfather's story. He had been busily collecting all the plants he could find of a certain class, for he had already begun to arrange his specimens in order. At last, in running along the brink of a pretty pond, he suddenly spied the very thing he wanted, a beautiful white lily, resting softly on its green leaves in the midst of the water. Fortunately, as Carl thought, a great elm-tree leaned over the pond, and dipped its branches almost into the water. He did not mind a good wetting, but he could not swim, so he determined to wade as far as he could safely, and then, holding fast to one of these drooping branches, trust to that when beyond his depth. No sooner thought than done. In a moment he was in the water, and near, very near his coveted lily. He reached forward to break it gently from its stem, when crash went the limb on which he leaned, and he disappeared with his flower



THE RESCUE.

beneath the waters. He had scarcely risen to the surface when Carlo was at his side, and, seizing him by the coat, swam to the shore with him. The bank was so steep at the place where they approached it, that Carl could only hold on by the shrubs, without the power of climbing up. Here Carlo left him, swam to the other side of the pond, and commenced barking and howling with all his might. This attracted the attention of a peasant, who was working near by, who ran to the place, seized Carl by the hand, and drew him out in safety.

"Thank you, sir;" said Carl, "you are very kind. The bank was so soft and slippery, I could not have got up without your help."

"No," said the man; "I think you could not. But you must thank your dog, too, who first brought you to the

shore, and then called for help to get you up the bank."

"Good, good old Carlo; you always can take care of your master, can't you?" said Carl.

Carlo answered by wagging his tail and shaking himself with such good will as to scatter the water again into Carl's face.

"We shan't get dry that way," said the little boy; "at least I shan't, if you do, Carlo; so let's have a good run home, and get warm."

So, with many thanks to the kind peasant, away the two playmates ran, fast as they could go. Over the fields, through the pathways and roads, till they found themselves panting, but warm, at home. Katrine soon provided Carl with all the dry clothes he needed, and he went to his grandfather to tell him of his adventure.

"Ah, Carl, I think you must be trying to follow Pliny after all," said the good man. "Did you not come near losing your life for the sake of your flower?"

"Oh, no; not near losing my life," cried Carl. "That could never be while Carlo is near me."

KITES.

The Chinese are very fond of kite-flying. The ninth day of the ninth moon is a national holiday, when the whole population, men, women, and children, turn out and fly their kites. Thousands and thousands may then be seen flying. They construct them very cleverly, and make the string hum like a top.

After flying them for the day, they cut the strings, and let them go wherever the wind will take them.

Dr. Franklin used to send up a kite when he went into the water to bathe, and then the kite would draw him about in the water. He also drew down the electric fluid, and collected it in a Leyden jar—that is, a jar made on purpose to hold it.

Mr. Pocock, a schoolmaster at Bristol, in England, made kites to draw little carriages. We believe he himself went in this way from Bristol to London.

The great secret of making a good kite is to have the lath and bender tough but light, and if you wish it to fly well, mind it balances exactly, first, by letting the lath rest on its two ends; if it turn over, you may balance it by a heavier wing on one side than the other to restore the equilibrium, that is, to make one side as heavy as the other. Secondly, when you put the belly-band into the straighter or lath, at the part of the belly-band where the kite balances, fasten the string by which you let it up.

Don't be discouraged if your kite does not fly well the first time. Much depends on the state of the wind. If a kite is *very* light, it will fly with little wind; but, if heavy, it will require a good strong wind to take it up. Many kites which will not fly one part of the day, if the wind freshen will go up beautifully another. If you make a kite, succeed if it cost you weeks of care; if you are not determined to succeed, do not touch it.

HOPE.

We live in hope; though clouds appear,
They linger but a day;
The sun, to us a gift so dear,
Will scatter them away;
Thus life is but an April shower,
And troubles are but rain;
And hope, the sun, that in an hour
Will bring us joy again.

THEDA'S PUSSY.

Is this *you*, my pussy?
Why, just now I saw
Your back rounded upward,
And *nails* on each claw.

You were spitting *so* fiercely,
Because Little Trip
Would, in your nice breakfast,
His saucy mouth dip.

'Twas an ungallant action
In the dog, I own;
But your cat indignation
Was too roughly shown.

It is very low manners,
To bluster and scratch;
And it's worse, because useless—
For Trip you're no match.

This is far more becoming—
The soft velvet paw,
Which o'er cheek and o'er eyelid
I now love to draw.

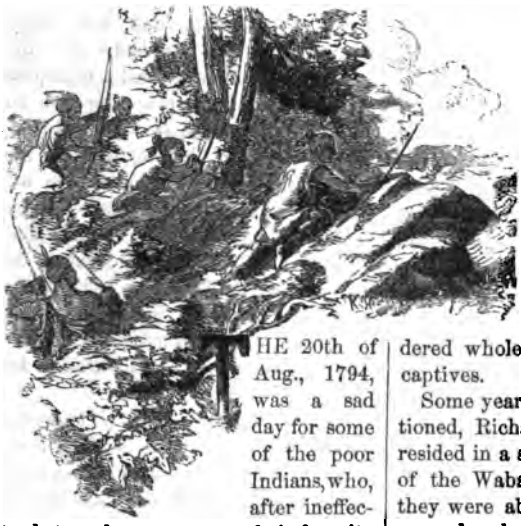
Run, and set your ball rolling;
The ball you may strike—
Whiz it off to the corner,
As hard as you like.

Now you're lovely, my pussy,
And mother smiles too;
Oh! we both think *so* pretty,
The spry tricks you do.

LAURA ELMER. (L. E.)

PUKKWANA.

BY AUNT SUE.



THE 20th of Aug., 1794, was a sad day for some of the poor Indians, who, after ineffectual struggles to preserve their favorite hunting grounds, were obliged to yield to the superiority of the civilized over the savage. Who can blame them for the determined zeal with which they sought to preserve sacred the graves of their fathers! But General Wayne and his troops were too powerful for them; the white man conquered, and a treaty of peace was drawn up and signed.

Sadly the poor Indian retreated farther into the forest, and scarcely was he settled in his new home, before the axe of the pioneer again sounded in his ears; and these frequent encroachments aroused a feeling of resentment, and a desire for vengeance in many an Indian bosom. One of the terms of the treaty was, that if a white man murdered an Indian, the murderer should be given over to the Indians; and if an Indian murdered a white man, the Indian should be surrendered. For a long time the Indians complied faithfully with their promises, but in no case (although murders were frequent) was a white murderer ever given over to the Indians. I need not tell you how the red men were wrought up to madness—how they burned dwellings, murdered whole families, and took many captives.

Some years after the date just mentioned, Richard Rolfe and his family resided in a small village on the banks of the Wabash River. One evening they were about sitting down to supper, when he missed his youngest son, William, a fine little fellow about eight years of age.

In those days, when the Indians committed such depredations, the unusual or lengthened absence of any member of the family produced much anxiety and alarm.

"Where is Willie?" said his father, addressing his daughter Gay.

"I don't know, father; I saw him last about four o'clock, going toward the woods with Carlo."

Mr. Rolfe looked uneasy, but merely remarked, "It is time he was at home."

"Hadn't I better go and look for him, father?" said Robert, a lad of sixteen; and without waiting for an answer, he seized his cap and rifle, and ran out of the house. Mr. Rolfe was not long in following his example, and started for the woods; there he heard Robert calling for Willie, and he too

joined his voice, but there was no response.

As the daylight faded away, they grew more and more anxious, and each read in the other's face the thoughts uppermost in their minds—the Indians! While they stood there undecided what to do, they heard a slight noise, and something came running and panting toward them. Robert cocked his rifle; but it was Carlo, poor little Carlo! with a broken arrow in one of his legs. At sight of him in such a plight, the father and son grew pale, feeling that their worst fears were realized. Utterly paralyzed, Mr. Rolfe could only ejaculate, "My boy! my boy!" But Robert, roused to energy, exclaimed, "Father, let us call out the village and go in pursuit, they can not have gone far;" then turning again to the dog (whose leg, after extracting the arrow, he had bound up with his handkerchief), he said, loudly, "where are they, Carlo? seek them!" The poor fellow seemed to understand, for he limped to his feet and began snuffing about, going in the direction from which he had just come.

"Father," said Robert, hurriedly, "let us go at once, while the trail is fresh—Carlo will lead us. You stay here with the dog, and I'll be back in fifteen minutes with all the lads in the country; don't fret, father, we'll get Willie back again, never fear;" and off he started with the speed of an antelope, giving his father no time to utter a word or suggest an idea. Not wishing to frighten his mother and sister with a knowledge of the worst, he merely told them not to be alarmed if his father and himself did not return until late, as he was going to get the neighbors to scour the woods for Willie, who had most likely lost his way.

But let us go back a little, and see what has become of poor Willie. Gathering nuts and playing with Carlo, he had strayed farther away from home than usual, and was about returning, when suddenly the dog growled and flew toward a clump of bushes near by; up sprang two Indians who had been stealing cautiously toward the boy, hoping to seize and bind him before he could give any alarm. The brave little fellow struggled manfully, and one of the Indians seizing him by the hair, raised his tomahawk; but before he could strike, the other arrested his arm, saying, "Let the young cub live—we will give him to Pukkwana, who mourns for her young hawk."

Willie understood their language, having learned it from some friendly Indians with whom he had spent much of his time. Meanwhile Carlo kept on barking, and the tomahawk was again raised to dispatch him, when Willie, forgetting everything but the poor dog's danger, shouted "Go home, Carlo! go home, sir!" Carlo obeyed; but as he ran off, one of the Indians drew his bow, and his aim was all too true, for the arrow pierced the dog's leg.

Willie was a good deal frightened as they dragged him along toward the river; but when he found that he was not to be killed and scalped immediately, he took heart, and comforted himself with the thought that "Father and Robert would release him somehow or other." After rather a long walk through the woods, they came to the river, where a canoe was fastened to a log; this they untied, and, getting into it, paddled their way, for some miles, up the river, until they came to a little bay which set into the shore. There was just light enough to show Willie two wig-

THE ENCAMPMENT.

wams on one of the points of land which projected into the bay. This was their destination. Reaching the bank they sprang out, and telling Willie to follow, made their way toward the wigwams. They entered one, in which was an old woman and a young Indian about twelve years old. "See, mother," said one of the Indians, "we have brought you a young deer; shall he stay and sleep in Begwa's empty blanket? Ondaqua's tomahawk is sharp and thirsty—he would have the young deer's scalp; shall he take it?"

The old squaw looked up sadly at the empty blanket, then at Willie, and motioned to the Indians that they might leave him. She then spread food before them, and offered Willie some, but his heart was too full to eat; nevertheless he choked back the tears which were ready to flow, having heard that captives had regained their liberty by a display of courage and fortitude, and the brave little fellow determined to earn his. After eating and smoking for about half an hour, the two men left, and the Indian boy rolled himself in some skins on the floor, and was soon asleep. The old woman, Pukkwana, questioned Willie about his capture; he told her everything connected with it, and then asked her if she wouldn't let him go home.

"The young deer," she replied, "is the son of the white man; they steal our hunting grounds, they hunt us like wolves, they kill our sons, they plow up our graves; the young deer's father is a pale face."

"My father," said Willie, indignantly, "is Richard Rolfe; he never stole anything, and never killed an Indian."

At the name of Richard Rolfe, the old woman, although an Indian, start-

ed. "Say that name again," she said; Willie repeated it.

Drawing the child nearer to her, she said: "The young deer is safe in the lodge of Pukkwana; not a hair of his head shall be harmed; ere two more suns shall rise, he shall be safe in the home of his father. Listen. Pukkwana had a son, Oloompa, active as the wild stag, strong as the young lion, gentle as the dove; but the white man stole upon him and shot him like a dog! Pukkwana saw the sun go down, and Oloompa came not; she went out into the night and called his name, but he came not; two white hunters heard her, came, and helped her to find her son. There he lay in the long damp grass, with his life-blood dropping away. The hunters bound up his wound, and gently carried him to his mother's lodge. For six days they watched him, and brought food and game for his mother, and Oloompa grew well and strong. One of those hunters was the young deer's father!

"Pukkwana is grateful, she will give him back his son. Now eat and sleep."

Willie took her hand and thanked her, and, after eating a small piece of corn bread, prepared to sleep upon a pile of skins which Pukkwana spread for him. Kneeling down he prayed aloud, that God would bless his "dear father and mother, relations and friends, the poor Indian, and everybody else." The old woman stood with her hands crossed on her breast while he was praying, and gently pulled the skins over him when he laid down. He slept comfortably until late in the morning. Meanwhile Pukkwana had roused the Indian boy, and after telling him the story of Oloompa, bade him take the canoe, seek the two Indians, and tell them that they must take the child back to his home again. The Indians, as quick to return a kindness as they are to revenge an injury, readily agreed, and, mustering a party of "braves" in case of attack, they set out with Willie, intending to leave him in the woods where they found him. Pukkwana (who had just lost her youngest son) sadly bade him farewell, commended him to the care of the Great Spirit, and saying, "Let the young deer tell his father that Oloom-

THE RESTORATION.

pa's mother sent him home." She went back into the wigwam and closed the entrance.

And what had Willie's father been doing all this time? Robert did return in "fifteen minutes" with more than twenty of the neighbors, who were always ready to turn out at a moment's warning. Carlo led them to the edge of the river, but there he could go no farther; it was nearly dark, they had no boat, and felt it would be useless to attempt anything more that night. Sadly Mr. Rolfe and Robert returned to their home. How could they tell the mother that her youngest, her darling, had been stolen by the Indians!

All that night they spent in making preparations to start early in the morning. The neighbors turned out *en masse;* Mr. Rolfe took half their number with him, in boats; Robert led the rest through the woods.

The party on the river examined the shore on both sides as they rowed along, hoping to find the tracks they sought. Thus half the morning was spent, when presently as they turned a sharp corner, they saw a group of Indians on the bank opposite and Willie with them. Each white man seized his rifle, and prepared for a deadly fight; but one of the Indians raised the boy on his shoulders and waded into the stream, while Willie beckoned to the boats, and shouted to his father, that the Indians were "friendly."

Need I say any more? Need I tell how the father wept for joy—how Robert threw up his hat, and went through all sorts of extraordinary performances in the exuberance of his delight? Suffice it to add that the Indians ever after held that village harmless for Richard Rolfe's sake.

SPRING.

Winter, with its icy gems,
Withered leaves and frozen stems,
And bright, frosty diadems;
Winter, with its snow and ice,
With its sleighing gay and nice,
Passed us by within a trice.
All the earth is clothed in green,
Hill and valley smile serene,
Flowers deck the land I ween.
Here the farmer guides his plow,
While upon yon leafy bough
Birds their nests are building now.
Not a sympathetic sound
Echoes o'er the grassy ground,
For the old king Spring discrowned.
Flowers round us odors fling,
Birds and breezes gayly sing
Carols for the new-born Spring.

West Union, Ohio. Mattie Bell.

A NEW SCHOOL GLOBE.

Professor Forrest Shepherd, of New Haven, has prepared a very ingenious and serviceable globe. It is made of slate, and hung in a slate frame, on which are marked divisions for zones, the names of which, and their products, are to be written upon it with a soap-stone pencil. It has a graduated brass scale for guidance in drawing parallels of latitude, and other circles upon the globe. Another scale directs the position of meridians. The object is to oblige the pupil to form his own globe, and thus insure his understanding and recollection of the fundamental principles of geography, which are generally so superficially studied. By its aid these have been made interesting and clear even to very young children. In the same way it assists greatly in astronomy. The upper part consists of a cone cut into its constituent parts, and has done good service in studying conic sections. A. E. W.

WAYSIDE FOUNTAIN.

MIKE SMILEY.

BY W. CUTTER.

"Such stuff are Yankees made of."

CHAPTER VI.

MIKE SMILEY now became an object of public notice. Mr. Ralston, who was struck with his singular ability to master whatever he undertook, encouraged him to prosecute his studies to the utmost, freely advancing him all the means necessary to the accomplishment of an object so near his heart. When his education was completed, and he was admitted to the bar, Mr. Ralston took him into his own office, the better to introduce him to the routine of business.

He had been but a few months in this situation, when a singular accident occurred, which greatly assisted in bringing him into the very foreground of his profession. Mr. Ralston had been engaged in a very important case, which had been contested for many years, and which was now about to be brought to a close. The parties were both eager for an immediate issue, but Mr. Ralston's client had procured a long delay, in order to bring on some witnesses, who had been long absent at sea.

All was now ready, and the day of trial fixed. Mike, who in hunting up authorities, copying and comparing documents, and writing out heads of arguments, had made himself acquainted with all the principles involved, as well as with the facts in the case, had entered into it with all the energy and ardor of his soul. The court was held in a county-town, about thirty miles from the city. Mike, or rather Mr. Smiley, had gone thither by the stage. Mr. Ralston, for the benefit and pleasure of the exercise, started on horseback, on the same noble steed by whose means our young hero was first made acquainted with his patron and now partner. The horse was somewhat advanced in

years, but had lost very little of his early fire and beauty.

The country through which he passed was, for the most part, in a high state of cultivation, occasionally diversified with scenes of wild and romantic beauty. He sometimes traveled for miles through forests, clothed in all the gorgeous hues of a New England autumn, and sometimes paused to let his horse drink from some natural basin, into which the silver thread of a miniature stream trickled, or leapt from the abrupt termination of a hill.

About mid-way in his journey, it became necessary to cross a bridge over a narrow creek, or arm of the sea, in the middle of which was an ill-constructed draw, for the benefit of vessels occasionally passing up and down the creek. The draw had been opened that morning, and, though apparently replaced, was not properly secured. Mr. Ralston was the first to pass over it, and, being in a profound study upon the knotty points of his case, did not perceive that anything was out of the way. No sooner, however, was his full weight brought upon the draw, than it gave way at once, and plunged both the horse and his rider into the deep water below.

With singular presence of mind, though not without great difficulty, Mr. Ralston kept his seat in the saddle; and his noble steed, not unused to the water, rising to the surface, struggled bravely to reach the shore. Here, however, was a difficulty almost insurmountable. Though the creek was narrow, the bank was absolutely perpendicular, and of a soft clayey consistency, that allowed nothing like a foothold. After many unsuccessful attempts, Mr. Ralston bethought himself of an expedient to effect his own escape, if he could not save his horse. Suddenly springing to his feet upon the saddle, he gave a powerful leap toward the bank, and just succeeded in gaining it, so as to secure himself by grasping the long, tough grass on its edge. He now took a rail from a fence near by, and proceeded to break away the sharp angle of the bank, in the hope that it might make a path for his horse. In this he was so far successful, that, in half an hour from the time he commenced, he was enabled to remount and ride home. Fortunately he had emerged from the creek on the side toward the city, and was, therefore, not obliged to go round a great distance, in order to procure a change of clothing.

The season was October; and an exposure for so long a time, to the cold air, in wet clothing, was not without serious consequences. Mr. Ralston was obliged to take to his bed at once, where he was confined some weeks with a violent fever, and in imminent danger of his life.

In the mean time, the court had assembled, the parties were there with their witnesses, and everything waited for the arrival of Mr. Ralston. As it had been positively arranged at the previous session, that the case should come on that day, and that a proposal for any further continuance from either of the parties should be equivalent to a non-suit, the opposing party endeavored to avail himself of this unexpected delay, pretending that it was a premeditated *ruse* to procure a respite, which could not be had in any other way. Mr. Smiley, who fortunately had the satchel with all the papers, finding that the day was wearing away, and knowing that all would be lost, if something were not done immediately, proposed to the judge to commence the case, as Mr. Ralston

would undoubtedly be there in a short time. It was a terrible step for poor Mike. Not only were hundreds of thousands pending upon the result, but Mr. Ralston's standing and fame as a lawyer were at stake. He hoped to be able to consume time in unimportant preliminaries, till his partner arrived.

His partner did not come, however, and it was not many hours before Mike knew that the whole case had devolved all at once upon him. His opponents would not listen to a postponement, though the hand of Providence had seemed to make it necessary. And the case came on. Mike was all alone; his whole frame was agitated; but his mind was clear and bold. He had grasped all the points in the case; he had measured the length and breadth of his antagonist; and with the desperate energy of one who has everything to lose, or everything to gain in a single throw, put forth his utmost efforts to do justice to the cause. It was a wonderful effort. The examination of the witnesses—the statement of his case—the detection and exposure of the weak points and sophistries of his opponent—the laying down of the principles of law—the argument and appeal to the jury—all of every part would have done credit to the most experienced lawyer of the bar. It was not only a wonderful effort, but a successful one; and Mike had the proud satisfaction, at the end of the week, of announcing to Mr. Ralston, in his sick room, the favorable verdict.

Here ends our story of Mike Smiley. From such a beginning, it is not difficult to predict a brilliant and useful career. Temperance, industry, virtue, and the fear of God, are a capital on which no young man ever failed to win the highest reward.

GONE—ALL GONE!

By the bubbling fount 'mid the green-wood shades,
In the leafy world of the forest glades,
No more the birds at the blush of morn
Trill their sweet notes; they are gone—all gone!

Voices of summer, I've listed long
For the witching strains of your matin song;
Through the woodland dim, o'er the rustling lawn,
I have sought you oft; but you're gone—all gone!

No more do you start in your still retreat
At the thundering tramp of the horses' feet,
Or the wandering note of the bugle horn;
But the woods are mute, for you're gone—all gone!

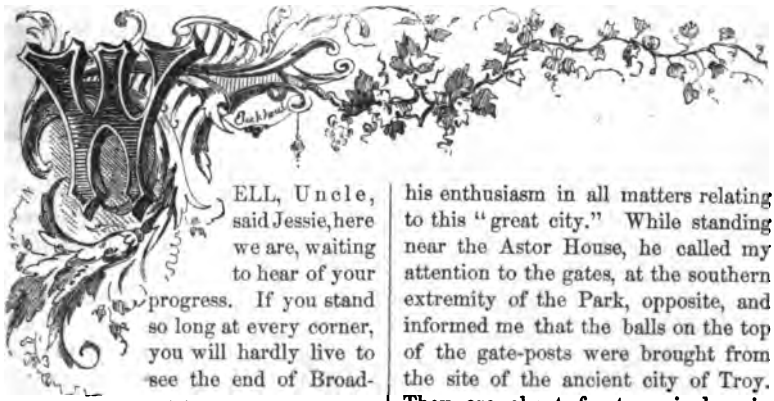
'Mid the wild wood's haunts, through your lonely nests
The rude winds play, and the snow-wreath rests
In their yielding curve, while in jeering scorn
The cold blast whistles, "Gone—all gone!"

They say that ye sing 'neath a sunnier arch
Of the azure skies, where the seasons' march
Brings but one endless vernal dawn;
But my heart is sad, for you're gone—gone!

FLETA FORRESTER.

FEW have been taught to any purpose who have not been greatly their own teachers.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.



WELL, Uncle, said Jessie, here we are, waiting to hear of your progress. If you stand so long at every corner, you will hardly live to see the end of Broadway.

I never expect to see the end of it, my dear; for it grows faster than I can travel. It now stretches miles away into the country. But, little by little, we will see what we can.

Frank. Is Broadway very wide?

No. There are many streets in the city wider than this. When it was first laid out, while the city was but little more than a village, and the houses were all low, it was considered very spacious. And so it was, for the use then required of it. But, at the present time, when most of the buildings, on both sides, are seven and eight stories high, and the street is the principal thoroughfare of a city of nearly a million of people, it is very inconveniently narrow.

To proceed—My antiquarian friend was not disposed to drop the subject he had taken up with so much interest. He entertained me with the history of St. Paul's—of the Astor House, of the Museum—the Park Theater, and many other prominent objects in this vicinity. He walked with me some distance, and entertained me much by his remarks, and his enthusiasm in all matters relating to this "great city." While standing near the Astor House, he called my attention to the gates, at the southern extremity of the Park, opposite, and informed me that the balls on the top of the gate-posts were brought from the site of the ancient city of Troy. They are about fourteen inches in diameter, perfectly round, and apparently of brown granite, or sandstone. In what position they were found there, or what may have been their origin, or purpose, my friend could not inform me.

Harry. Perhaps they are some of the thunderbolts of old Jove, left on the battle-field.

Elsie. More likely they are the marbles used by the giants in their sports.

Whatever may have been their origin, or use, they now occupy a conspicuous place at the main entrance to the Park; while not one in ten thousand of those pass them daily knows anything of their history, or looks upon as any other than ordinary ornaments to a gate-post.

While talking of these matters, an amusing incident occurred, near by, which illustrates one of the innumerable phases of Broadway life. A hand-organ, with the usual accompaniment of a monkey, as a tax-gatherer, was grinding out its uncouth measures, opposite the door of a fashionable Hair Dressing Establishment; while the monkey, full of his pranks,

was investigating every object of interest in the vicinity.

Presently the door opened, and a very genteel, carefully-dressed man, with gold spectacles and a gold-headed cane, came out. The monkey, who, just then, was amusing himself, by reaching through the meshes of a wire window-skreen, for pea-nuts, which the boys threw at him, mischievously seized the gold spectacles, and endeavored to escape with them. This proved a more difficult matter than he imagined, as they were hooked behind the ears of the wearer, who did not at all relish either the rude scratching of his ears, or this public derangement of his toilet. In the scuffle which ensued, the gentleman's highly polished hat fell to the pavement, and was trampled under foot by the crowd. His cravat was left in a state of unseemly disorder, and his temper was ruffled, like the sea in a storm, or a courtier in the time of Queen Bess. The monkey succeeded, at length, in getting possession of the spectacles, though in a damaged condition; and then, springing to the top of an awning-post, out of the reach of the enraged dandy, he coolly attempted to adjust them to his own ugly phiz. This was a difficult matter, as he did not understand how to make them hold on. Having made several unsuccessful attempts, during which the crowd shouted and cheered him on, he flung them down, and sprang across the awning, into one of the windows of the Astor House.

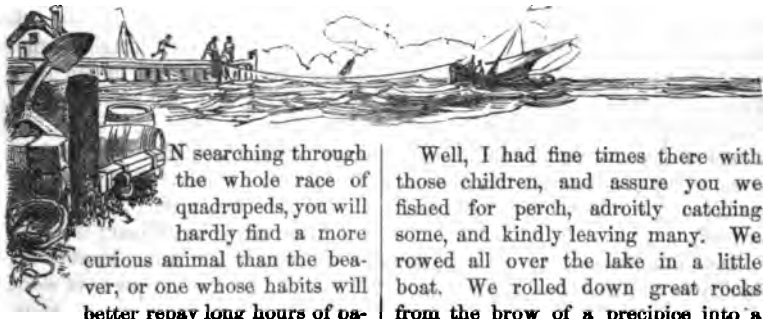
HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

Frank. I thought these monkeys were always chained to the organ.

This one had been chained, but had got loose. It was some hours before he was caught, during which he led his pursuers a chase all over the house.

Meanwhile, the discomfited exquisite had swallowed his rage, refitted his toilet, and gone on his way.

THE BEAVERS OF LAKE SUPERIOR.



IN searching through the whole race of quadrupeds, you will hardly find a more curious animal than the beaver, or one whose habits will better repay long hours of patient study. During the summer which I spent on the shores of Lake Superior, I had several excellent opportunities (which you may be sure I improved) of making myself familiar with the operations of these wonderful mechanics; and I must give you some account of what I saw and heard of them.

About seventeen miles from Marquette, eight hundred feet above the level of Superior, is nestled down, like a gem on the brow of the mountain, a pretty little sheet of water, called Seal Lake. It is two miles long, by less than one broad. All around it, their fair forms reflected from the surface of the water, are evergreens of different varieties and of different hues. On the margin of this lake—so near that the waves almost reach its threshold—is the summer residence of Mr. James L. Reynolds. Here it was my privilege to spend several days very pleasantly. Not to say anything about the older members of the family, of whose hospitality and kindness, however, I *might* speak in the warmest terms, there were five or six inmates of the cottage who more properly belonged to *our class*, and whom, like a fond uncle as I am, I took the liberty of installing as my nephews and nieces.

Well, I had fine times there with those children, and assure you we fished for perch, adroitly catching some, and kindly leaving many. We rowed all over the lake in a little boat. We rolled down great rocks from the brow of a precipice into a deep gorge. We hunted wild flowers, rode on horseback, and did sundry other things, as the advertisements of country merchants sometimes say of the stock in their stores, "too numerous to mention." But none of our adventures pleased me so well as our rambles among the beavers. Mr. Duncan, the grandfather of these nephews and nieces of mine, had found two dams, that were built by these animals, and he showed us the way to them.

"But do the beavers really build dams?" I hear you ask.

Certainly they do, and very well-built and substantial dams they are, too, so tight that scarce any water can find its way through them.

"Why, what is the use of these dams, Uncle Frank?"

There may be several uses, for aught I know; but the principal one is, to raise the water deep enough to make a pond, so that they can build their houses properly. These houses are very unlike those of other animals; they are built under the bank, and are two stories high; one story is under and the other above water. The only entrance to a beaver's house is through the water. There is no door opening from the land.

The most perfect of these dams was perhaps half a mile from the outlet of Seal Lake, on a little stream which the lake supplies. It was, I should think, three or four rods in length, roaching, of course, across the stream. The workmanship of the dam is curious enough. The beavers first make a sort of frame-work of the limbs of trees, and then plaster this frame-work on the upper side all over with clay or mud.

You will wonder, unless you are familiar with the habits of these animals, how they obtain the timber which they use in their dams. They cut down trees just like any woodman, and use such parts of them as are adapted for the purpose in their dams. I saw a good many trees which the beavers had just cut down; they were of different sizes, the largest which I saw measuring five inches in diameter. In felling a tree, and in cutting it into pieces afterward, the beavers take out a chip, precisely after the fashion universally practiced at our wood-piles.

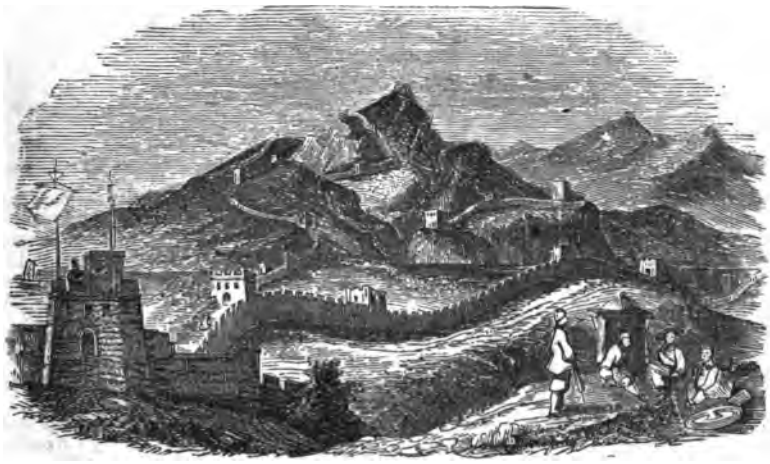
The plastering process, too, is quite as curious as the building of the frame-work of the dam. This is effected by means of a trowel such as masons use. Don't smile now, I am in earnest. Their tails are exactly fitted for this work. They have something like scales, instead of hair, upon them. They are flat, some nine or ten inches long, and averaging two or three in breadth. The tail of the beaver, by the way, is a very useful appendage. It serves as a rudder when the animal is in the water, and when occasion requires he can use it as a shovel.

It is astonishing how rapidly these architects do their work. Mr. Duncan tells me this remarkable story about a family of them which built one of the very dams he visited. He discovered, one day, that the water was rising in the lake. For days he was greatly perplexed about this matter. He could not imagine what caused this sudden rise in the lake. At length, tracing the stream down some distance from the outlet, he came across this dam, which solved the mystery at once. For some reason, he was not willing to have the water rise above its ordinary level; so he demolished the dam. There were, he thought, at least two cords of wood in it. The beavers, it would seem, were as desirous of keeping the water up, as he was of keeping it down. To the great surprise of Mr. Duncan, they rebuilt the whole structure in a single night; and what is more wonderful still, they built it entirely of new and green timber, cut down for the occasion. Not a stick which was employed in the old dam appeared in the new.

Again the dam was torn down, and again it was built up in the same manner, and in an equally short space of time as before. This process was repeated four or five times before the persevering beavers abandoned their enterprise.

Beavers live principally on the bark of trees. They don't come out of their houses generally in the winter season, but supply themselves in the autumn with all the food they will need until the following spring. So you see that what with the timber used in their dams, and that which they lay up for food, the beavers have a good deal of wood-chopping to do. When I was at Seal Lake, they were busy laying in their stock of provisions for winter. They cut their logs, for this purpose, in pieces about five feet in length.

UNCLE FRANK.



THE CHINESE WALL.

THERE is not, perhaps, in the world a more stupendous work of art than the Great Wall, which marks the northern boundary of the Chinese Empire, dividing it from Tartary. It is fifteen hundred miles in length, traversing mountains and valleys, and crossing rivers and ravines, and surmounting, with a permanent barricade, every variety of obstacle, and feature of the country. It is said to have been built 250 years before Christ. If so, it is, of course, about 2,100 years old.

The Tartars comprised numerous wild and wandering tribes, who lived partly by hunting, and partly by plunder. They belonged to that extensive race, known to ancient history as Scythians, and to mediæval history as Huns. They were more warlike than the Chinese, and were greatly dreaded as enemies. To protect himself from their continual incursions, the Emperor Chi-hoang-ti projected this work, and proceeded at once to erect it. To provide a sufficient number of men to accomplish such a work during his own reign, he compelled one out of three of all the laboring men in the Empire to enter his service, giving them no compensation beyond a bare supply of food.

This wall commenced at the Gulf of Pechelee, on the east, about 180 miles northeast of Pekin, and extended to the western border of the province of Shensi. Its height was twenty-two feet. Its breadth was sufficient to allow six horsemen to ride abreast upon it; that is to say, probably about twenty-five feet. It was fortified by strong towers, built at equal distances of about 100 yards, in which guards were stationed. It was composed of two walls of solid masonry, the spaces between them being filled with earth. The whole was completed in the short space of five years. It would seem incredible to us, in this land of freedom, that such a gigantic work could be accomplished by the mere arbitrary will of one man. Many of the great works of antiquity are monuments of despotism as well as of art.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

OUR CHAT for April opens with an unusual feeling of sadness. Uncle Frank is sick, and away from home. On his return from the West he was obliged to stop at Buffalo, where he has been detained some weeks. He is in the hands of very kind friends, and almost as comfortable as if at home. We are hoping soon to see his genial face again. And we know all our kind nephews and nieces will sympathize with us in our sadness, and breathe a prayer for his speedy recovery.

We have also a very touching letter from "Carrie," at Appleton, Wis., giving a very interesting account of two dear little brothers, Willie and Sammy, who have recently been taken to a better world. They both died in one week. It is sad, but oh! how sweet, to have a dying child singing, "I want to be an angel!" There are many houses in our land that have the same cloud over them. We hope they all have the same "silver lining." We would like to give the whole of Carrie's letter, but we have not room, and do not like to cut it up.

CHICAGO, *Feb.* 16, 1858.

DEAR UNCLES MERRY AND FRANK:—Years ago, first as "Parley's Magazine," afterwards as MERRY'S MUSEUM, your dear little monthly regularly gladdened the hearts of an elder brother and sister of mine, in our happy Eastern home. Brother considers the scientific knowledge he gained from the MUSEUM of much value to him; and the *amusement* it afforded for both *brother* and *sister* will ever be remembered by them as one of the greatest pleasures of their childhood. Now it comes to us again like a dear old friend. We all wish it "long life and much joy" in its "new relations."

My brother is married, and has a dear little boy, who will, ere long, be old enough to take the same little *friend* that his *father* took before him.

Sister Ellen wants to know what has become of "Uncle Bob Merry's Wooden Leg"—if that *celebrated* member has been displaced for one of more modern manufacture?

In a letter to Uncle Frank I saw two names ("Green Bay," and immediately after, "Lottie E. Porter") that sent a thrill of pleasure through my heart. Lottie is a very lovable girl—a dear friend of ours. I have been in her happy Green Bay home. I love her dearly. Will Uncle Frank please give much love to her for me?

Dear Uncles, is there just a little room for me among the many happy cousins that form the "Merry circle?"

May not I be *one* of your affectionate nieces? MARIE BURNHAM.

Tell Ellen that Uncle Merry's leg has *grown out* again. Welcome, Marie—welcome always.

NEW IPSWICH, N.H., *March* 1, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—Do you remember the little girl you took into your lap *once*, and called "Flibbertigibbet?" I never shall forget the call, with my mother and auntie, at your office, and how kindly you and Uncle Merry entertained me. If I *only* COULD have kept still when you tickled me so! But you *couldn't* get me into that *huge basket bag!*—I am so *glad* of *that*.

I wish I could go again into the sanctum room, while you might allow me a peep into that *nice box* upon the table, for the letters *so choice* as to be marked "in." Then the many *great books*, also;

I should like to look them all over. Those shelves, *so* full of blocks, too! I wish you would tell the Merry family about those blocks—how pictures are made for the MUSEUM from them. I enjoy very much your "Pilgrimage"—love to talk about it. I never forget to tell the cousins Uncle Hiram is "sixteen years old, and a *little more*." What shall I tell them, if they ask the color of your hair? Your affectionate niece,

FLORA P. S.

Happy to hear from you, Flora Flibbertigibbet P. S. But where have you been all this time? If I had buried you in that "huge bag," under the papers, or "marked" you into the letter-box, you would not have been more silent. Perhaps you haven't got over that laughing fit till now, so as to be able to write. But verily, Flib, you must come again. We will tell the young folks about those "blocks," one of these days. But, if we fill their heads with blocks, is there not danger that they will become *block-heads?*

H. H.—16+

BATAVIA, *Jan.* 27, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Will you have the kindness to introduce me in the circle, for I have taken the MUSEUM six months, and have been very much delighted with it. The MUSEUM is an interesting and useful book.

Yours truly, B. S.

ST. CLAIRSVILE, *Feb.* 15, 1858.

MY DEAR UNCLE ROB:—I may come in, mayn't I? I only want to tell you of a discovery I have made, and introduce a new niece and cousin into the circle. In a gay gathering at a friend's house, a few evenings since, I unexpectedly discovered a *Merry* cousin in the room. Delighted (for I love the MUSEUM in my *old age* as well as I did in my *youth*), I spoke to her of it, and found she had not grown out of interest in the Chat, if it *did* belong to her younger brothers; and now I write to introduce her. Uncles Rob, Hi, and Frank, Aunt Sue, and Cousins all, allow me to introduce to you Maria, as one worthy a place at the table, and a corner in the Chat. Draw her out, Uncle; she will never "speak unless she says something." Speak up, Maria; don't be bashful. There's not an ill-natured person in the crowded room, I know.

What's the matter with "Simple (?) Bess?" Has she got the St. Vitus' dance? That's all.—Good-bye.

Yours for ever, BLACK-EYES.

Thank you, Black-Eyes—welcome Maria. But, we are to *draw* you out, which, we take it, means, to draw lots for you. We have done so, and you fall to Uncle Hiram. He expects you to speak out, and to speak often, and to keep Black-Eyes in order.

"CITY OF ELMS," *Feb.* 20, 1858.

DEAR EDITORS:—After a long silence, I once more venture into the Chat. Am I utterly forgotten by all around? Hoping to the contrary, I continue.

So *Mrs.* B. E. thought she had *husbanded* her secret "quite long enough!" What a terrible "blow" the *noose* must have been to W. H. C.! "Laura," I feel quite honored by my introduction to you. Don't look so astonished! Put down your ear—(there is an *alias* in the case—"Sigma" has resigned). "Tennessean," you may hear too. I am glad you think that your "Northern Cousins" are more *respectable* than your "Southern." "Bess" is startling! Truly, she is "*thunderin' original.*" Alas! it seems that

The dear quadruplication,
And discumfumbobulation,
Heeding not her intimation—
Made in transubstantiation
Of each well-known appellation—
Gave more sudden termination
Than was Bess's expectation,
To the learned communication—
Seeking by tergiversation
To excuse the derogation,
The daring disseveration,
The hiramhatchetization!

"Prairie Blossom," if you think me "decidedly a *pose*," I think you *more* decidedly a "*po-se!*" "Adelbert," you are an old friend—shake hands. "Timid Birdie" may come under my "wing" whenever she is disposed to. "Nip"—"misery likes company"—do you wish mine? "Aunt Sue," how is it that Uncle Frank, just now, superseded you in your relationship to us? But—

Yours in haste,

FLETA FORRESTER.

BUDGET OF CURIOSITIES FROM FLETA FORRESTER.

A few filings from the bar of justice.
A ring from the finger of time.
The rope with which an audience hung upon the words of an orator.
The needles with which Washington knit his brows.
A buckle from a belt of woodland.
A new feature from the face of the country.
A tooth from a honey-comb.
The thread of a discourse.
The optic nerve from the eye of a needle.
A wrinkle from the brow of a hill
A pebble from the hill of science.
The heart of a great city.
A page from the Book of Fate.

CURIOSITIES FROM PANSY.

A drop of blood from the heart of oak.
A needle for the thread of a discourse.
A splinter from the arrow of love.
A leaf from the tablets of memory.
Key to the gates of happiness.
One of the dregs from the cup of fate.
A piece of the cloak of iniquity; also a sample of the fabric of lies.
The hood of deception.
A drop of water to wash out the stain of dishonor.
Some of the contents of "a pretty kettle of fish."
The wing of the dog that flew at me yesterday.
A spark from the lamp of truth.
The glance from the green-eyed monster.

GLENANNA, *Feb.* 5, 1858.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—I do believe that you have not a single correspondent from good old North Carolina; and feeling a little mortified that none of my states-men have taken a part in any of the Merry contests, I feel myself forced, for the honor of my State—though I must confess that it is what I've long desired—to beg for an introduction to some few of my 20,000 cousins. I am quite diffident, and would rather become acquainted by degrees, than to meet them *en masse*. I must bid you adieu now, till I see whether I am favorably received or not.

With respects to "North and South," I remain, yours respectfully,

PINE BURR

MORRISTOWN, *March* 6, 1858.

DEAR MUSE(UM):—If the cold weather had only come before the snow it would have been very acceptable, for we should have had lots of skating.

Good-bye, Nip. May your shadow never be less! May you live long, and may I live to see you! I second the Ed. Corps in desiring to hear from you while in Europe. Good-bye!

Have you ever noticed that the initials of yourselves spell M(erry), U(ncle F.), S(ue), A(unt), which means Muse? I can't get in Uncle Hiram's; but maybe somebody else can.

I had read on thus far in the March number, when I came to "To our Subscribers," and the "N. B." at the end of that. The coolness of the latter has made me cold—so I must go sit by the fire and warm.

Your affectionate nephew, $\frac{1}{20000}$

I will help you to get me in—M-U-S-H, which, with a little sweetening, goes down well.—H. H.

BUNKER HILL, *Feb.* 24, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—We have never contributed to the CABINET before. This is our first composition. We beg you to excuse all mistakes and blunders. We do not know what sort of reception it will have; but we hope it will have favorable one.

From your affectionate nieces,

S. H. & L. D.

LEXINGTON, KY., 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Here is my own home; I have been reading monthly records of this *civil* war, longing to have my say in defense of the just, of course. How could my weak voice have been heard in such a *manly* clangor of "dashes, daggers, etc.?" I declare this has been a second Trojan war—Black-Eyes playing the part of Helen.

What a pity we havn't a Homer among the Merry tribe to immortalize us!

When I wrote that other letter several years ago, you asked to look in my bright eyes again, and I translated it this wise—Won't you write again? Yours in weal or woe, YEMA.

Your translation was not only correct, but happy, and we are happy to have you take our meaning so readily. But—what do you think of "the hatchet?"

ANN ARBOR, MICH., *Feb.* 28, 1858.

MR. MERRY:—Have you any Wolverines in your MUSEUM? If you have not, here is one who would like to be admitted. Tell the cousins not to be alarmed—I am only a Wolverine-boy, and by no means the savage creature that my name would suggest. Quite harmless, but noisy, perhaps, for I never *could* appreciate that oft-repeated saying that "a little boy should be seen and not heard," except, indeed, when his lesson has not been learned; on the present occasion, therefore, would like to be heard if not seen. Will you give me a seat in the circle, for though not as wise as some of the cousins, I am always merry, when not sad? Granted, therefore, that I have "a voice," I wish my good cousins to congratulate, me for I have had the happiness to see Uncle Frank *face to face*, and give him a good shake of the hand. I shall not soon forget his pleasant countenance or his entertaining lecture concerning the mischievous "tantrums" of old Vesuvius; I often think what a dear, good soul Uncle Frank was, to devise such a feast of communion as contained in the CABINET. My heart seems to grow large with the love I feel for our own dear Aunt, Uncles, and cousins; and I never lay down the book without feeling that I am made happier and better by its perusal. Oh! I must bite off my words, or feel the weight of the "hatchet." Adieu Uncle and cousins all. A. S. H. WOLVERINE.

BROOKLYN, *Feb.* 8, 1858.

Save the pieces!—the rags, fragments, "mutilated MSS!" How *could* you, Uncle Hiram? Is that the way you treat *all* your "Valentines?" for if it is, you ought never to receive another. (I don't say you *should* not.) But really I'm aggravated, I'm excited, I'm worked up! Scissors! I could almost shake you, though you *are* my Uncle.

Chatters! hear the story of my wrongs. I sent our Uncle Hiram a—well, I told him *he* might call it a "Valentine" (but he didn't)—in "all sorts" of peotry (?) and he went and "chopped" out the very *pith* of the subject, and gave you the *bark*, the two extremes! He passes over in utter silence my respectful inquiry about "that enigma and those conundrums," and to cap the climax wants me to "please excuse" him just because his "hatchet" was newly ground! Now, if *I* haven't cause for aggravation, who has? But I'll "forgive and forget" yet once again; so, sweet Uncle, please consider yourself "excused." My dear "Black-Eyed *Mary*," receive my congratulations; I *felicitate* you. Mr. Willie H. *Coal*man, what a "double-and-twisteder" you are! your aliases!—! † * † etc., etc., are transparent: all=W. H. C. himself. In your ear (no, no—no whispering in company) H. H. Sweet "Prairie Blossom," I have been "all this time" living along in a quiet way; if you *were* to see me, you wouldn't know me.

Forgivingly yours, BESS.

Bess, if you run on so, we shall have to borrow a carving-knife to help the hatchet do its work. Just think, after all the cutting and slashing done on the letters now admitted, we have *sixty* more which we are not able even to touch. Be short! be very *short!!* Be shorter!!!—or—Uncle Hiram will ———

PRINCETON, MERCER CO., VA., *Feb.* 28, 1858.

DEAR UNCLES FRANK, MERRY, AND HIRAM:—I am so delighted that I can have the MUSEUM again for another year, that I must tell you how it came in my power to pay for it. In the January number there was a song called "The Snow-bird" set to music. Father told me if I would learn the song by heart, and get mother to teach me to sing it from her (I have not learned the notes of music yet—I am only ten years old), he would give me a dollar; so I set to, and learned the song, and from mother singing it, I can sing it too. So I got the dollar, which I send to you, to pay for another year.

Your niece,
E. H. THOMPSON.

A beautiful way of changing musical notes into bank-notes, and snow-birds into books. We hold it up for an example of "how to do it."

MAPLE GROVE.

MY DEAR MERRY:—I have been standing alone in one corner of the "family room," and have witnessed the flashing of bright eyes and brighter wit in the pen-and-ink battles which have been waging, until I am impatient to take part in the combat. Will you admit an "old maid" to the monthly dish of chit-chat? I see you are all blushing for me, and wondering how I dare to own that I

have reached the meridian of woman's life, thirty, without acquiring the interesting prefix, *Mrs.* But though I found this morning a gray hair seemingly "at home" among my locks, and though I am now almost universally "missed," instead of being called by the familiar name ——, my heart is just as young and warm as when I first shook hands with "sweet sixteen." And I should like to know and love you all. Uncles, Aunt, and cousins, may I join you, as "Cousin Kate," or must I remain as now,

THE "MERRY LADYE."

"Cousin Kate," or "Merry Ladye,"
Anything you choose,
You shall have a seat of honor
Next to Auntie Sue's."

March 5th, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I inclose a few conundrums, given me by a friend Have you seen them before?

Good-bye, Nip. May you have a pleasant journey and a safe return. None will miss you more than PANSY.

CHICAGO, *March* 2, 1858.

DEAR NIPPINIFIDGET: So you are going to Europe—won't you have an elegant time? How we shall miss your letters! I *know* you are a girl; boys do not *generally* write as spicy letters as girls. You will write while you are in Europe, won't you? Good-bye. May your anticipations be realized.

ANNIE DRUMMOND.

NORWALK, *Feb.*, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—I was ra-t-h-e-r s-u-r-p-r-i-s-e-d to find B. E. rejoicing in the prefix *Mrs.* Ask her if she would invite me to take tea with her some time. I should like to see how "crowing hens" manage domestic affairs. Willie C. seems confounded. Hope he will recover soon. I wonder if he had not been building air-castles, of which *Mrs.* B. E. was presiding dame. Poor Willie! O for an onion! Where is Aunt Sue? I hope these inquisitive tongues and pens have not quite demolished her. I've brought with me a budget of love to be distributed among all the cousins except "Tennessean." I presume he wants nothing warmer than "respects" taken from the sunny side of an iceberg from a *Northern* cousin. Don't think to spite us, T.; we have bright smiles and warm hearts, even north of Mason and Dixon's line. But I see the hatchet is moving uneasily—ready to send me and my rattling tongue to the "big basket," and I must bid you all good-morning. There, it is coming! Clear the way—I'm off.

CLIO.

MARION, SMYTH CO., VA., *Feb.* 15, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—In the last number of the MUSUEM there is a representation of a lady on horseback, whose position is somewhat singular. I have, after some hesitation, concluded to ask you if the ladies in the North mount their horses from the right or left side, as we Virginians are accustomed to mount ours from the left side. According to our custom, the *right* side of the horse is the wrong side, and the *left* is the right side for a lady's stirrup and position on horseback. If the mode represented in the cut referred to be correct, we desire to know it, so that we may reform our backwoods' habits.

I remain, yours sincerely,
LIZZIE M. SHEFFEY.

You know, dear Lizzie, whatever they may say in Congress, that the North is always on the *right* side, and the ladies both North and South know how to keep on "the right side" of everybody, and why not of a horse? You are very frank, however, to confess so freely, that your "right side is the wrong side." We hope you will be "wise" enough to come round and —— learn to ride as the Spanish ladies do.

LITTLETON, ILL., *Mar.* 5, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I am a sick boy. I should like to see all my cousins in their snug parlor, and have an introduction; but as I would have to take my bed with me, I fear there would not be room; so I must postpone the visit, hoping to be acknowledged as one of you. I will try to acquit myself creditably when I can stand on my own footing again.

I am yours, with due respect,
WILLIE

All the Merrys send love to Willie, and hope he will soon be restored to perfect health, so that he can come and join the "Chat."

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., *Feb.* 12, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Pray move aside a little, and let me have a seat by the side of Harry G——, as a representative from the Sucker State. I think the Chat is letting its tongue loose from the length of it; but it is the best part of the MUSEUM. Where is our Willie H. Coleman, West? *We* have no representative in the fight. Give my love to all, without any distinction. Yours truly,

OSCAR BRADFORD, West.

FOX LAKE, *March* 5, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have written two letters before, but I supposed they have seen Uncle Hiram's hatchet, and were cut up and thrown in the big box under the table; but as the old proverb says, Try, try again, so I will try again. It would seem quite odd to see one of my letters in the Chat.

Your affectionate friend,

WILLIAM M.

Your former letter, like many others sent to us, must have gone into Uncle Sam's big basket, not Uncle Hiram's. We never received them. Try, try again.

JACKSONVILLE, *Feb.* 9, 1857.

MY DEAR UNCLES AND AUNT:—I take much pleasure in reading the CABINET, and finding out the puzzles; though I do not find out many of them. I wish I had some of Willie Coleman's and Bessie's brains. But I must be content with what I have, and use them as well as I can. Black-Eyes has entered the "matrimonial ties;" and I hope she may enjoy her future life, and be a blessing to society. I have never seen any letters from your nieces in Jacksonville; and I hope that I, as the first, may not be entirely disregarded. I very much regret that Uncle Frank did not visit our place on his last tour to the West. It is a very pretty place in summer.

If you wish to know who my father is, I will tell you. My father is "Uncle Tim."

Your affectionate niece, EMMA.

ELIZABETH, *March* 1, 1858.

UNCLE HIRAM:—I have been waiting patiently for you to acknowledge Jersey to be one of, or rather to be in, the United States; supposing you have, I address myself to you. Nip, if you see any of my friends in Europe, give them my love. Commodore, there is an empty chair on this side of the room, if you are not too bashful to sit among the girls. Sailors are not generally troubled with timidity. Uncle Hiram, I am quite straight since you were here, and, by-the-by, I want to give the Merry cousins a word of advice. When Uncle Hiram comes to see you, you must be straight and prim as can be, or else you will have a lecture on sitting straight, taking long breaths, etc., etc., as I did. He don't use the awful hatchet when he is talking himself.

Yours as ever, SALLIE.

That's right, Sallie—pass that lecture along. Many a young Merry will thank Uncle Hiram for it, by-and-by, if it only serves to keep them straight while they are growing. Remember—"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

HANOVER, *March* 2, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Will you admit another nephew to your circle of Frank and Merry boys and girls? I had been a subscriber to the MUSEUM for about a year when it joined the CABINET, which my sister had taken for some time, but I never have ventured to address you until now. Yours truly,

JERSEY BOY.

Yes—we propose to admit Jersey into the Union. You are welcome.

CAIRO, ILL., *March* 6, 1858.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNTS, AND COUSINS:—I hope you will accept me as one of your friends. I live away down here in Egypt—not the ancient Egypt, but modern Egypt. I know you have heard of it. It is between the Ohio and Mississippi, and is very low. But there are high levees all around it, to keep it from overflowing. It is very healthy. I have lived here four years; I have been a subscriber to your little book about one year, and I thought I should like to become acquainted with you all. Please introduce me. Good-bye.

MELVILL YOUNG.

Happy to see so *young* a specimen from so ancient a country. Please send us a stone from the pyramids, or one of the bricks made by the Israelites. Now you are introduced, all the Merrys shake hands with you. Hope you will not be as tired as General Jackson was, when Major Jack Downing had to "*lend him a hand.*"

MADISON C. H., FLA., *Mar.* 5, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—The March number of the MUSEUM has just arrived. I am more pleased with this number than with the preceding ones, because it has improved in its typography and illustrations, and has more of history and useful information.

The Chat seems to be as interesting as ever. Several new contributors appear on its pages. Miss Nip attacks W. H. C., *North*, and myself with almost equal severity. Thanks for this! How could you, Miss, refuse a kiss? And how could I help offering one, when you chatted so sweetly? But a "pleasant good-bye," and more still, a happy and agreeable trip over the Atlantic waves and throughout the Old World.

Welcome to the new contributors. Yours, for more history, biography, and less of fiction,

ALONZO C. WHITNER.

Answers to Questions in Feb. No.

13. She is encompassed with hoops.
14. 1. Isothermal. 2. Metaphysics. 3. Pomegranates. 4. Misanthrope. 5. Righteousness. 6. Nightingales.
15. He is an ill-bred (bread) man.
16. In-dus-try.
17. It makes Pat pant.
18. Temper.
19. She is a-Miss.
20. The one is razed to the ground, the other is raised from the ground.
21. There was no Eve.
22. To the only sun of the earth.
23. They thought it a good opening for a young man.
24. It is in(visible).
25. He is in Luck now.
26. It is *un oeuf* (enough).
27. One is a cupper, the other a saucerer (sorcerer).
28. To-morrow.
29. Lent-i-form.
30. Hand-el.

ANSWERS RECEIVED FROM:

Maude—A. S. H. Wolverine—Oliver Onley—Sallie—E. R. F.—C. F. W.—Eureka—Lizzie M. S.—Georgiana—The Squirrel-catcher—$\frac{1}{2000}$—Oscar B.—J. M. Richmond—Adelbert Older—Dick W. C.—Clio—Geo. B. Higbee—Moss Rose—I. L. C.—W. M. K.—J. T. C.—Minnie M.—Wm. M.—Bess.—J. J. Symmes—Adrian—Susy—C. W.—Lot—X. T. S.—Pop—R. L. C.—W. H. S.—Lone Star *—J. Oberholtzer—T. S. L.—Don.—17.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

46. Why, when you count the masts of a ship, do you always count wrong?
D. B. O.
47. What city is the most dissipated in the world, and why? *Black-Eyes.*
48. What is the difference between the labor of a seamstress and that of a farmer? *Geo. B. H.*
49. Who 4 noses F. 8? *Oliver Onley.*
50. Why should a sailor always know what o'clock it is? *Geo. B. H.*
51. What is the value of a physician?
Adelbert Older.
52. ANAGRAMS.

1. A mere pond. 2. Forget pails. 3. Cold air. 4. A free port. 5. A great mist. 6. Tin can covers.
A. Older.

53. Why is E the laziest letter?
Jersey Boy.
54. Why is E the most spirited letter?
New York Boy.
55. Why is love like a candle? *Pansy.*
56. Why does a duck put his head under water?
Pansy.
57. Why does he lift it up? *Pansy*
58. Why is a without apple like an old maid? ????
59. Why can not the letter V be divided?
Jersey Boy.
60. Five hundred and one, and four and five,
Combined in order aright,
Make an epithet used to express
Anything glowing or bright.
Buckeye Boy.
61. To-day I am seen as a busy machine,
And I toil for man like a slave;
But, readers, beware! I as oft am a snare,
A rogue, and an arrant knave.
To man I'm a bane—for I've thousands slain,
Who sleep in a drunkard's grave.
Buckeye Boy.

MAY-DAY.

IT is May-day—May-day! wake up—lift up, little curly heads—blossoms must be hunted *up* and *out* from the cosy leaf-coverings to-day.

Carrie's arm is thrown under her head, which shows that she is taking her last nap for this morning. Lovely children are these; they are named Carrie and Lettie. Of course, they are good and loving children. How Lettie has tucked her cheek up to her sister, for she feels that Carrie knows almost as much as her mother—so younger children always feel to their kind brothers and sisters who are ever so little older than themselves. Carrie's advice and opinion are all in all to Lettie.

But hop out of that nice bed, now, darlings; dip your faces in the fresh water, brush out those ringlets; let Biddy fasten the tiny gaiters and the span clean aprons, for there is much to be done to-day—and do not forget to thank your heavenly Father for all his kind care of you; and for giving you the pleasant seasons of the year. All His goodness surrounds you, as the flowers surround the picture.

Young readers of the MUSEUM, if we get some sharp days in May, yet spring is really advancing—the sap is shooting all through the trunks of the millions of trees, and through their millions and millions of stems, all at the same time; the buds put out their little points so curious and so wonderful this month, showing the green color. Some come all folded in what seems like a blanket of wool, as the horse-chestnut; and when this opens by the working of the sap within, you may see the chocolate-colored buds as bright as if they were varnished, and these again burst before we get the leaf, which at first appears like a half-folded fan.

Very likely you are all delighted with flowers, and so am I; but I want to have you not slight the curious leaves—pray examine the different kinds of leaves upon the forest trees and the forest plants, and you will be sure to exclaim, "These are more curious and beautiful than I ever before imagined." In this way, too, you will learn to distinguish the trees, and know their names. Look at the bright, smooth, pointed leaves of the hickory; the scolloped leaf of the oak,

O, so pretty; the fan-shaped maple, and the long notched leaves of the chestnut in the woods, and its flowers also. You may have thought them not worth looking at as flowers, for they are not gay in color, as your pinks and coreopsis; they are but a pale green with a little yellow; yet there could be nothing more graceful and delicate; they hang like clusters of plumes waving and fragrant.

Carrie and Lettie had their little baskets in readiness last night for the blue violets and the pure white "blood root." Now and then a "winter-green" berry, so red and bright, they will find as they turn over the dry leaves. There will be some moss as fresh as midsummer—and the brook dances along, making everything fresh on its banks.

Carrie loves to listen to it as it tinkles, and tells Lettie it is *music*—and then a blue-bird and a robin hop among the branches overhead and put in *their* music. The children are as happy as the birds; and Carrie, as being *so much* older (she is about twelve, and Lettie is seven), tells Lettie all these beautiful things, and this nice world, are all by the goodness of God, and that he gave them their dear father and mother, and Aunt Susy. Carrie is not at all proud, though she thinks she knows a great deal; but she will find as she grows older, that she knows but very little of all which may be known. These little girls trudge homeward now, and Tom, the gardener, calls them, for he promised to let them drop some garden seeds for him; and he tells them it is God who will make them grow by the sunshine and the rain. How wonderful! Then he transplants some rose bushes and pink roots, etc., into the patch of ground which is given to the children for their own. Then he brings the flower seeds, and they watch where every mignonette seed rolls and scatters. And then they wonder to see him put the sweet-pea so much deeper in the ground than the ice-plant, with its seeds not much larger than the dot of an i, on which he only sprinkles the earth; for if they are covered over with much earth they will never grow.

The children promise to look after their seeds every day, and see the changes so wonderful as they get up to plants, and buds, and blossoms, and seeds again. Full of happiness is this May-day to them. Hoping it may be the same to all the dear children who may read this, I am your friend,

LAURA ELMER.

THE CROCUS'S SOLILOQUY.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Down in my solitude under the snow
Where nothing cheering can reach me;
Here, without light to see how to grow,
I trust to nature to teach me.

I'll not despair, nor be idle, nor frown,
Locked in so gloomy a dwelling;
My leaves shall run up, and my roots shall run down,
While the bud in my bosom is swelling.

Soon as the frost will get out of my bed,
From this cold dungeon to free me,
I will peer up with my little bright head;
All will be joyful to see me.

Then from my heart will young petals diverge,
As rays of the sun from their focus;
I from the darkness of earth will emerge
A happy and beautiful Crocus!

Gayly arrayed in my yellow and green,
When to their view I have risen,
Will they not wonder how one serene
Came from so dismal a prison?

Many, perhaps, from so simple a flower
This little lesson may borrow—
Patient to-day, through its gloomiest hours,
We come out the brighter to-morrow!

LOGAN'S MONUMENT.

LOGAN.

ONE of the most interesting characters furnished by the aboriginal history of our country, is that of Logan, the chieftain and the orator of the Iroquois. His name is equally an honor to the red race, from which he sprung, and a reproach to the white race, that made his life desolate and his death inglorious.

His birthplace was *Was-kough*, now called Osco, on the outlet of the lake, about two and a half miles north of the city of Auburn. His Indian name was *Tah-gah-jute*. His father was Shikellimus, a distinguished Sachem of the Cayugas. About 1720, he removed, with a considerable portion of the Cayuga tribe, to the region of *Shamokin* (Northumberland County), Pennsylvania, on account of the scarcity of fish and game in their old haunts. *Tah-gah-jute* was then about seven years old. Shikellimus became the friend of the whites, and a Christian, and was received, with his family, into the Christian church. At

his baptism, *Tah-gah-jute* received the name of Logan, in honor of James Logan, secretary of the Province.

Logan inherited the talents and peaceful virtues of his father, after whose death he became a chieftain. He was a zealous partisan of the English, and had often distinguished himself in their service. He was taken prisoner, and brought before the General Assembly of Virginia, who hesitated whether he should be tried by court-martial as a soldier, or at the criminal bar for high treason. Logan interrupted their deliberations, and stated to the assembly, that they had no jurisdiction to try him; "that he owed no allegiance to the King of England, being an Indian chief, independent of every nation." In answer to their inquiries, as to his motives for taking up arms against the English, he thus addressed the assembly:

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and I gave him not meat? if ever he came cold or naked, and I gave him not clothing? During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his tent, an advocate for peace; nay, such was my love for the whites, that those of my own country pointed at me, as they passed by, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I had ever thought to live with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cressap, the last spring, in cold blood and unprovoked, cut off all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace. But do not harbor the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one."

This pathetic and affecting speech touched the sensibility of all who heard him. The General Assembly applauded his noble sentiments, and immediately set him at liberty. Every house in Virginia vied with each other which should entertain him the best, or show him the most respect; and he returned to his native country, loaded with presents and honors.

The citizens of Auburn, in laying out their beautiful rural cemetery on the site of the old Indian fortifications, reserved the most sacred spot—the sacrificial mound—for a stately monument to the memory of Logan. It bears the simple and touching inscription—more eloquent than a labored epitaph—

"Who is there to mourn for Logan?"

"I MARK ONLY THE HOURS THAT SHINE."

The above, if we rightly remember, is the inscription upon a sun-dial in Italy. It inculcates a beautiful lesson, which we may be prone to disregard. It would teach us to remember the bright days of life, and not forget the blessings God has given us. Life, it is true, is not all bright and beautiful. But still, it has its lights as well as its shades, and it is neither wise nor grateful to dwell too much upon the darker portion of the picture. He who looks upon the bright side of life, and makes the best of everything, will, we think, other things being equal, be a better and happier man than he who finds occasion for complaint in everything.

MAY-DAY.

MAY.

"Come out! come out!" cried Harry—
"Sweet Sis, and cousin May;
Come out!—this bright May morning
Is ours, for work or play."

"I'll come, kind Hal," May answered;
"If I *may* have my way,
Work, rest, or play, as suits me—
May I?" Says Hal, "You *may*."

"And I," says sister *Ma*-ry,
"Must also have my say,
Work, play, or rest at pleasure—
May I?" Says Hal, "You *may*."

"And I," says little Georgie,
"*May* I bring Rover and Tray?"
"And I, *may* I?" says Bella—
"Yes, yes," cries Hal; "you *may*."

"To the garden, May, to the garden,"
Cries Hal; "if you would reign;
We will have a coronation,
I *ma(y)*king you May-queen."

"O pshaw! cousin Hal," May answers,
"You fill me with dis-*may*;
No common born plebeian
May jest with *ma*-jest-y."

"Well, then," says Hal, "we'll *ma*ke you
A civic feast or fair,
And you shall be the *may*-or-ess,
And I will be the *may*-or."

"Oh, Hal! your *mays* a*ma*ze me.
Why *may* not *Ma*-ry, Sis,
As *ma*-ny *mai*-dens *may* do,
Be *ma*-de the *may*-or-ess?"

"In May, your cousin Anne shows
A*ma*zing anne-*ma*tion;
And sure I am, Miss Esther Rose
Rose in your esti-*ma*tion."

"You *may* not *ma*ke your cousin May
May-queen, or *may*-or's bride,
May is, you know, to have her way,
So give May now a ride."

"Well, jump into my wheelbarrow—
Fit chariot for May-queen—
Since, though you *may* not call it 'sheeny,'
You *may* a good *ma*-chine."

"Were I now a *ma*-gician,
I'd move this car with you;
For, to move *ma*-hog-any tables,
Is what any hog *may* do."

"Oh, Hal, you're quite *ma*-lignant,
Ma-levolent, *ma*-licious;
All *ma*-sons are not *ma*-niacs—
All mediums are not vicious."

"Hold, hold, sweet May! you *may* not
Upon my words refine;
Nor, though you're a true *May*-liner,
Your cousin thus *ma*-lign." Ike.

AFRICA AND ITS WONDERS.

THE admirable work on South Africa, by Dr. Livingston, which we noticed in our number for March, gives many very interesting descriptions of its scenery, and of the customs of the people.

Speaking of the River Zouga, which flows into Lake Ngami, he takes occasion to explain the mode of trapping the deer, and other animals. "The banks are very beautiful, resembling closely many parts of the River Clyde, above Glasgow. The formation is soft calcareous tufa, such as forms the bottom of all this basin. The banks are perpendicular on the side to which the water swings, and sloping and grassy on the other. The slopes are selected for the pitfalls, designed by the Bayeiye to entrap the animals as they come to drink. These are about seven or eight feet deep, three or four feet wide at the mouth, and gradually decrease till they are only a foot wide at the bottom.

"The mouth is an oblong square (the only square thing made by the Bechuanas, for everything else is round), and the length at the surface is about equal to its depth. The decreasing width toward the bottom is intended to make the animal wedge himself more firmly in, by his weight and his struggles. The pitfalls are usually in pairs, with a wall a foot thick, left uncut between the ends of each, so that, if the beast, when it feels its fore-legs descending, should try to save itself from going in altogether, by striding the hind-legs, he would spring forward, and leap into the second with a force which insures the fall of his whole body into the trap. They are covered with care. All the excavated earth is removed so as not to excite suspicion in the animals. Reeds and grass are laid over the top. Above this, sand is thrown, and watered, so as to appear exactly like the rest of the spot. If an ox sees a hole, he carefully avoids it; and old elephants have been known to precede the herd, and whisk off the coverings of the pitfalls on each side, down to the water. We have known instances in which the old, among the sagacious animals, have actually lifted the young out of the trap.

"The trees which adorn the banks of the Zouga, are magnificent. Two enormous baobabs, or neowanas, grow near its confluence with the lake. The largest was 76 feet in girth. The Palmyra appears here and there among trees not met with in the south. The Moshowa would be a fine specimen of arboreal beauty in any part of the world. The trunk is often converted into canoes.

"We discovered an entirely new species of antelope, called *leché* or *lechwi*. It is a beautiful water antelope, of a light brownish yellow color. Its horns, exactly like those of the water-buck of the Bechuanas, rise from the head, with a slight bend backward, and then come forward at

NEW AFRICAN ANTELOPES (BOKU AND LECHÉ) DISCOVERED BY OSWELL, MURRAY, AND LIVINGSTONE

the points. The chest, belly and orbits are nearly white, the front of the legs and ankle a deep brown. From the horns, along the nape, to the withers, the male has a small mane of the same

A LADY OF LONDA, SOUTH AFRICA.

yellowish color with the rest of the skin, and the tail has a tuft of black hair. It is never found a mile from water. Islets and marshes are its favorite haunts, and it is quite unknown, except in the central humid basin of Africa.

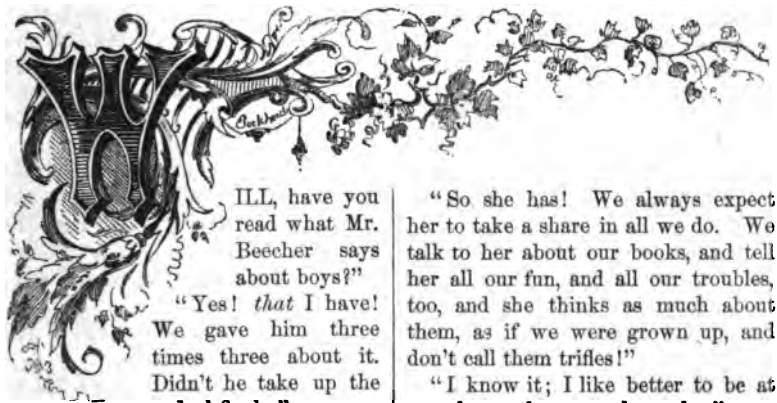
"Having a good deal of curiosity, it presents a noble appearance, as it stands gazing, with head erect, at the approaching stranger. When it resolves to decamp, it lowers its head, and lays its horns down to a level with the withers. It then begins with a waddling trot, which ends in its galoping and springing over bushes, like the pallahs. It invariably runs to the water, and crosses it by a succession of bounds, each of which appears to be from the bottom."

We can not leave this book without telling our young folks something about its author, which we hope will be useful to many of them. At the age of ten he was put into the factory as a "piecer," to aid his mother by his little earnings. *With a part of his first week's wages he purchased the "Rudiments of Latin,"* and so commenced to educate himself. He pursued the study of that language for many years afterward, with unabated ardor, at an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. The dictionary part of his labor was followed up till 12 o'clock, or later, if his mother did not interfere. He had to be in the factory from six in the morning till eight at night, with short intervals for breakfast and dinner. He read everything he could lay his hand on, except novels.

Thus commenced a work that made an LL.D. of a factory boy, a missionary and an explorer of a poor, obscure laborer in one of the small villages of Scotland. And thus have the ablest and most useful men often fought their way up through discouragements and difficulties to the highest success. Let all the young Merrys learn, from such examples, to "attempt great things." "Where there is a will, there is a way," even when the will is perverse, and the way wrong. But, when the will is right, and the way safe and good, the promise of God is pledged to sustain and guide your efforts.

This work we regard as one of the best of Harper's recent publications. We hope it will find its way into all the family, school, and parish libraries of the land.

WHAT THE BOYS THINK OF WHAT MR. BEECHER SAYS ABOUT THE BOYS.



"WILL, have you read what Mr. Beecher says about boys?"

"Yes! *that* I have! We gave him three times three about it. Didn't he take up the cudgel finely."

"Three times three! indeed; we gave him nine times nine! and Walton says he has a more just appreciation of boys than anybody in the world, excepting mother, and you know every one calls her 'boy-protector,'" said Frederick.

"Yes! and all the boys like her, big and little."

"That's because she likes boys as well as she does girls; and other ladies *don't*, you know. They always invite the girls to the weddings and parties."

"Yes, and when anybody writes to mother, to make them a visit in the country, they always say, 'Bring one or two of the girls with you.' The boys are *welcome* to stay away!"

"I know it, Will; the ladies say boys are so rude; and I think they're rude only because they know the ladies dislike them, and they think that's unjust."

"So it is, Fred; boys are never rude to your mother. They couldn't be. She always speaks so kindly to them, and appears to have respect for them, and for what they like."

"So she has! We always expect her to take a share in all we do. We talk to her about our books, and tell her all our fun, and all our troubles, too, and she thinks as much about them, as if we were grown up, and don't call them trifles!"

"I know it; I like better to be at your house than anywhere else."

"Mother often invites boys to stay there, and they always make friends with her. They're all kind to her, and try to please her."

"To be sure they do; they couldn't help it, if they tried."

"She says boys are a much-abused race, and that they have rights that ought to be respected."

"So they ought! and it is too bad to be treated as all those little fellows were the other night. They went a whole hour too early, and sat waiting in that hot room, so as to get a front seat where they could see Mr. Curtis, and hear him well. Some ladies and gentlemen came too late, after he had begun to lecture, and the boys were turned out of their seats, and placed where they could not see him at all."

"Mother saw it. She said she would not have taken the seat, and spoiled the pleasure of the little fellows; or, if one had willingly given her his seat, she would have held him on her lap. But hasn't Mr. Beecher a good notion of what boys like? He doesn't forget he was a boy once."

"Little Frank said he would have rummaged out the ball of strings, and I guess he would, too, from the lots of strings he always has in his pocket."

"Our little James said it was very shabby to have a whole ball, and give a fellow only a little piece; but Mary told him it was not shabby, any more than it was to have a whole barrel of flour on hand, when you wanted to bake only one batch of bread at a time."

"That was right—wasn't it? Now, Louis, you haven't said a word. What do you think about it, you and all the rest of you?"

"I think I'd like a little more than he's allowed us."

"More string, Louis."

"Nonsense; I think we'll get tired of all those things after awhile, and like to know something about all we see when we go in the country."

"I'd like to ride on horseback," said Alfred.

"Or to have a little donkey," added James.

"I'd rather have a gentle little lamb," said Susan.

"Oh, yes! those are all very nice for whoever likes them," said Arthur; "but let us hear what the things are which you would like to know about, Louis!"

"I should like to know a great deal more than I do about the trees, for one thing. They all look different. I think there seems to be as much variety among trees, as there is among people; and I should like very much to feel as if I was acquainted with them, when I met them."

"So should I, Louis," said Annie. "I do love the trees. I have often felt as if they were dear friends."

"Oh, Annie, how strange!" replied James.

"I don't think it is so strange," said Alfred. "I know I've often felt just so about the clouds. I never saw them look exactly alike twice; and then how beautiful they make the hills and fields. The fields look a little sad when the clouds are over them, and when they roll away, it is just as if a smile came over them."

"So it is, Alf," said Will. "But best of all, I should like to know all about the rocks. I wish I knew what the different stones I see are, and if they have any fossils in them, or any minerals."

"Oh, yes! how I should like to find some," said Susan.

"I wish Mr. Beecher would tell us about them," said James.

"He hasn't time," said Morton; "but I think my Uncle Charles could do it; and I'll ask him, and tell you, next time we meet. He loves Nature and boys, too, as much as Mr. Beecher does, and he has plenty of leisure."

L. F. V.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

CHILDREN, do you love each other?
  Are you always kind and true?
Do you always do to others
  As you'd have them do to you?

Are you gentle to each other?
  Are you careful day by day,
Not to give offense by actions,
  Or by anything you say?

Little children, love each other,
  Never give another pain;
If your brother speak in anger,
  Answer not in wrath again.

Be not selfish to each other;
  Never spoil another's rest;
Strive to make each other happy,
  And you will yourselves be blest.

SOMETHING ABOUT CHINA.

THE Chinese are a singular people. They are industrious and ingenious. They have made very considerable advances in the arts and sciences, in some of which they have shown ingenuity and skill far beyond that of Europe. If they had been willing, since the opening of European commerce, to learn from "outside barbarians," they might have added largely to their stock of knowledge, and so have kept up in the race of improvement. Their self-conceit and jealousy of foreign ideas have been as effectual a barrier against the invasion of a higher civilization from the south and east, as the Great Wall has been against the irruption of barbarism from the north. They are exceedingly ingenious and nice in small matters of fancy, and will spend years of patient industry over some trinket or gew-gaw, whose only merit will be to excite the wonder and admiration of the curious. But they have no fancy for labor-saving machinery or useful inventions. Even their agricultural implements are of a truly patriarchal simplicity. The plow, the hoe, and the harrow, all of the rudest construction, are almost the only instruments used. The spade is seldom seen. The plow is usually drawn by buffaloes, but often by men and even women. In a country so over-peopled as China, it is not strange that they do not desire our machines for saving labor, manual labor being very abundant and cheap, and many millions depending upon it for subsistence.

Not only are men employed to draw the plow and the harrow, but as carriage horses, to convey the magistrates and the nobles from place to place. The *mandarins*, who are a sort of inferior magistrates, are not allowed to walk in public. It is strictly forbidden as inconsistent with their offi-

A MANDARIN, WITH HIS RETINUE.

cial dignity. They never go out, except in a sedan chair, with a proper retinue of attendants. They are also prohibited from participation in the common amusements of the people, as unfitting them for the more serious duties of their station. They are not permitted to entertain their friends with theatrical representations except at stated periods. Gaming, private visits, and assisting in public meetings are all prohibited to them, while they remain in office. They indulge in no amusements, except such as they can enjoy in the privacy of home. Such is the law, but, as in other lands, the law is often evaded. The mandarins of all ranks are elected for three years only, and then are appointed by the government to some other place.

Vast numbers of the Chinese live in boats or floating houses, having no houses on the land. The water population of Canton is estimated at two hundred thousand. The men go on shore in the daytime, and get what work they can; the women, in the mean time earning a little money by carrying passengers in their floating houses, which they manage with great dexterity.

The male children are very early taught to swim; and until they can manage themselves in the water, they always wear a calabash suspended round their neck, to buoy them up, in case they should fall overboard.

FLOATING HOUSES, WITH SHOPS.

The boats on the canals, as well as on many of the rivers, are drawn by men, and not, as with us, by horses. The drawing of the government barges is a sort of tax on the people, who are pressed into the service by order of the magistrates. Every district is obliged to furnish a certain number of men for the purpose. Even the wealthiest farmers are not exempt. They must either do the work themselves or find substitutes, and pay them. It is a cruel system, and productive of much misery, and the men often desert during the night. The officers are then obliged to send to the nearest village, surprise the men in their beds, and drive them off to the yachts. If they attempt to escape, or plead old age or infirmity, as an excuse, they are whipped in, and compelled to work, till their keepers are caught napping, when they are sure to run away, to be caught again by the next yacht that comes along.

SPRING BIRDS.

AMONG the delights of spring (says Hawthorne) how is it possible to forget the birds? Even the *crows* were welcome as the sable harbingers of a much *brighter* and *livelier* race. They visited us before the snow was off, but seem mostly to have betaken to themselves remote depths of the wood, which they haunt all summer long. Many a time shall I disturb them there, and I feel as if I had intruded among a company of silent worshipers, as they sit in Sabbath stillness among the tree-tops. Their voices, when they speak, are in

THE CROW.

admirable accordance with the tranquil solitude of a summer afternoon; and resounding so far above the head, their loud clamor increases the religious quiet of the scene, instead of breaking it. A crow, however, has no real pretensions to religion; in spite of his gravity of mien and black attire, he is certainly a thief, and probably an infidel.

The gulls are far more respectable in a moral point of view. These denizens of sea-beaten rocks, and haunters of the lonely beach, come up our inland river at this season, and soar high overhead, flapping their broad wings in the upper sunshine. They are among the most picturesque of birds, because they so float and rest upon the air as to become almost stationary parts of the landscape. The imagination has time to grow acquainted with them — they have not flitted away in a moment.

Ducks have their haunts along the solitary places of the river, and alight in flocks upon the broad bosom of the overflowed meadows. Their flight is

THE ROBIN REDBREAST.

too rapid for the eye to catch enjoyment from it.

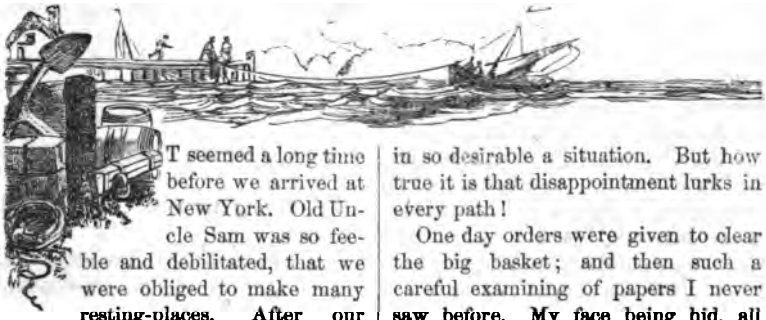
The smaller birds—the little songsters of the woods, and those that haunt man's dwelling, and claim human friendship by building their nests under the sheltering eaves, or among the orchard trees—the outburst of their melody is like a brook let loose from wintry chains. Their music just now (spring) seems to be incidental, and not the result of a set purpose. They are discussing the economy of life and love, and the site and architecture of their summer residences, and have no time to sit on a twig and pour forth solemn hymns or overtures, operas, symphonies, and waltzes. Anxious questions are asked, grave subjects are settled in quick and animated debate, and only by occasional accident, as from pure ecstasy, does a rich warble roll its tiny waves of golden sound through the atmosphere. The blackbirds are the noisiest of all our feathered citizens. Politics certainly must be the occasion of such tumultuous debates; but, unlike all other politicians, they instill melody into their individual utterances, and produce harmony as a general effect.

Of all bird voices, none are more sweet and cheerful than those of the swallows in the dim, sun-streaked interior of a lofty barn.

Insects are among the *earliest births* of spring. A musquito has already been heard to sound the small honor of his bugle-horn. Wasps infest the sunny windows of the house. A bee entered one of the rooms with a prophecy of flowers. Rare butterflies came before the snow was off, looking all forlorn and all astray, in spite of the magnificence of their dark velvet cloaks with golden borders.

HISTORY OF A GOLD DOLLAR.

(Continued from page 134.)



IT seemed a long time before we arrived at New York. Old Uncle Sam was so feeble and debilitated, that we were obliged to make many resting-places. After our arrival, however, there was no delay in conveying us to 116 Nassau Street.

"Ah!" said my new friend, as we were admitted into his presence "here is something to pay that printer's bill."

I felt sad to learn that there was a prospect of my being taken away, for it seemed just the place for me, it was so very quiet and orderly.

So, when he opened my letter of introduction, I unceremoniously jumped into a "big basket," which stood near by, and hid myself among the multitude of papers which it contained.

There was no small stir made in search of me, but all to no purpose; and I lay in peace, and amused myself with the letters and manuscripts which surrounded me, and by observing what was going on in the room, I was fortunate enough to be a witness of the ceremony which united the hearts and thoughts of MERRY'S MUSEUM and YOUTH'S CABINET. And I make bold to say, that so handsome and intelligent a couple are rarely to be found.

I often listened to the greetings of friends, and felt that much of joy still lived in the breast of mortals. I felt a joy that kind fortune had placed me in so desirable a situation. But how true it is that disappointment lurks in every path!

One day orders were given to clear the big basket; and then such a careful examining of papers I never saw before. My face being hid, all seemed safe for me. But upon hearing a shout of joy, and an exclamation, "Here is the lost dollar!" I was brought from my hiding-place, and immured in a prison, where were others similarly confined. But soon one and another of my companions were taken away, and I never saw them more.

It was not long before my time came, and I was placed in the hands of a merchant, who passed me along to a poor woman for making six shirts. She smiled on me for a moment, but a look of sadness followed that smile, and I knew that she could not let me stay with her. She went immediately to her landlord, introduced me, and, sure enough, I was soon clutched in his hard fist. I did not like my new situation very well, often hearing harsh language, violent threats, and sometimes feeling the force of arms, yea, and rough hands, which made me fear for my life.

One day a workman called, after finishing a piece of work, and I was reluctantly passed over to him. On his way home, he stopped at the corner grocery for some sugar, and just as he was handing me to the clerk, I

slipped from his hand, and fell into a deep crevice in the floor. All search for me was in vain, and here I still remain. The dust is fast gathering over me, and my fears are that this will be my end.

Far be it from me to exalt myself, but really it seems to me, that I, who can do so many and such great wonders, deserve a better fate. Why, I was at the start of all the improvements of the nation, such as canals, steamboats, railroads. And who but me would have put the telegraph in operation? Then, see my power over mankind! I can send men to the North Pole, to the East Indies, to Golconda, to Brazil, California, and Australia. You may take the veriest dunce in creation, and let me show off my powers on him, and men will reverence him as a Socrates, or a Solomon. I make ministers, lawyers, doctors, mechanics, farmers. And who but I seats the President in the White House, and collects the Legislative and Congressional bodies together? We should not have had this great distress of hard times had not people underrated *me*, and placed so much value on *paper* dollars. For I can relieve the distress of the poor, and brighten the heavy eye; can "drive dull care away." Aye! and sometimes I make care for the avaricious.

But it is all over with me now. The clear sunlight beams not upon me, and the soft, balmy air from Nature's pure fountains fans me no more.

Yours, if you can get me,

GOLD DOLLAR.

A CHINESE proverb says a lie has no legs, and can not stand; but it has wings, and can fly far and wide.

THE SONG OF THE EXILE.

BLOW, blow, ye winds, from the wide blue sea!
Oh, cool the heat of this fevered brow,
And still this heart with such melody
As your fluttering wings are wafting now!

Bear on, bear on, from that distant shore,
The loving tones of a household band,
Whose cherished forms I see no more,
Ye voices dim from my fatherland!

Such sad, sweet thoughts to me ye bring
Of my own far home with its ivied walls,
Of the vine-wreathed porch, where the zephyr sings,
Through the rustling leaves, and the sunbeam falls.

Of the threshhold stone, and the open door,
Of the kindred forms that gathered there,
At the stilly eve full hearts to pour,
In a gush of song on the listening air.

Of the noisy flow of the little brook,
Whose mossy banks our footsteps haunted;
Of winds which half their sweetness took
From fragrant bowers our hands had planted.

Then blow, ye winds, from the wide, wide sea!
Oh, cool the heat of this fevered brow,
And still this heart with such melody
As your fluttering wings are wafting now!

FLETA FORRESTER.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.

OWING to the confusion of the monkey-chase and the uproar and fun it occasioned, my friend and I became parted, and as the quaint old Bunyan says, I addressed myself to my way.

Frank. What answer did you get, sir?

Oh! a very amusing one; at the same time, it was not agreeable. The crowd which had gathered to see the fun, or to learn what it was, attracted some of the New York highwaymen, the professed pick-pockets, who have acquired such adroitness in their craft, that they can take the watch out of a man's pocket, or the diamond-ring from his finger, without his knowing it. One of these commenced operations on a lady, who was uncomfortably squeezed in among the mass near me, and succeeded in getting her gold watch and chain, while she was most anxious about her laces and flowers. A policeman happened to be so near as to see the act, seized the robber, while his hand was yet in the lady's pocket, searching for her purse. The scamp immediately dropped the watch into my bosom, and cried, "Hands off! What are you about?" with sundry other angry exclamations, as if he felt himself grossly insulted, to be touched by a policeman. The officer kept his hold, however, while the thief continued to bluster and to protest his innocence. When asked for the watch, he knew nothing of it, and when I produced it, he turned on me like a savage, and said, "There's the thief!—let me alone!" The officer knew better, and calling some of his comrades, took him off to the Tombs, while I went on my way unmolested.

Jesse. Did not this incident detain you a long time?

Not more than five minutes; then the tide flowed on as quietly as before. A robbery, or a murder, in Broadway, is scarcely noticed, more than the dropping of a pebble into a stream, which makes a few ripples, and soon disappears.

Being a little fatigued with my adventure, I crossed over to the Park, and took a seat on one of the chains, by which the various grass sections are protected from intrusion. Here I had a fine view of the confluence of the two great thoroughfares of New York, Broadway and the Bowery, which last has an outlet here, through Chatham Street and Park Row. On the next page is a very good representation of the scene, as it now appears, so far as the buildings are concerned. The artist has contrived to clear away a considerable number of trees from the lower end of the Park, and an immense number of carriages and foot passengers from the streets. I never saw those streets so deserted. Perhaps he took the likenesses of those only who were willing to pay for being made so conspicuous. Or, possibly, the handsome people stood still,

to be taken, while the rest ran away. On the right, you see a part of the Astor House. Next to that is St. Paul's Church, the steeple, which seems to be at the wrong end, lifting its slender spire above the hotel. The building in the center, which cuts off the train of wagons and carriages going down Broadway, is "The American Museum," where we made such a pleasant visit a short time since, and where we saw such a variety of rare and interesting curiosities.

Frank. What are all those flags for, Uncle?

A mere fancy of the manager, to attract attention, making the Museum more conspicuous, as far as it can be seen.

On the left is "Park Row." Park Theatre once occupied a conspicuous place there; but has given place to stores and warehouses, for a more useful, if not a more profitable, kind of business. If the gentleman and lady standing under the tree, by the gate, should turn to the left, and look straight through one of those buildings on Park Row, and through another, separated from it by a very narrow alley, they might see right into our sanctum, at 116 Nassau Street, and (if they have very good eyes, or a magic pair of spectacles) read what we are now writing about them.

Elsie. Oh, Uncle, would'nt that be funny? But is your office so near the Great Museum?

You mean to ask, perhaps, if the American Museum is so near the *Great Museum?* Yes, close under our wing, which accounts for its great prosperity.

Frank. Pray, Uncle, are those balls you spoke of, at a former meeting, which came from the site of ancient Troy, on these gate-posts at this end of the Park? If so, they look much smaller than you represented them.

They are not there now, Frank. The old gates have been replaced with new and lighter ones, for which the Troy balls would be quite too large. I do not know where they are at the present time.

There are rail-tracks on Park Row, extending through Chatham Street and

the Bowery, up the east side of the city, and connecting with the Harlem and New Haven Railroads. One of the cars is just on the start, as you see. If you want a ride, you must jump in quickly, or it will be off. But, as they go every three minutes, you can, if you please, wait till we finish our talk.

Elsie. Dear Uncle, I thought there was a fountain at this end of the Park. I do not see anything of it in this picture.

There is a fountain, or rather a basin, near this end of the Park, not embraced in this view. When it was first built, there was a constant display of its brilliant and beautiful jets, attracting large numbers of people, to pause as they passed, and keeping always fresh and green the trees, shrubs, and flowers on every side. But there is seldom any water in it now, the city fathers preferring to waste it in some other way. The flowers are all dead, the evergreens withered and brown, and even the grass gray, thirsty, and stinted, as if a blight had fallen on the place. This Park has nothing about it that is inviting or tasteful as a Park. But anything green, in the midst of so much brick and marble, is refreshing. As an open space, for the better circulation of air, it is of great value. Parks are sometimes called the lungs of a city. But if your lungs, or mine, were as uniformly choked with dust as the City Hall Park is, we should never breathe without coughing.

While I was sitting on the chain, amusing myself with the ever-shifting scene before me, an alarm of fire was sounded from the great bell on the City Hall. *One, two, three, four*, the deep, solemn tones rang out; and again, *one, two, three, four*, and so at intervals of a minute or two, for some time. Scarcely had the alarm been repeated twice, before the rumbling of engines and the shouts of the noisy firemen were heard. From different directions, they rushed along the streets, shouting, screaming, hallooing, like so many wild Indians—sometimes dashing on to the sidewalks, to avoid the crowd of carriages, and then sweeping on through the moving lines of omnibuses, as if they would tear up the very pavement in their fury and haste. The people generally paid no attention to the fire, or to the noise the firemen made about it. They went on their way with the same earnestness, or lounged on the corners with the same indifference, as before.

Frank. How did they know that their own houses might not be on fire?

Few of them would stop to think of that; and those who did, would know from the four strokes of the bell whether or not the fire was in their district. In New York, none but the firemen and the rowdies take any interest in a fire, unless their own property is in danger; and it is well they do not. If everybody should rush to the scene, as they do in small towns and villages, the crowd would be so great, the firemen could not do their duty, and every fire would be accompanied by a mob and a fight.

THE ALPHABET.—The alphabet may be varied so many millions of times, that if a man could accomplish the impossible task of reading one hundred thousand words in an hour, it would require four thousand six hundred and fifty millions of men to read those words, according to the above hourly proportion, in twenty thousand years.

MEASURES.

"UNCLE," said Frank, looking up from the paper he was reading, "pray, what is meant by *measures*, so much talked about in the papers? Here, in one article, I find 'the measures of the party,' 'the measures of the cabinet,' and 'the measures of the President.' Then I have read, elsewhere, of 'political measures,' 'religious measures,' 'measures of duty,' 'measures of interest,' 'measures in music and poetry,' and many other kinds of measures, besides the gallons, yards, bushels, etc., of arithmetic."

"Well, Frank," replied Uncle Hiram, "if you wish to measure the whole length and breadth of that word, you will find it quite a job. The definition of measure, in Webster's Dictionary, is divided into sixteen heads. I advise you, for the present, to let them all alone, except the business measures, or the measures of the arithmetic, which you will find useful, if you have them at your tongue's end. Here are a few of them in rhyme:

MEASURES.

By different measures we obtain
Due quantities of wood or grain,
Of cloth, or land, or wine, and tell
How much of each we buy or sell.
CLOTH MEASURE is for ribbons, tapes,
And cloths, and silk, for coats or capes.
LONG MEASURE serves to tell and trace
The distances from place to place.
SURVEYORS' MEASURES, understand,
Are only used in measuring land.
DRY MEASURE tells how much we gain
Of salt, coal, fruit, potatoes, grain;
While LIQUID MEASURE justly classes
Wine, spirits, beer, oil, milk, molasses.
SQUARE MEASURE deals with surfaces,
As walls, and floors, and fields, and seas.
And CUBIC MEASURE ascertains
What any solid shape contains.
TIME MEASURE tells us, as they fly,
How days, months, years, are rushing by;
And CIRCULAR MEASURE shows the worth
Of lines that circle round the earth,
And of the bands which reason's eye
Traces across the glittering sky.

LIQUIDS.

In measuring liquids, first we take
4 little *gills* one *pint* to make;
2 pints then make one *quart*, and still
4 quarts the *gallon* measure fill.
Gallons one half and 31,
Will fill a *barrel* to the bung.
2 barrels to the *hogshead* go,
2 hogsheads fill a *pipe*, and so
2 pipes will near a *tun* o'erflow.

Though many *good things* are measured still
By gallon, quart, and pint, and gill,
Yet Liquid Measure oft seems to me
"The measure of human misery."
For O, what countless evils come
From brandy, whisky, rum, and gin,
Which it were better ne'er to touch,
For a *single drop* is "a drop too much."

TIME.

60 *seconds* make 1 *minute*,
Time enough some good to do;
60 minutes make 1 *hour*,
Who will dare to waste it? Who?
24 hours make up the *day*,
Time for work, and sleep, and play;
7 days to the *week* are given,
Six for toil and one for heaven.
God gives me six for work and play,
I will not steal the seventh away.
4 weeks in every *month* appear,
12 months make up the rolling *year;*
100 years—how soon they flee—
Are what we call a *century*.

NELLY AND CHARLEY.

"O CHARLEY, I never can stop laughing at those two great buttons on the back of the old coat; they are almost down to your heels," said Nelly, as she clapped her hands in glee. "I must run and call auntie, to look at you. Good-bye, grandpa," and she runs for Aunt Mary.

Nelly has helped Charley to put on grandpa's long coat and great heavy hat, for fun; and now, with the tall staff in his hand, he is grave as a judge; and it is best that he should move carefully, or the hat will come over his eyes.

Happy brother and sister, amusing themselves, and no disputing or quarreling. If the hat and the coat could speak, I am sure they would tell us they are amused too with these good children; and happier than they have sometimes been; for heads that wear hats as large as the one in the picture often ache; and such *great coats* often button over aching breasts—aching, because the times are hard, and it is difficult to obtain all the food, and clothes, and books which Nellys and Charleys need. But children do not know about such things; and those who have parents need not think much about them, only be never wasteful of what is provided for you, and make all the return you can, by being dutiful and affectionate.

You may be sure *this* Charley will never strike his sister, nor will Nelly ever tease her brother; but each will in every way assist and please the other. If Charley's mittens get out of the way, at *school-time*, as the mittens of very good boys will sometimes do, Nelly will trip around, searching for them, and laughing *so* good-naturedly, will toss them into his hat; then tell him of the queer place in which she found them; and then lay the whole blame to the little dog Rover, who is very full of mischief, and pulls things about, just as he pleases. Then Nelly tells Aunt Mary that Charley was not in fault about the mittens; and he gives her a kiss on her cheek, and away they scamper to school. O how much pleasanter than disputings, and fault-findings, and sour looks, on the way!

There are many children *not* happy, like Nelly and Charley in the picture. Many boys here in New York are glad to wear some man's old coat, which hangs to the very ground, and no sister to laugh and caper, because the dreadful looking thing can be taken off by-and-by. O, no, the boy is glad to wear it all the time; and often his poor little heart aches under it; for he is homeless and hungry, and any one's heart will ache to see hundreds of them.

Little readers, when you think of *these*, let it make you thankful to those who care for you, giving you home, and food, pleasant books, and so many other good things.

LAURA ELMER.

THE GOPHER, OR SALAMANDER.

THERE is no end to our discovery of curious animals, it would seem. Have you ever heard of the gopher? I don't believe you have; and yet there is a tribe called by this name in our Southern and Western States and Territories. I saw the creature first in Kansas. He burrows there, on the prairies. After my visit to Kansas, I went to Wisconsin; and while at the house of a dear friend in Waukesha, I made the acquaintance of another species of the gopher, resembling the former somewhat, but appearing much smaller. The Wisconsin species was more like a striped squirrel, than any other animal I ever saw; and indeed I thought it was this little mischievous fellow, until a son of my Waukesha friend caught a gopher in a trap, for my particular inspection. It would have made you laugh, by-the-way, to have witnessed the adventures of this little fellow, after his capture.

My obliging young friend brought it into the house, and opened the trap in a very small closet, hardly large enough to hold two persons. While I was looking at the chap, who was immensely frightened, and, indeed, before I could get a chance to view him closely, the door being opened into the dining-room by accident, he ran out of the closet. Some half a dozen of *us, boys and girls*, chased him around the dining-room, until we were as tired as the gopher, and then the cunning fellow took refuge behind a bureau. The only way to manage him then, was to catch him over again in the trap. This feat was accomplished. Then, with the aid of a pair of gloves, to protect the hands against the gopher's teeth—for he is a great biter, though a little animal—he was taken out of the trap, and held, so that I could inspect him at my leisure.

He was a curious-looking chap, sure enough. It would be difficult to tell whether he looked more like a squirrel, or a rat. I should have described this specimen then, for the benefit of my readers, but I thought I would reserve a description of the family, until I could obtain some definite information respecting the species I saw in Kansas. So I told my Southern correspondents that I should rely upon them to furnish me such information. Several kind friends sent me accurate descriptions of the Wisconsin species, but none of them described the Southern gopher. I began to fear that I should never get the information I desired. But a few days ago, when opening my morning's mail, I came across a letter post-marked away down toward the equator, ever so far.

An especially bulky letter it was. "I wonder what in the world Uncle Frank has had sent to him this time!" I thought. The letter was opened, when lo! out popped a gopher, or salamander, as some call the animal.

"What! was he alive, Uncle Frank?"

No, my child. He was as dead

as a herring—dead, indeed, as a door-nail. My friend had sent me the skin of the animal entire, so that I could see exactly how he looked when he was living, and playing the mischief with a field of sugar-cane. He is larger than a house-rat, and his color is like that of the musk-rat. His teeth are very formidable. They are four in number—two above, and two below. The lower ones are three-quarters of an inch in length. You wouldn't wonder how the rogue cuts off a stalk of sugar-cane, if you were to examine these teeth. The most curious thing about the gopher is, that he carries two enormous pouches, one on each side of his cheek. The two together will hold a gill, I should think. But I must copy my friend's letter, from which you will learn more about this singular animal.

"MELVILLE HILL, WEST FLORIDA, *May* 28, 1857.

"DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—I send you a salamander skin. Two of the tusks are broken off by the shot. The one I had for you was brought up by our cat, and although I gave her the meat nicely cleaned, she was not satisfied with that, but jumped on the mantle, and reached up and pulled all the legs off the skin, and also part of the head. The one I now send was shot by one of my neighbors. He says it is the largest he ever saw. It is twice as large as the one caught by the cat. They are very destructive on sugar-cane and sweet potatoes. As soon as the lower joints of cane mature, they cut them down, and draw them into their holes. They do not run along under the surface of the earth, as moles do, but make holes a foot or more below the surface, with openings every five or six feet, at which they throw out the earth. They live almost entirely under ground, appearing above only when they come up with a load of earth or sand. This they throw in a pile immediately at the mouth of their hole, and dodge back very quickly. He is expert with a gun who can kill them before they get out of sight. The piles are made without much regularity, sometimes in segments of a circle, with a wide sweep for fifty or one hundred yards. Again, they are seen in clusters, almost as thick as hills made for potatoes. They mostly throw up about a peck at a place, but some places twice that quantity, and at others less. As soon as they finish a pile, they stop up the hole, or so cover it that it is not seen, and is even difficult to find. It is very difficult to dig them out of their holes; for their gangways seem to be connected one with another, and they pass along them very rapidly. They are also very industrious. If you notice where one has thrown up a fresh pile, and mark it, and return the next morning, you will see three or four fresh piles near by. They work principally at night, but may sometimes be seen in cloudy days at any hour, though more frequently in the morning. They use the pouches on their cheeks for provision bags, packing into them bits of roots, cane, potatoes, or nuts. These pouches are also of service in carrying up earth; but they do not pack it in as they do their food. The earth is shoved up on their breasts, with their paws extended on either side.

"This animal, in its size, appearance, and habits, answers exactly to the description given by Webster under the word *gopher*. If you can tell me a mode of conveyance, I will send you a young gopher. They will live for weeks without food.

"FAR SOUTH."

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WHITEWATER, WALWORTH COUNTY, WISCONSIN, *Mar.* 4, 1858.

MR. MERRY—*Dear Sir:* Inclosed I send the money for the MAGAZINE of 1858.

We have NINE subscribers in Whitewater, from whom we are expecting a dollar each, at this time. Which of them shall we credit with the dollar received?

We do not often receive letters without signatures; but we are often very much puzzled to know where to find the names that are sent us. One writes from "Franklin," without naming the State, not considering that there is a Franklin in nearly every State in the Union. Another writes without any date at all, and we have nothing but the post mark on the envelope to guide us; which is often so indistinct, as to be no guide at all. A third writes from a new home in the West, or elsewhere, and says, "Please send my MUSEUM to this place, hereafter"—without saying where his former residence was, so that we have to send to both places, till we can find the name. Let every one take the hint.

March 24, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I took your MUSEUM several years ago, and wish you could know how I prize it. As cousin L. is old enough this year to have a paper, I asked ma to send for the MUSEUM for her.

It made me sad when I saw so many names joined with yours, to think that perhaps Mr. Merry has grown so old and infirm as to be no longer able to bear alone the weight of my favorite paper. I am always shy of *strangers*, even of strange papers; however, I would be delighted to make an acquaintance with Aunt Sue, Uncle Frank, and Uncle Hiram, if I knew how. I wish I could join the circle of little cousins, but, as I am a great girl of seventeen, I will not dare to ask.

Please tell Uncle Frank that I am greatly obliged to him for his *lighthouse*. I trust its light will not burn all in vain.

MARY.

Why, Mary dear, we have not only scores of girls of 17, 18, and upwards, but married ladies and mothers, who still cling to us as in their earlier days, and always join our Chat with as much relish and glee as the youngest of the group. No wonder you think me *very old and infirm*, if you think yourself, at 17, too old to be *merry*.

SAN FRANCISCO, *Feb.* 19, 1858.

MY DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—You have told us about Barnum's on Broadway; and now *I* will tell *you* a little about the Barnum of the Pacific. The proprietor is Adams. He has a bear, Sampson, weighing 1,800 pounds, Lady Washington and her cub, two monkeys, Fremont and Buchanan (the latter a little *black* fellow, to indicate his principles), two sea lions, and one sea leopard, a mammoth pig, and one buffalo, and many, *many* other things, too numerous to mention. Master Fremont shows the people how the babies cry in the mountains. There is one little monkey that has not good manners—bites and snaps at all around. He bit me about two months ago, and I have the scar yet.

Your affectionate California nephew,

A. L. H.

If you Pacific monkeys are not more pacific than the one you encountered, we could not admit them to our MUSEUM. We have no biting here, and no political monkeys—but we go for entire freedom—of speech.

WAUKEGAN, *March* 1, 1858

DEAR MR. MERRY:—It is now over seventeen years since the MUSEUM became a member of our family. Those who were "little ones" at that time, have arrived at years of understanding; still it is received, and read with as much interest as formerly.

Though now a stranger to you, I shall take pleasure in addressing you again, telling you of our beautiful situation on the shore of Lake Michigan.

Your friend, BLUE-EYED EMMA.

Welcome, Emma, 17 or 70, you shall be always welcome.

SOMEWHERE, *March* 17, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have never asked permission to call you Uncle, but hope that you will own me as one of the cousins, for if you don't, I'll—I'll—well, I suppose I'll have to call you *Mr.* Merry. But to come to the point at once, will you please inform the "Merry family" that I know who Aunt Sue is, and more than *that*, I have her portrait? COY.

We can't be de-*coy*-ed into any further discussion about Aunt Sue at this time.

NATCHEZ, *March* 16, 1858.

MY DEAR UNCLES:—I am very anxious to join your circle, and to be considered as one of your nieces, and a *cousin* of Willie Coleman's. Ask him, for *me*, if a pair of *dark blues* will not be a *tolerable* substitute for the *black*. Just come South, Willie, for one winter, and I bet you a *kiss* that you'll never want to go back again. We have flowers all winter. This morning I went out in the garden and gathered a beautiful bouquet. I wish I could send it to *one* of my *Uncles*. I hope Nip will not leave us until HE returns from Europe, for *I* also wish to have *him* "our special correspondent" while there. MARIA.

WILMINGTON, N. C., *Mar.* 7, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Have you room for one more? I read in your MUSEUM for February, about kindness to animals. I think that no animal of any kind should be ill treated. How that savage man must have felt, when poor Mary spoke so kindly to him! When I am at play, I shall try to think of this. I have been here about two years; I attend the Methodist Sunday school, and enjoy it very much. I like my day school, too. I shall dislike to leave them; but I expect to, before long. JOSEPH C. G.

INDIANAPOLIS, *April* 8, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE HI.:—How *do* you do? How's Aunt *Sue*, and all the *little* Merrys? Introduce me quick, please; for already I begin to feel *strange* and *home-sick*, though I'm not *a bit* afraid of your *awful hatchet!* "I was not born in the woods to be scared at a" —— *hatchet*. You are too good-natured to be *very* savage when a little *rustic* like myself makes her first appearance among you. True! we may not know how to behave *quite* so well as our city relatives, but that is not *our* fault. We will soon *learn*, if you will let us sit awhile in the quiet *observer's* corner. I've a great mind to say something to *frighten* my *fine cousins* a little—I will! Only yesterday I saw two real *live* Indians! They looked so *queer* with their red blankets wrapped around them; deerskin moccasins, painted faces, and feather-decked heads.

Uncle Hi., I *like* "Flibbertigibbet" *right well*. Excuse me, I'm a *country girl*. "Timid Birdie" and I read the MUSEUM together, though we are *not* sisters. HOOSIER ANNE.

CREEK AGENCY, ARK., TALLAHASSEE MISSION, *Dec.* 30, 1857.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—I was surprised to find my letter in the November number of the CABINET, as it had been a long time since I wrote it. My name was spelt wrong; but I suppose it was my own fault in not writing plainly. It is not Robert *M. Longhudge*, for I am neither *long* nor *huge*—but Robert *H. Loughridge*.

I hope you will come and visit us in your travels. We have a school here of about ninety *white* Indian children, some of whom are your nephews and nieces, whom *you might like to see*, and they would be *delighted* to see you, *I am sure*. The best time to come is in the spring, as the Arkansas River is high enough at that time for steamboats.

From your affectionate nephew,
ROBERT H. LOUGHRIDGE.

CHICAGO, *Feb.* 18, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—So "Black-Eyes" is married. I always thought she was pretty old. How long has her head been in the "matrimonial noose?" Green-Eyed Nettie and I had a long talk about her. I agree with Laura perfectly about "Mr. Coleman." "Harry," suppose you and I traverse Illinois, and electioneer for the MUSEUM. "Bess," I will not comment upon the first part of your letter; but I assure you Nettie is not "green-eyed, and I have persuaded her to drop that cognomen. "*Timid* Birdie," I promise you, when you come into the room, I will not "look round." "Tennessean," you are not much of a philanthropist, you should send your love to *all* your cousins. Good-bye,

ANNIE DRUMMOND.

BUDGET OF CURIOSITIES.

An arrow from the bow of the cloud.—*C. W. F.*

A leaf from the tree of knowledge.—*C. W. F.*

FROM GEORGIAN.

The pan from the knee of a ship.

A key for a lock of hair.

A passenger for the train of thought.

FROM THE COMMODORE.

A teacher for a school of fish.

The name of the lawyer who drew up the "bonds of iniquity."

One of the legs of a toad-stool.

A fish from the stream of time.

A clasp for the mantle of charity.

One of the darts of Cupid.

One of the eyes of a looking-glass.

FROM TENNESSEE BOB.

A feather from the bolster of a wagon.

A few splinters from the poles of the earth.

A round from the ladder of fame.

A pupil for the eye of a needle.

A few drops from the fountain of knowledge.

FROM EUREKA.

A few flowers from the "path of rectitude."

A bone from the hour-hand of a clock.

The original horn of plenty.

A wrinkle from the brow of a hill.

HUSTISFORD, WIS., *March* 3, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—So "Nip" is off for Europe. Hope she (?) will have a pleasant trip, and send the readers of the MUSEUM a brilliant account of her (?) travels. Love to the 20,000 cousins.

Affectionately, your niece,

JOSEPHINE L. HUSTIS.

Do you hear that, Nip?

KINGSBORO, *March* 7, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—How are you all since I last wrote? I suppose you have behaved yourselves unusually well during my absence. You can not imagine my surprise when I opened the February number and found that Black-Eyes has got a "husband!" Who would have thought that she, the light of our MUSEUM (excuse me, Mr. Coleman, and all the other candles), should be thus put out by that great extinguisher, "matrimony." And so "Nippinifidget" thinks that we are going to give her up. We mustn't do it. Let her go; but I suppose all my endeavors to keep her back would be like trying to stop the wind. How far your "MUSEUM" does travel, Mr. Merry; from New York to Minnesota, Oregon, California, or to Europe, if Nip does not choose to stay with us.

EMMIE M. JOHNSON.

Do you hear that, Nip?

SIMSBURY, CT., *March* 8, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I was in New York last week, but did not see any of our Merry friends to recognize them. We saw some long faces and some sharp ones, but none that looked *very* Merry, or exactly like a Hatchet?

Father says the Merry family left New York last Fall, and have not returned yet. Is this so, or what is the reason none of them called on me? The MUSEUM and I have been constant companions ever since I can remember, and I think we *ought* to be well acquainted.

Your black-eyed cousin, LUCIE.

How could you, Lucie, come so near, and not call? We shall retaliate, by calling on you the first chance we get. Tell your father the Merry family have not left New York, by any means. They are here and there, and everywhere.

DECATUR, GA., *Feb.* 8, 1858.

TO UNCLES, AUNT, AND COUSINS:—Can I, a half Yankee by blood and curiosity, ask, is not Miss Black-Eyes, now Mrs. M——, a sister of Wm. Coleman? and is not Aunt Sue, by name, Mrs. W——? Please tell. We must know at once, or weary your patience by our endeavors to find the real names. Tell Mr. Hoyt Coleman to let me know his address, and perhaps I may write him a few lines. Mr. Whitner has my best respects, also W. Hayden Coleman. I think the latter gent goes in strongly for Union. Take Equality along, cousin Coleman, too.

Yours, with respect, GEORGIAN.

Not much of a Yankee, after all, Georgian. Both your guesses are wrong. Aunt Sue is Aunt Sue, but has no blood-relationship to any of the parties you name.

INGLESIDE, MORRISTOWN, *Feb.* 8, 1858.

DEAR MUSEUM:—It is some time since I last wrote to you. I am jealous! I have written lots of letters, and all have been consigned to the basket except two! How much love, kisses, etc., seat to sun-

dry cousins, do you suppose, has been stowed away in that monster-mouthed, never-to-be-satisfied receptacle? Ah! me!

I dare Uncle H. to make a pun on my name. Can't be did, *I* know.

I wish to inform A. C. Whitner that I am a Southerner, though hailing from Jersey.

Well, Laura, you have a very high opinion of Mr. Coleman. I hope he appreciates it. D. B. OLYPHANT.

Uncle Hiram declines having anything to do with a name which is *all* a *phant*(om), and whose initials are so much like a perpetual dun—D. B. O.—*Debeo*—I am in debt.

OGDENSBURGH, *Feb.* 6, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I received your welcome MUSEUM last evening. I had been on the look-out for it ever since the first of the month. As soon as the mail arrives I start for the post-office. The letter you received last month from this place, without any signature, which told about the Sabbath School Festival, was from me. I was in so much haste that I forgot to sign it. After going to school for eight or nine years, I left off the eleventh day of January, and went and acted as clerk in my brother's store. Give my love to Uncle Hiram, Uncle Frank, Aunt Sue, and all the rest of the Merry family, and please accept a large share for yourself

Your affectionate nephew,

GEO. B. HIGBEE.

There, it's useless trying to get along with such narrow accommodations for our large family. We shall be obliged to have a large Hall, or hold our meetings in the open air. We could make our own room large enough, if all the Merrys would pay up. We have scores of Merry tongues all ready to let out; but no room to hear them. We must speak a word for them, and that is all we can do.

Adel says "good-bye" to Nip, and hopes she will write often from Europe to the Chat.

Quilp wishes to know the name and birthplace of the author of "The Boy's Own Book," and thinks Nip can tell him.

H. C. Wimarkston, of Snowdrift, says, "If my letter don't suit your fancy, don't say peas or potatoes about it." A very merry vegetable he must be, for the cold region he dates from.

J. L. Carruth, Spring Grove, proposes that the boys should "put on mourning for Black-Eyes," and then, in a P. S., sends her his "congratulations." Better send her a bouquet of spring-flowers, or —a basket of oranges. He wishes to say to Cousin Alonzo C. W. that they are only thirty miles apart.

Eugenie Forrest, Sweetland Valley, says, "Reading the Chat fosters a strong inclination to 'put in a word;' thinks we make a great ado about Aunt Sue's name; wishes Uncle Frank would take a journey to the moon; write letters to the MUSEUM about the place and the people; and guesses she knows Arthur T——s, in spite of his *nom de plume*.

Moss Rose, Michigan, has such a dread of "the basket," that he talks of nothing else.

Charles G. C., Mendon, fears both the basket and the hatchet, and "wonders which we like best, long letters, or short ones." If we liked long letters, we should never cut them short, and the hatchet would have nothing to do.

Hattie, Centerville, says, "I have a Cousin Frank, whom I love dearly, and am glad to find I have an Uncle Frank to love."

Willie M. K. invites us to Mt. Vernon, Ohio. We will certainly remember him. when we go that way, and hope he will not only take the will for the deed, but come and see us.

Mary E. and *David W. S.* ask for a seat by the side of Aunt Sue, and an introduction to all the cousins.

The Squirrel Catcher is about to sail for Europe, and hopes to meet "Nip" there. We hope he will send to the MUSEUM some of the squirrels he catches, and such of the curious things as he may *nip* there.

Jennie thinks "Mr. Merry is a sober old gentleman, and would like a calm, sedate letter." When she is better acquainted, she will find that we like no particular style of letter—but one in which the heart speaks right out just what is uppermost—grave or gay, funny or sober, it matters not, so that it be fresh and sincere, and not stiff and formal.

Canary, from Easton, sings a pleasant song, wishes to be introduced to the cousins, promises to "keep quiet while the rest are talking, and not dispute about Aunt Sue," and sends a golden pledge of continued friendship. So she is caged.

Charley C. Waters thinks Willie H. C. sharp enough for a Hatchet, and wishes an introduction to Bess's sister."

Young Sucker fears there is not room enough for him in our parlor, and thinks the reason why so few of the Illinois cousins write to the Chat is, that they are bashful, like himself. If so, we hope they will soon outgrow it.

May, "although a little girl," is in favor of free speech and a free press—reads the papers—likes the MUSEUM best, and wishes Uncle Hiram would write something about the fugitives to Canada. If he should ever meet one whose history would be interesting to children, he would probably tell them of it, the first chance he could get.

Mary A. Wyne knocks for admission. Open the door and give her a hearty welcome.

Fannie wishes for some rules to make the writing of compositions easy. Uncle Hiram says, the best rule is, to think more of what you have to say, than of how to say it. Young persons trouble themselves too much about language, style and manner. Leave them to take care of themselves, as you do in talking, and attend well to your thoughts, or to your facts, as the case may be.

E. C. Van D.—Veteran, sends a question, which he will find fully answered on pages 86 and 87, March number. He wants Robin Hood's eight men in seven beds explained more fully. Who will make it plainer than it is in the rhyme?

Emily H. Frank is fully admitted as Uncle Frank's niece, and cousin to all the Merrys.

Theron confesses that "Blue-Eyes" is right, and inquires affectionately for Aunt Su(san). His enigma shall come out in due time. We have bushels of enigmas, and not half a bushel of room to spare for them. Let all have patience, and learn to put everything into the shortest possible compass.

W. H. Coleman (North) charges with *Linguicide*, first, Malta, "Looking down in the mouth." "Down in *whose* mouth?" he asks. "Not my own, I suppose." And then—but he is too severe; we cut him off. Secondly, Nip—"knocked into a cocked hat!" just as if a cocked hat was ever made large enough to take him in bodily. Why, Nip, how could you? Willie hints at the guillotine. Wonder if he means *Guillaume-tine*. We guess so, for he immediately says, "My heart, like an omnibus, always has room for one more."

Charlie B., Raleigh, sends love to Aunt Sue and all the cousins, and asks for a quiet corner in the Chat. Here it is, Charlie, with a cordial welcome from all.

Adrienna will please make herself at home. Aunt Sue sends a kiss to Jesse.

Edward Cahill, Kalamazoo, is "one of us."

Black-Eyes, Port Gibson, is another. Let them not be alarmed at having so many Uncles. So large a family would seem to require more than one.

Lizzie B. invites us to Bloomfield. Says she is very bashful, and yet a great romp—sends love to cousins, a kiss to Aunt Sue, and—what do you think?—another to her Uncles, to be divided between them, probably.

Star State thinks, if "Black-Eyes" *has gone*, and "Nip" *is going*, others will rise up to take the place of the *departed stars*.

Cousin Hattie, Belle Prairie, sends love to all the house. She asks for the rule about "writing on both sides of the paper." Her own letter is a sufficient answer, as she wrote only on one side. Her hens *laid* the money to pay for the MUSEUM. She does not say why they did not *hatch it*.

Tennessee Bob bobs a good-humored bow to Aunt Sue and the 20,000 cousins. We hope he will feel himself introduced, and make himself as much at home as if on his own plantation.

Curly Head, of North Port, says his father has been eighteen years a missionary among the Indians. He talks the Indian language. He tells of "a musical spider, who stays among the evergreens, over the melodeon, and whenever it is played, comes down and sits on the books. When the playing is finished, he goes back to his nest."

Eureka thinks Aunt Sue must be the daughter of her father, and that it is of no use to inquire *farther*. Asks after Winona, wishes an introduction to Sigma, Fleta, and Buckeye Boy—thinks the *hatchet* "a good institution," and is in favor of the "*ten line bill*." Perhaps he will think the "good institution" too good this time.

W. C. Hauser thinks we are partial and unjust, because we have not published the articles he sent us. He will please to understand, that we alone must judge what to admit and what to reject. We can not publish one tenth part of what we receive. We are tee-total on the Temperance question as he can be, and have often proved that we have no objections to an article because it comes from the South.

Brisbane S. counts up the cousins, and sends love to all.

E. Logans, Cleopla Jones, Virginia Ayer, Laura Fisher—Your very kind and pleasant letters, forwarded by our mutual friend, Pansy, have given us great satisfaction. The assurance that many warm young hearts and many bright eyes are looking earnestly for our monthly visits, and always greeting them with a cordial welcome, is the sweetest part of our reward for the efforts we make to instruct and please our friends. We are most happy to notice your desire to learn, and your rapid improvement, and hope you will always have the same desire, and make the same efforts, and above all things else, seek the wisdom that cometh from above. If you had as much pleasure in writing, as we have had in reading your letters, you are amply repaid for the trouble. We are greatly indebted to "Pansy" for her frequent remembrances of us and our family.

ROBERT MERRY.

AUNT SUE'S BUREAU.

UNCLE HIRAM hands me my package of letters, delicately insinuating that I am to *prune unsparingly*. Well, if I must, I must; but I'll save the pith.

First, here is my ol—no, my young—no—well, we'll dispense with the adjective—my *friend*, Adelbert Older. He is opposed to any more jokes on his name, and it really has got to be no joke. Just think of his feeling "the spirit of seventy-six!" Poor old fellow! But let me give you the pith of his remarks:

* * * Suppose some one should ask if I were as old as Adam? the reply still would be, "He is Older." * * * My birthday is the Fourth of July, and therefore I feel the spirit of seventy-six in me. * * * From your independent nephew, ADELBERT OLDER.

Now, Delly, if any one pokes any more fun at you, touching your superprimoantediluvian name, just you let me know it!

* * * Aunt Sue, why don't you have a Bureau *every* month? Is there not room for you and all the Uncles? If

not, I'll tell you what I would do. I would "set up" my Bureau first *always*, and then, if there was any vacant space, why, let the Uncles have it; but don't show this to Uncle Axe, or he will hatchet it all off before it appears in public. A kiss for Nip, and one for yourself. From

MARIA.

"Uncle Axe" could not have treated your letter worse than I have. Could he, Maria dear? I am afraid if I "set up" my Bureau *every time* in the present crowded state of affairs, there would soon be nothing of it left but splinters!

DEAR AUNT SUE:—There are many persons besides myself who wish to know who you are, but you seem to desire that we should not, so I suppose we shall have to be contented with only your *nomme de plume*. * * * We are this year going to school away from home. We are delighted with our school-fellows, and our teacher makes it a pleasure for us to learn. If you should ever come South, our house will be open to receive you. With much love,

I remain, yours, CURLY WIG.

Well, that is a very kind and hospitable offer; but is there only one "Curly Wig" in all Waynesville? I think I had better save your "letter of credit," as my card of admission, in case I *should* find the right house.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—Will you allow me the privilege of a seat in the Corner? How did Willie Coleman know that "Black-Eyes" wasn't to be *kissed* any longer? I wonder if he has a better right to know than any one else!

Aunt Sue, I believe you are Fannie Fern. You talk to children just as she does. We little folks think a good deal of Fannie. * * * Yours, CORA.

Aunt Sue thinks a great deal of the "little folks."

---

* * * Auntie, please introduce me to all the cousins belonging to the Merry family. Introduce me softly to Fleta and Willie H. Coleman, lest they too vanish like all imaginary beings; but if they are not, may I be permitted to join them! Yours affectionately,

MYRTA.

I think I can promise you a kind reception, Myrta. Your poetry I shall hand over to Uncle Hiram, as I am "but a passenger" in that department.

The same remark applies to "Nellie." I never could have received any letter from you, Nellie, and failed to notice it.

"G. F. Fly." It is "indeed a long time since you wrote to me;" but better late than never. I was very glad to see your hand-o'-writ once more.

"Clara Burnham." "Almost seven years old, and don't go to school yet." Who, then, taught you how to write such a nice little letter?

"Kate Goodrich" wishes an introduction to the "Merry circle." Walk in, dear, we are not at all exclusive.

"Katie," who is your writing-master? I wonder if all his pupils do him as much credit as a certain young lady, whose initials seem to be "K. G."

And now, if there be any among you vexed with me for cutting up their dear little letters so unmercifully, let him come forward, "for him have I offended;" and I should like to see if we couldn't "kiss and be friends" again.

Answers to Questions in March No.

31. 1. T-urni-P
E-ime-O
A T

2. T-opi-C
A-w-L
B-orne-O
L-eafle-T
E H

32. Fir-end-ship (Friendship).

33. The conductor is a-*board*.

34. You are too wise to seize an innocent person, said the prisoner's counsel.

35. Action.

36. The eye of deceit
Can best counterfeit (count her feet),
And so, I suppose,
Can best count her toes.

37. It takes a whip to make it go.

38. A coat of arms

39. Leaves.
40. One is awful—L makes it lawful.
41. Horse-man-ship.
42. A far-thing.
43. It keeps him always a thinking.
44. Butterfly.
45. XIX.—XX.

ANSWERS RECEIVED FROM:

S. A. Brown—Maia—Tennessee Bob—Marie—Charlie B.—Texas Boy—Susie—L. B-n—Nox—Mary R.—Lent—S. T. C.—Nattie—Leonard—C. W.—Pop.—N. M. W.—XL—Jules—Henry S.—Georgie O.—Lot—Sarah N.—Arthur L.—Norman—Y. Z. X.—Nemo—Tan—N. L. D.—Western Niece—Charlie B.—W. H. S.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

62. How shall I swallow a door?
Squirrel Catcher.

63. ANAGRAMS.
1. Tip, find gin pie. 2. Blot her, zero. *Uncle Joe.*

64. MATHEMATICAL PUZZLE.
My 1st + 2d + 3d + 4th = a number that reads from left to right the same as from right to left.
My 1st = 4th × 3d ÷ 2d × 25.
My 3d = 25 (1st ÷ 4th).
My 4th = 1st ÷ 2 × 2d.
My 1st × 2d × 3d × 4th = 1st × 25,000.
My whole is what we all should be.
Uncle Joe.

65. What is the difference between a fisherman and a truant school-boy?
Geo. B. H.

66. Why is the letter U the gayest letter in the alphabet? *Geo. B. H.*

67. Why is U the most unfortunate letter? *Geo. B. H.*

68. I am composed of nine letters.
My 4, 2, 3, 7, 9, 5, 2, 4, 5 is a European capital.
My 2, 6, 7 can not be too lofty.
My 8, 7, 9 is a river in the Eastern Continent.
My 4, 2, 5, 8 is a fruit.
My whole will cause many a 5, 8, 2, 3, and require the 2, 6, 4 of all benevolent 1, 8, 2, 3, 5, 9.
H. B. P.

69. My *first* is an inquiry. My *second*, a metal. My *third*, an atmospheric phenomenon. My *whole* is a part of equipment of a horse, or of a ship.
Winnie.

70. I am composed of twelve letters.
My 9, 4, 8 is a domestic animal.
My 6, 2, 5 is a pronoun.
My 9, 7, 3 is used on railroads.
My 5, 11, 3, 8, 2, 11, 3 is what Uncle Merry says he will be, if you will pay up your subscriptions.
My 10, 4, 5 is a kind of meat.
My 1, 4, 12, 8, 11, 3 is a useful trade.
My whole is a real cutter. *Sallie.*

71. ACROSTICAL ENIGMA.
1, 12, 3, 8 is a very common article.
2, 7, 5, 8 is what kind words do.
4, 6, 7, 12 fools have not.
4, 12, 3, 6 is applied to a foundation.
5, 1, 7 is a quadruped.
6, 12, 8, 7 is part of a country.
7, 1, 10, 5 is a measure.
8, 12, 6, 7 is what sailors do.
9, 3, 7 is a bird.
10, 12, 11, 4 comes from cold regions.
11, 8, 4 is what most dislike to be.
12, 4, 9, 2, 5 is a name of Deity.
Uncle Joe.

72. Why is a little tuft of hair
Upon a rabbit's leg
Like to a plaited border fair,
Which ladies very often wear?
Answer me this, I beg.
Buckeye Boy.

73. Entire, I am an animal that's known to all full well;
Cut off my head, an animal, much larger, it will tell;
Curtail me now, and, strange to say, you'll very quickly find,
Although you've took but half away, there's nothing left behind.
Adelbert Older.

74. Why should old people never joke?
Adelbert Older.

75. What is the difference between two and a half fish, and two, and a half fish? *Joslin L. Van A.*

76. Why should a watch never be dry?
Eureka.

77. Who is that general that goes through all countries without an army, takes up his quarters in any capital, raises money from every village, and is welcome to the house of every man?
H. B. Olds.

78. Who is that lady whose visits nobody wishes, although her mother is welcomed by all parties? *H. B. Olds.*

NOTICES.

THE PITT STREET CHAPEL LECTURES. *Boston: John P. Jewett & Co.*

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REMOVAL.

Our old friend, John S. Willard, has removed his *Looking-Glass, Portrait, and Picture-Frame* Establishment, from 440 Pearl Street to 269 Canal Street, a few doors east from Broadway. If you wish to see how good-"looking" you are, or to have your "poor traits" put into good "frames," by all means call on John S. Willard. He will frame you, gild you, cord and tassel you, and *hang you* as artistically as any of the craft can do.

FALLS NEAR SENECA LAKE.

LAKE SCENERY OF NEW YORK.

AMONG the multitude of lakes, large and small, which diversify the scenery of Central and Western New York, it is difficult to decide to which the palm of superior beauty should be awarded. Without drawing invidious comparisons, where all are so beautiful and inviting, we will illustrate and describe some of the features and surroundings of Seneca Lake, the largest and most central of the group. It is about thirty-six miles long, and from two to four miles broad. Its altitude is 450 feet above tide-water, and more than 200 feet above the surface of Lake Ontario; yet, owing probably to its great depth, it is never frozen in the severest of our winters. The lakes of this region seem to be strung like crystal pendents on Seneca and Oswego rivers, through which their waters find an outlet to Lake Ontario.

Crooked Lake is connected with the rest by an outlet which enters Seneca Lake on the west, about twelve miles from its northern extremity. Its elevation is 270 feet above that of Seneca. The outlet, or chain which connects them, is broken, irregular, and strongly marked with rapids, falls, cascades, and basins, and affords a variety of the most valuable mill-sites, as well as some of the boldest and most romantic scenery in all this region.

The Fall represented above seems to be a series of bold leaps, each larger than the preceding, yet forming to the eye, which views it in front, one perfect and stupendous cataract. By the bridge, thrown across the upper part of it, it is seen that one, at least, of the shelves over which these leaps are made, has some breadth, and that the cataract is not as broad as it seems.

One of the striking peculiarities of a scene like this, is the perfect contrast between the dashing, roaring, foaming waters of the Fall, and the calm and glossy basin, in which they find instant repose.

Cayuga Lake, like Seneca, from which it is separated about 12 to 15 miles, on the east, stretches north and south some 35 miles, connecting with the Seneca River on the north. The town of Ithaca is beautifully situated at its southern extremity. The scenery about it is highly romantic and picturesque. It is abundantly watered by fine mill-streams. Fall Creek, the most remarkable of them, has a descent of 438 feet within the space of one mile, accomplishing several stupendous cataracts, besides many lesser leaps and noisy rapids. The falls are just in the outskirts of the village. The first is truly grand. The entire stream is poured over the rock, in one unbroken sheet, 116 feet, while the banks, above the fall, are nearly perpendicular, to the height of 100 feet, making 216 feet from the top of the bank to the basin below. Twenty rods above this, is another fall of 50 feet, and a little farther up, another of 70 feet. The hills around are 400 to 500 feet high. The village of Ithaca lies in the valley, about one and a half miles from the lake, on Cayuga Inlet.

The scenery of Rapids is very peculiar, and marked by almost every variety of wild and picturesque beauty. Sometimes they dash angrily and noisily over obstinate beds of jagged and impracticable rocks, with nothing of shade or green, near or distant, to relieve the dreary aspect of the scene. Sometimes in silence, and with a kind

FALL CREEK, ITHACA.

RAPIDS, ON SENECA RIVER.

of breathless rush, which it is fearful and almost dangerous to behold, they glide down the smooth plane, as if they had a fearful work to do below, or were escaping from the vengeance of some fearful work already done, while the dark forest skirting the banks and overhanging the stream, gives added gloom to the sinister aspect of the waters. Sometimes, with a sort of mad recklessness, a joyous, rollicking, dashing indifference, they roll, tumble, roar and laugh, dance and leap, as if just let loose for a holiday, and ready for any kind of a frolic that might offer; the staid, old trees meanwhile looking on with grim and frowning aspect, and the lighter shrubbery twinkling and smiling, and even blushing in sympathy with the contagious mirth.

The navigation of rapids is often dangerous, and always highly exciting. The difficulty of managing a ship, or a boat in a current on the ocean, is a serious one. How much more so, if the sides of the current were irregular jagged banks, and the bed full of sunken and shifting rocks!

Imagine yourself in a small skiff, just dropping down from the smooth stream, over the verge of the Rapids. You feel a sudden impulse forward—a rush—a quickening of the pulse—a start in every fibre. Your skiff is no longer in your control. She is borne onward by an unseen, irresistible agency; you do not ever think of resisting it. You scarcely hope to be so far master as to guide your way safely through. You yield, with a desperate shrinking submission, a sort of resolute despair, and by-and-by, you find yourself at the bottom, in clear, smooth water, wondering what you had been afraid of, and inwardly wishing for another push from the demon you have barely escaped.

POP CORN.

I WILL tell you, dear young readers of MR. MERRY, something about pop corn, that I am sure will surprise you.

I know you have often paraded a saucer or small dish of the said luxury, asking mother and sisters, "Take some, please," while your face was painfully glowing, almost parched like your corn. I will tell you of a place where it is made a business, or trade. A building is appropriated to it; and six or eight persons do the work. An immense wire box is suspended over a furnace, and when half a bushel of corn is popping at one time, you may think there is a beautiful uproar—the *maize*, which is another name for Indian corn, flies about like mad. Twenty bushels bursts or pops into 240 bushels—increasing twelve-fold. They pop, and sell, in good seasons, some 240 or 250 bushels weekly. Think of that, boys and girls. Five hundred of the balls, which you see and taste so often, fill a barrel. Twenty-seven barrels are prepared in a day. Sometimes they receive orders for sixty bushels by one house at a distance. The bin, or box, in which it is first placed, holds sixty bushels. It is a fine sight, too, for every kernel is perfect as a flower. A great sieve passes out all which are under size or imperfect. These go to the chickens by the barrel.

Often three barrels of sugar are used weekly, for the coating of the balls. This is a regularly made candy, which is poured hot upon the popped corn. At this place, Merriam's, Franklin Street, Brooklyn, they use refined sugar, and the pink-coloring is harmless. As I looked upon the corn, or maize, I remembered that—

The life of Sir John Barleycorn
Was long since sung by Burns—
To sing of Brother Jonathan Maize,
My muse with ardor turns.

His early life was watched with care,
And guarded every hour;
One ministered to every need,
From sprouting unto flower.

Young Jonathan no trouble met,
But plump and strong he grew;
Silk tassel o'er his *ear* he set,
Exquisite 'twas to view.

But now drew near his trial time—
For soon as he matured,
And just had donned his *yellow* coat,
Of proud repose assured,

All roughly seiz'd was Jonathan Maize,
To Merriam's he was borne;
It was no *merri*-ment for him,
For he must burst or burn.

A fiery ordeal would him try—
Ah! that would test the *chit*—
If beauty, goodness, strength is there,
The fire will make the *hit*.

A furnace is in glowing heat—
Bold Jonathan, hold your own;
Hark! 'tis not *presto*, but 'tis *pop*—
Twelve-fold his size has grown.

Hurrah! hurrah! for Jonathan Maize,
Expanded by the fire!
Pureness and beauty burst to sight;
We look, and we admire.

All honored now is Jonathan Maize—
Selina's kindly hand
Bedecks him in a rosy coat,
With skillful *sweetness* planned.

Then in a box that's clean and white,
He's carefully encased;
Upon my word, if you would bite,
You'd say 'twas bite well placed.

LAURA ELMER.

ELEPHANTS, HOW TAKEN AND MANAGED.

TIGER-HUNT WITH ELEPHANTS.

ARRIAN, a Greek writer of the second century, thus describes the ancient mode of catching elephants: A large circular ditch is first made, inclosing space sufficient for the encampment of an army. The earth thus removed is heaped up on each margin of the ditch, and serves as a wall. In these walls there is one opening toward the south, with a bridge across the ditch, covered with earth and grass. In the outer wall are several excavations, near the bridge, in which the hunters secrete themselves, and watch, through loopholes, the movements of the elephants. Several tame female elephants are placed in the inclosure, to attract the wild ones from without. When a sufficient number have entered the trap, the hunters issue from their hiding places, and take up the bridge. After a day or two, when the captives are somewhat weakened by want of food and water, they muster a large company of men with tame elephants, replace the bridge, and send the tame elephants into the inclosure. A battle ensues, which naturally terminates in favor of the tame animals, their opponents being quite exhausted by what they have previously suffered. The men now coming up tie their feet. After this, the process of taming and training them is not difficult.

It is remarkable, that in every mode of capturing the wild elephant, man avails himself of the docility of those he has already subdued. Birds may be taught to assist in insnaring other birds, but this is simply an effect of habit and training. The elephant, on the contrary, has an evident desire to join its master in subduing its own race. It enters into it with alacrity, and exercises ingenuity, courage, and perseverance, that are astonishing.

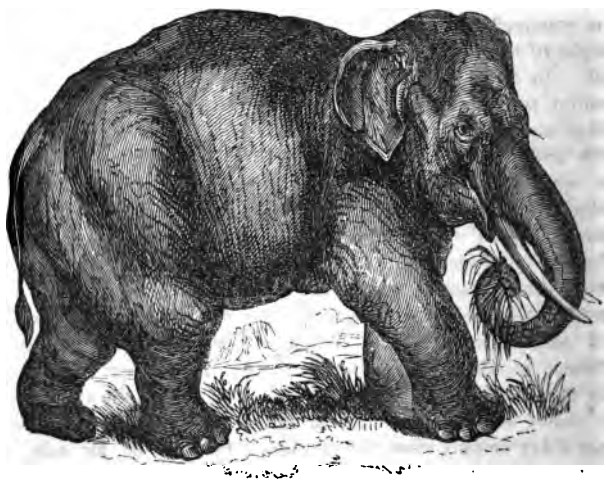
It is often noticed that large male elephants, the very ones that would be selected from a flock as most desirable for use, or for sale, are wandering away by themselves, apart from the herd. These are watched, and fol-

lowed cautiously by day and night, with several trained females, called Koomkies. Approaching gradually nearer, and grazing with apparent indifference, the Koomkies at length press round their victim, and begin to caress him. If he is in good humor, and submits to their caresses, his capture is certain. The hunters cautiously creep under him, and while he is dallying with his new-found friend, bind his forelegs together with a strong rope. Some of the more wily of the Koomkies will not only protect their masters, while doing this, but actually assist in fastening the cords. Sometimes the hind legs are fastened in the same manner; when the hunters retire to a distance to watch the motions of the captive. The Koomkies, satisfied that he is secure, now leave him. He attempts to follow, but is unable. He now becomes furious, throwing himself down and tearing the earth with his tusks. If he succeed in breaking the cords, and escaping to the forest, the trappers dare not pursue him. If not, he is soon exhausted with his own rage. He is then left until hunger makes him submissive, when, under the escort of his treacherous friends, he is conducted to an inclosure, where he is fed, trained, and completely subdued.

The inclosure, surrounded by a ditch, is still in use in India. But not content with enticing their victims to the place, they gather in large numbers, and with fire-arms, and all kinds of noisy instruments, drive whole herds of them in, the way being first strewed with the fruits they most like, to tempt them onward. From this inclosure they never come out till they are perfectly tamed. Each elephant has his own *mahout*, or master, and will obey no other.

The following account of the manner of disembarking elephants at Calcutta, is from the recent correspondence of the London *Daily News:*

"Two cargoes of elephants, from Burmah, have just been landed at Calcutta. One arrived in the ship Tubal Cain, consisting of twenty elephants; the other in the Belgravia, and numbered fifty elephants. Their disembarkation took place at the Government dock-yard. The vessels had to be moored about fifty yards off from the shore. They were, however, brought near a jetty at the extremity



THE ELEPHANT.

TRAPPING ELEPHANTS.

of which is a large crane, and by means of this crane, and the tackle on board ship, all the elephants were safely landed. The first party in the Tubal Cain were landed in a somewhat different manner from the other in the Belgravia. When the animals were hoisted up from between decks, the hoisting tackle was connected with the crane-chains, and the crane being then turned slowly round, each elephant in succession was lowered and deposited on the bank of the river. This plan gave too much liberty to the elephants after reaching *terra firma;* for, as some of them chose to indulge in a roll and bath in the shallow water, after their voyage, time was lost before the drivers could manage to lead them away. It was therefore found more convenient and expeditious, to lower each elephant into a barge alongside the ship, and to land him afterward, by drawing the boat the short distance to the shore.

"The fifty elephants in the Belgravia were all brought between decks, and there was only just space enough for the larger animals to stand upright, without touching the timbers of the deck above. The elephants were ranged on each side of the ship, strong beams being placed so as to confine them from rolling toward the center, while the ship was in motion. Some of the more mischievous were tethered by a chain attached to one or two of their legs, to prevent them from annoying their neighbors. Each elephant on board had a mahout, or driver, and a coolie, or servant, for feeding and cleaning him. The mahout, assisted by the sailors, arranged a strong canvas sling, or girth, edged with strong rope, round the animal's carcass, and, the tackle being adjusted, the huge fellow was slowly raised off his feet, and the ascent was commenced. One of the largest was said to weigh 8 tons 2½ cwt. There was no opposition on the part of the animals, with one or two exceptions; indeed, for the most part they appeared anxious each to have his turn as soon

as possible, for they had sagacity enough to understand it was the means of quitting the ship, as it had been the means of bringing them into it. There was great excitement among the crowd on shore, when the boatswain's whistle was heard, directing the sailors at the capstan to hoist away, and as the falls, or hoisting ropes, which were connected with the main and mizzen masts of the ship, became strained and tightened, presently the rough, inert-looking mass of the animal's spine and back was seen above the deck; then part of the head, with which the animal from time to time prevented himself from being struck against the sides of the hatchway as he swung round on either side; the small, sluggish eye, which seemed to be calmly surveying the surrounding scene; the active proboscis, forming by its constant movements a remarkable contrast with the rest of the passive frame; and, finally, after the crane tackle had been connected, the whole creature came into view, dangling in the air, and suspended by a couple of ropes which seemed like mere threads compared with the size of the animal which depended from them. He was then swung over the bulwarks, and lowered into the barge alongside. As soon as the elephant was in the lighter, the mahout, who had got down before him, at once jumped on his neck, and the animal immediately yielded himself to the direction of his accustomed master. Sometimes he would appear a little nervous, putting his trunk into the water to try its depth, with a view, perhaps, to ascertaining if it were possible to walk ashore; but generally he began turning over some of the fresh grass placed in the bottom of the boat to divert his attention, and remained quiet until the boat was brought as near the ground of the dock-yard as possible. Then, at a signal from the mahout, after again leaning over and carefully testing the depth of water with his proboscis, he slowly raised one huge foot over the boat's side, then the other, and in a few minutes he was on his way to the place where the rest of his companions were picketed.

INGENUITY OF A SPIDER.

A FRIEND, writing from Havre-de-Grace, gives the following occurrence in relation to a spider, showing an astonishing degree of instinct, if not of reason. He says:

"Some days since, a gentleman was walking on one of the wharves in this place, when he saw a large spider sailing on a chip, not far from the wharf. The tide was setting out of the harbor, the wind blowing on shore. It was easy to go out to sea; but to regain the shore, this was the difficulty. The spider, having gone to one side of the chip, and then to another, and after completely viewing his situation, found any further retreat cut off, had placed himself in the centre of the chip. In a short time, the tide had carried the chip, with its passenger, near the other side of the wharf, who, perceiving that the chip would soon drift beyond it, immediately commenced spinning a web. The threads of the web (the wind favoring) were successfully blown against the wharf, and firmly adhered to it. As soon as this was accomplished, the spider warped his boat alongside, and thus escaped destruction."

HEALTH and appetite impart the sweetness to sugar, bread, and meat.

CURED OF BIRDNESTING.

JAMES lived in a pleasant village in Pennsylvania. The country around was hilly, and not more than a mile from his house was a high rock, which rose perpendicularly from the bed of a river on one side. The view from the top of this rock was very fine; hills, rocks, and trees in every direction, with a pretty river winding through. This, of course, was the favorite resort of schoolboys in summer.

One Wednesday afternoon, school being out, James proposed to his schoolmates that they should take a ramble to this place, and it was unanimously agreed to. They started at once, with merry hearts, and the mile between them and the rock, though rather a long one, was soon left behind them. Arrived there, the party separated, and wandered off in various directions. Some exercised their dexterity in climbing trees and rocks, some sailed their little boats in the water, some hunted about for curiosities, and some others searched for birds' nests in the trees. They found but very few eggs, however, as it was late in the season for them, but found some little birds hardly large enough to fly. James was among these nest hunters, and he joined in it with as much zest as any. This was his greatest fault; he was a fine, amiable boy in most things, and as brave as need be. His playmates were, of course, very fond of him. They did not think his fault a very serious one, as many of them were as fond of birdnesting as he was.

Just on the edge of the rock of which we have spoken, there was a sloping spot of earth. A tree had sprung up here, and was leaning over the water, that swept the base of the rock thirty or forty feet below. This spot was the only earth within the reach of the tree's roots, but farther back from the edge, the rocks rose higher, and the tree was so situated, that it was watered in some degree by streams that ran down to it.

THE BIRDLINGS.

We left the boys looking for bird's eggs. Presently the egg hunters came upon this tree, and saw a bluebird fly toward it. They found she had a nest in it, just where the branches join the main trunk. They wished to climb the tree, but thought it too dangerous to attempt. James said, however, he would try it, and that eggs found in such a place would be grand trophies. The rest tried to dissuade him from it, but climb it he would. By this time the whole party were collected around the tree, and watched him with the greatest anxiety as he

began to climb. Just as he was about to put his hand on the nest, the boys called to him to come down, as the tree's roots were loosening; in another moment it fell, with him on it, down, down to the water! The tree fell a little head foremost, at first, but the head of the tree being more buoyant than the trunk, it soon floated horizontally. James, of course, accompanied the tree in its fall, and as it struck the surface a shower of water was dashed over him, and as he recovered his senses, he found himself sitting on the tree with both feet hanging in the water, and his clothes thoroughly wet. Though the current was strong, the tree was kept from floating away by some of the branches being caught in the mud on the bottom. James had not learned to swim, and there he was moored in the river with little chance of escape, the rock rising like a wall behind him, and the deep water all around. His companions on the rock saw his helpless situation, but for some time could think of no way to assist him. One of them spoke of trying to find a boat somewhere along the river, but it was a lonely place, and they knew of no boat to be found. The next proposition was to make a raft, but the river banks were high and precipitous, above and below, for some distance, and few trees near it. So this plan would not do.

At last one of them thought of a long piece of rope, which he had at home. He, with some other boys, started to get it. The boys who remained spent the time looking for sticks from a foot to two feet in length—the use of which you will presently see. The boys who had gone after the rope, did not return for some time, though they went as fast as they well could. The rope was about the size of a clothes-line, but they thought it was strong enough to bear James' weight. They meant that he should climb on it, and to assist him in doing so, they doubled it together, and tied the sticks across it which had been collected. Fastening one end of their ladder at the top of the rock, they threw the other to James, who was still sitting on the tree, just in the place where it fell.

James soon got hold of the rope, and began to climb up by it. He found his strength failing him, but succeeded in reaching the top, and was helped upon the rock by his friends, who were rejoiced to see him safe. As he was very wet, he rested but a short time before he started homeward. A terrible cold followed his adventure, by which he was confined to his room for weeks.

When he recovered, he made a promise never to rob a bird's nest again—so that in the end this accident was a benefit to him, in curing him of a bad habit. If all boys who engage in birdnesting had as severe experience of it as James had, there would soon be an end of it; and the dear little ones could enjoy themselves in peace with their young.

"WHAT does Satan pay you for swearing?" asked a gentleman.

"He don't pay me anything," was the reply.

"Well, you work cheap; to lay aside the character of a gentleman; to inflict so much pain on your friends and civil people; to suffer; and lastly, to risk losing your own precious soul, and all for nothing. You certainly do work cheap—very cheap, indeed."

EPHESUS.

EPHESUS was one of the most ancient of the cities of Ionia. It was on the eastern shore of the Egean Sea, directly opposite to Athens. Tradition says, that the Grecian emigrants, under Androclus, who first settled Ionia, consulted an oracle, to know where they should build their city. The answer was, "A fish shall show you, and a wild boar conduct you." Soon after, while they were broiling some fish for their breakfast, one of them jumped out of the fire with a coal in his mouth, and fell among the dry grass, which took fire. The flames spread to a considerable distance, and disturbed a wild boar, sleeping among the bushes. The Greeks pursued and killed him, and on the spot where he fell, they built Ephesus.

A coin of the city, now in the Museum at Florence, is stamped with figures referring to this story, which probably was true as far as this: a fire, accidentally kindled, disturbed a boar; the Greeks, in pursuing him, were drawn to the place which they thought suitable for pitching their tents; and thus, by degrees, the city grew up. The incident of the oracle was, no doubt, an after-thought of the priests or the poets.

Passing through many changes of government, and many vicissitudes of fortune, Ephesus still retained, at the beginning of the Christian era, much of its ancient grandeur. It was greatly distinguished by the temple of Diana, which was so magnificent as to be reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world. It was more than 200 years in building. It was 425 feet long, and surrounded by a colonnade of 127 marble pillars, 70 feet high, and 27 of which were carved in the most exquisite manner, and the rest highly

polished; these pillars were the gifts of so many different kings.

This temple was destroyed by fire, in the year 355 B. C., on the very day in which Alexander the Great was born. It was afterward rebuilt, in all its original magnificence, but again demolished by order of Constantine, about 300 years after Christ. This last temple is referred to in the Acts of the Apostles. The preaching of Paul, and the converts he made among the Ephesians, began to alarm the priests and the craftsmen who made their living by manufacturing silver shrines for Diana. These shrines consisted of miniature representations of the temple of the goddess, with folding doors, which being opened disclosed her image before the altar. They were in great demand, not only among the zealous idolaters of the city, but among the strangers, who wished to carry away some relic of so remarkable a place.

Finding that, under the light of the gospel, their traffic was rapidly diminishing, and fearing that they should soon lose it altogether, they raised a mob, under the lead of one Demetrius, and roused the whole city with the cry, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" Their object was to kill Paul, and drive his followers from the city. But, having no concert of action, and no proper leader, they did little but shout, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and were soon dispersed by the Roman officers.

This was probably the death-blow to the worshipers of Diana. It soon began to decline. A few generations after, the beautiful statues and magnificent columns of the temple were carried to Constantinople, to adorn the church of St. Sophia, which was, at a still later day, converted into a Turkish mosque.

Paul resided several years at Ephesus, preaching daily at the school-house of Tyrannus, a converted Gentile, and supporting himself by his own labor, as a tent-maker. Here he wrote his Epistle to the Galatians, and his first Epistle to the Corinthians.

Ephesus has now fallen into utter decay. A few Greek peasants occupy the place where it once stood. The great temple has so entirely disappeared that its site is not known. Among the remarkable men of Ephesus were Heraclitus, known as "the weeping philosopher," Apelles, the most distinguished painter of antiquity, and Parrhasius, also a great painter, but as vain as he was great.

TRY, TRY AGAIN.

'Tis a lesson you should heed—
Try, try again.
If at first you don't succeed,
Try, try again.
Then your courage should appear;
For, if you will persevere,
You will conquer, never fear.
Try, try again.

Once or twice, though you should fail,
Try, try again.
If you would at last prevail,
Try, try again.
If we strive, 'tis no disgrace,
Though we may not win the race.
What should we do in such a case?
Try, try again.

If you find your task too hard,
Try, try again.
Time will bring you your reward;
Try, try again.
All that other folks can do,
Why with patience should not you?
Only keep this rule in view,
Try, try again.

UNCAGED AND FREE.

CANARIES.

My little bird sits in his cage;
I have no knowledge of his age.
He nimbly hops from stick to stick,
And seldom stops unless he's sick.
His food and drink are always there;
He has no mate with him to share;
And though he's doom'd to live alone,
Seems not to miss the absent one.
His plumage bright as any bird
Of which you ever read or heard,
'Tis neither black, nor blue, nor red,
But yellow all from tail to head.
His cage upon a nail hangs firm,
Where in my room he's always warm.
He sings most sweetly when I play
Upon my seraphine by day.
He seems more lively when I'm there,
Than when I'm absent anywhere.
He seems to know when I come in,
And seems to say, "Where have you been?"
He seems sometimes quite in a rage
When things come near his little cage.
His little eyes are black and bright,
He sees most quickly every sight.
He's never idle, like some boys
Who think of little else than toys,
But is a pattern thus for all
That dwell upon this earthly ball.
Sweet little bird, he has no bed,
But when he sleeps he hides his head;
And thus he sleeps till morning light
Dispels the darkness of the night.
When morning comes, his head is drest,
His feathers smooth'd upon his breast;
Begins his daily task anew,
And hops and sings both good and true.
But better, happier far are they,
Who hop about from spray to spray,
"Uncaged and free," to build their nest
In tree or bush, as they like best.

Yours, GRANDPA.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.

CROSSING over to the west side of Broadway, on leaving the Park, I re-commenced my pilgrimage. The street was very different, in some respects, from what you would find it if you should go there now. Many of the old buildings have been taken down, and new ones erected in their places. Pausing at the corner of Park Place, for instance, which is the second street from the Astor House, I had a very pleasant and refreshing view of the grounds and buildings of Columbia College, which are now displaced by a bustling street, and tall, bare marble or stone stores. This College was founded somewhat more than a century ago, and here have been educated many of the great men who have adorned the history of our country. The site which, when first occupied, was quite out of town, has been, for more than a quarter of a century, a sort of oasis in a wilderness of brick and mortar. Commerce crowded so hard upon it, that it not only ceased to be a suitable place for quiet study, but became too valuable to be held for such a purpose. So the inexorable street went through; the College and the "College Green" disappeared, and Mammon piled up in their places his palaces of trade.

As I looked down upon the spot, of which I had often heard, I recalled some incidents connected with the early history of the College, which had interested me much, as I heard them from the lips of one who witnessed and took part in them. The time was a few years after the Revolution, and embraced the period of the formation of our present government, and the inauguration of General Washington as its first President.

The characters were Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Knox, Morris, Marshall, Jay, Hamilton, Burr, John Randolph, of Roanoke, and many others of the same circle. They seemed, as by magic, to come up and pass before me. I had, as it were, known them as they looked and acted and talked on this spot. Their mental photographs had been taken for me, by my friend, and I had them here before me. I talked with them, and sought to protract their visit. But the vision soon passed. The place, the people, the customs were so changed, they did not feel at home. They looked sorrowfully on the extravagance and luxury of the times, and seemed to feel that all their labors and sacrifices would, after all, prove fruitless of any permanent good.

Elsie. Why, Uncle, you must have fallen asleep in the street, to have had such a dream as that!

No, no, my dear child. Nothing so "quick as thought." All this and more passed through my mind in the twinkling of an eye, conjured up by the simple association of the "College Green," with the stories I had heard from my old Dutch friend. There are waking as well as sleeping dreams, you know, and visions of things never

seen or even visible. I *did* pause at the corner of the street. Very probably I put on a very grave face, as these thoughts came rushing upon me; but I kept my eyes open, and my mind busy, and was very soon on my way again up Broadway, and in very different company from that I had called around me at the corner.

Frank. Did you ever see any of the great men of your day-dream?

Of those whom I have mentioned, I have seen only one, and that the very one whom I should least care to see—Aaron Burr. He was a man to be despised for his character—for exalted talents prostituted to low and base ends—and to be feared and shunned for an influence as malignant as it was irresistible. He always appears to me, standing as he did in the midst of that constellation of great and good names, like another Lucifer among the morning stars. There have been many traitors, like Arnold, but few incarnate demons, like Burr. His example should be a beacon to warn all young men that the way of virtue is the only way to honor, and that the sure way to gain and keep the respect of others is, to respect themselves. This Burr never could have done. Born with the highest intellectual endowments, thrown into the society of the noblest and best race of men the world ever saw, with everything around and before him that could excite the loftiest ambition, he seems to have regarded himself as only the creature of passion—born to indulge, and not to aspire.

Frank. Did he not aspire to political honor and power?

Yes; and he might have attained it, if he had sought it openly and honorably. But, in that, as in everything else, he preferred the wrong to the right, the crooked to the straight.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Turn up the generous soil—
'Tis rich in hidden wealth,
And well repays your earnest toil,
With plenty, peace, and health.

Plough with a bold, strong hand—
Drive deep the glittering share;
No surface-scratching will command
Earth's treasures rich and rare.

Then, if you'd freely reap,
With bounteous freedom sow—
And, while you wake, and while you sleep,
The precious grain will grow.

COME UNTO ME.—Matt. xxviii.

Come unto me, ye that have wandered
Far from the fold of God;
Ye that your precious time have squandered,
Tread you the heavenly road
That leads to realms of glory bright,
Where cloudless day dispels the night.

Come unto me, ye heavy laden,
By sin and care opprest;
To every one! the youth, the maiden,
Come, to your souls find rest!
In heaven are many mansions fair
I have prepared, that you may share.

THE OSTRICH.

A TRAVELER in Africa says, no captive Ostrich exhibited in zoological garden or menagerie can give any just idea of the native bird. Reaching at times the height of eight or nine feet, it weighs from 200 to 300 pounds, and has strength enough to kill, with a blow of his foot, a panther, a jackal, or a hyena. The most incredible stories are told of its speed of foot. One traveler asserts that an Ostrich, with two men on its back, outstripped a fleet horse. It leaps over the plain in bounds of from twelve to fourteen feet, its claws hardly seeming to touch the ground. From man it invariably tries to escape, but its devices are not so stupid as some books on natural history would lead us to suppose. When a pair of ostriches with their young are attacked, the male Ostrich will separate himself from his family, and at a short distance pretend to be wounded and roll on the ground. The hunter runs toward him to secure him, but the cunning bird is up and off again in proper time—meanwhile the mother with her young have had a good start. The Ostrich is graminivorous when there is any verdure to be had—otherwise he will eat sticks and stones. The egg of an Ostrich is said to be equal to twenty-four hen's eggs, and the flavor is very superior.

Ostriches are very often killed by stratagem. A native covers a saddle or cushion with Ostrich feathers, and shoulders it. His legs he whitens, and in his hands he holds a head and neck of an Ostrich, through which a pliant stick has been thrust. Thus disguised, he trots out into the plain, picking up the grass with his sham head, and shaking his feathers, after the most approved Ostrich fashion. His new fellow-creatures stare, but after a while set him down for a real Ostrich, and continue their repast or gambols. Suddenly one of them tumbles down, struck by a poisoned arrow. The whole flock gallop off in a fright; but the most astonished of the party is the new-comer, who runs at double quick speed, and takes care to sidle up to the strongest males for protection. In this way, a man has been known to slay eight or ten fine birds in a day. It is a trick almost equal to that of some of the honest politicians of our day, who put on the cloak of friendship for some great measure, only to secure a favorable opportunity to smother it at last.

A TEMPERANCE MEETING.

HAVING received an invitation to attend the Anniversary of Green Point Division, No. 99, of the Sons of Temperance, Brooklyn, Robert Merry imagines it will interest and amuse many of his young readers, to know something of what was said and done there. It would occupy too much space to attempt even a sketch of the whole.

It was very gratifying to meet several of the young Merrys there, who might, if they were not too diffident, give their own account of the occasion. We do not mention this, because we suppose it is a new thing for a Merry to be a Son of Temperance. Members are admitted to the Order at fourteen years of age. We hope there is not one of our whole family who is not as tee-total a tee-totaler as our great ancestor in Eden.

This Division of the "Sons" has so far elevated the standard of Temperance as to admit the ladies into full fellowship, and thus secure their invaluable aid and influence to the good cause. They are all "Sons," according to the Constitution; but, if we are any judges of light and heat, these new comers are "Suns," while only some of the lords are stars.

The meeting was opened with singing and prayer. The chairman of the Toast Committee, Mr. J. N. Stearns, who is somewhat known to the Merry family, then read the toasts of the evening, which were handsomely responded to.

One of the prominent features of this Division is a weekly paper, called "The Star of Temperance," edited by Miss Ruth M. Kingsbury. The following toast called her out:

Our Ruth—with her guiding "Temperance Star,"
Shedding its brilliant beams afar,
Long as she smiles upon our field,
May it most bounteous gleanings yield;
For quite unlike her cousin of old,
She gathers to scatter—not to hold,
Patiently gleaning grain by grain,
To pay a hundred-fold again.

She accepted the challenge; but, instead of a speech, read her paper. The articles were various, spicy, and interesting, and were received with great applause. We have only room for the following, which had direct reference to the main business of the evening:

COLD WATER.

Cold water, pure, sparkling, and bright,
Cold water forever for me; [night,
Cold water *you*, too, must drink to-
Who have come to our apple spree.

For nothing else you will get to drink,
Of that most sure you may be;
No *wine*, no *brandy*, will we allow
At our red apple spree.

No *cider*, no *rum*, no *lager bier*,
Or any such stuff will you see;
But pure cold water, fresh from the pump,
We will have at our apple spree.

Drink as much as you will, good friends, and true,
For nothing it costs, you see,
And in these hard times it is best to have
An economical spree.

So a spree we will have, and a jolly one too,
And none the worse shall we be
To-morrow, for having joined to-night
In a real red apple spree.

THE APPLE BEE.

Come, let us gather round the barrel,
And have a right good time—
The head is out, and none will fare ill
Who relish what is prime.

Here are all sorts—sour, tart, and sweet,
Which Temperance, our provider,
Thinks quite as good as bread or meat,
And better far than cider.

Our wine is from the deep, deep cup,
Down near the heart of earth;
It never burns the spirit up,
And never poisons mirth.

Our spirits are from Nature's still,
From vintages of Eden,
Spirits of love and pure good-will,
Which mischiefs never breed in.

Come, then, come, one and all, and here
The Temperance question grapple,
And prove that we have right good cheer
Upon a simple apple.

A barrel of fine large red apples was now introduced, with a liberal supply of nuts and raisins, when Master Grenville Fales, one of the younger members, and one of the Merry family, by way of invitation to the feast, recited the following lines:

We have met here, to-night, as a Temperance band,
Pledged, heart unto heart, and hand unto hand,
In a high and holy cause;
We are bound to each other by cords of "*Love*,"
And pledged, by "*Purity*," ever to prove
Our "*Fidelity*" to our laws.

We are pledged to abstinence, total—tee-total,
Forever and aye, from decanter and bottle—
From all that excite or inflame;
Yet we claim, of the real, good genuine stuff,
To have always the right sort, and always enough,
For we go for the *thing*, not the name.

We are not so bigoted, please understand,
As to slight the good things Nature brings to our hand,
We live, sirs, by eating and drinking;
We go in for luxuries, too, and the best—
For the cream that is drawn from earth's bounteous breast,
Which is nectar, indeed, to our thinking.

But we go for the substance—no spirit withdrawn—
Take our wine in fresh grapes, and our whisky in corn—
And gin, if need be, in rye—
We repudiate extracts—we hold to the *staples;*
We take perry in pears, and cider in apples,
And nothing from still or sty.

Come, then, to our barrel—we have knocked in the head;
Our nuts and our raisins free gratis are spread,
And of genuine sorts, as you'll find;
Oh! come to our Order—enlist in our band,
Come, give to our pledges the cordial right hand,
Backed up by the heart and the mind.

While everybody was busy and talkative over the apples, Mr. Stearns read the following:

We have thrown down the apple
among you now, [allow,
Not the "apple of *dis*cord," as all will
But the apple of *ac*cord—though some
may say [way—
Not *a cord* of apples, by a good long
Nor of apples all *cored*, but a barrel
with heads
Full of *rich, ripe, rare, round, rosy reds.*
Well, be it so then, and we will claim
'Tis the apple of *con*cord, and prove
the same
By any *con-cord-ance* you'll fetch along;
A concord so genuine, so genial, so
strong,
It has *conquered* us all and converted
each one
To be either a *Sister*, or else a true Son.

Of the fun and the fare that followed, I need not say much. It filled up the evening, to the brim; and satisfied every one who was there, that wine is in no way necessary to make a toast go down, or to give life, spirit, and point to a social entertainment.

From the Regular Toasts I select a few, by way of showing up the variety and spice of the entertainment.

Our Sister Divisions of Brooklyn—
We give the right hand which, when
they grapple,
They will find within a ripe red apple—
Emblem of Union—sound to the core,
We're glad to see some here, and wish
there were more.

The Medical Profession—
No two crafts are more at war,
By every principle of law,
Than he who claims to be a *healer*,
With that of *fire* and *liquor dealer*.

Woman—
When woman had her way at first,
We must admit t'was for the worst,
But *now*, let woman have her way,
And it is better and better every day.

THE BEST LIQUOR.

IN the announcement of a great public meeting in the open air, *better liquor than usual* was promised. When the people were assembled, a rowdy cried out: "Where is that better liquor?" "There," replied the principal speaker, pointing to a bubbling spring, "there is the liquor which God brews for all his children. Not in the simmering still, over smoky fires, choked with poisonous gases, does our Father in heaven prepare the precious essence of life—pure, cold water; but in the green and grassy dell, where the red-deer wanders and the child loves to play, there God brews it; and down, down in the deepest valleys, where the fountains murmur and the rills sing; and high up the tall mountain-tops, where naked granite glitters in the sun, where the storm-cloud broods; and away, far out on the wild, wild sea—there He brews it, that beverage of life, health-giving water. And everywhere is it a thing of beauty—gleaming in the dew-drops, shining in the gem, till the trees all seem to turn to living jewels—spreading a golden veil over the sun, or a white gauze around the midnight moon—sporting in the cataracts, dancing in the hail-showers, folding its bright snow-curtain softly about the wintry world, and weaving the many-colored iris of the sky, whose roof is the sunbeam of heaven, all checkered over with the celestial flowers by the mystic hand of refraction. Still always it is beautiful—that blessed life-water. No poison bubbles on its brink; its taste breeds not madness and murder; no blood stains its limpid flow; pale widows and orphans weep not burning tears in its depth; and no drunkard's shrieking ghost from the grave curses it in words of eternal despair!"

A LITTLE TOO LATE.

"JUST ONE MINUTE."

AH! that is it—said Uncle Tom, with vehemence, as if he were almost angry—that is it. "Just one minute!" when on that one minute may hang the fate of a man, a family, or a nation. "Just one minute" has spoiled many a fortune, and lost many a life. There was my neighbor, old Job Shortly, who was always "just one minute" behind, in everything. He was always grumbling because his dinner was cold, but never heeded the ringing of the bell. He never found anything fit to eat at breakfast, because, by his own fault, he had only what others had left. He generally lost a day, and sometimes a week, on every letter he mailed, because he never reached the office till after the mail was closed.

The habit had grown up with him from his boyhood. It used to be said of him at school, that if, by any accident, he was present at the opening of the school, the teacher would immediately set his clock ahead, satisfied that the error was there, and not in Job.

This habit of being always behind time was frequently rather expensive to the poor man. He lost several good bargains by it. He often had his notes protested when he had money in pocket to pay them, because he was "just one minute" too late. He often had to wait fifteen minutes for the ferry-boat, or an hour for the car, because he was "just one minute" too late for the one or the other. One incident of this kind, which happened to him in middle life, if it had occurred in his youthful days, might have proved a sufficient lesson, and made a different man of him. By it he lost forever a very comfortable fortune.

An aged uncle, who had recently returned from South America, where he had resided many years, and accumulated a large fortune, sent for Job to meet him on a certain day in the city. He charged him to be very punctual, as he should leave at a certain hour, and not return for several weeks. Job expected great things

from his uncle, as he bore his name, and had received some valuable presents from him. He resolved, for once, to be ready early, and prepared to start before the time. The stage was as regular as the clock. It passed Job's house precisely at one o'clock every day. Job was in a slow fever all the morning—so slow, that he did nothing but wish it was one o'clock, while his patient wife made ready his valise and bags. At half-past twelve he sat down to dinner, which had been ready at twelve. At one o'clock, after he had been urged and entreated a dozen times to put on his hat, and be ready at the door, he was still deep in the mysteries of his last dish of pudding, ever and anon ejaculating, "Just one minute!" At length the stage dashed by. Job's wife screamed—Job's man screamed; but where was Job? He bustled up, seized his valise and his bags, his cane and his umbrella, and rushed out. He ran as fast as his lumpy limbs would allow—he screamed—he bellowed—he swore—he lost his hat; but all in vain. The stage-driver could not hear; and if he had heard, his rules were so rigid, and his time so exact, that he would not have dared to stop.

Poor Job! he went the next day to the city; but his uncle had left, so much vexed with this inveterate habit of delay, that he struck Job's name from his will, and left his entire estate to another, instead of giving half, as he had intended, to Job. The uncle died soon after—too soon to forget his vexation, or restore Job to his good-will.

Remember that, boys, and never allow yourselves to say, "Time enough yet," or, "Just one minute." If you must have the one minute, let it be one minute *before* the time, and never after.

JUNE.

'Tis a truth that earnest students,
With books and nature who commune,
Are in thought and feeling quickened
By the skies and breath of June.

While in boyhood, what could match it?
Schoolmates call so opportune;
"Come with me and range the forest—
Recreate, this day of June."

Sister-schoolmates, gathering posies,
Stop to hear the red-breast's tune,
And laugh at pretty squirrels running
Up the trees, in leafy June.

After-life, for prizes striving,
The student toils for lengthened
Spirit (so success) is wafted [rune—
To him by the breath of June.

Month of months—let's sing its praises!
Museum-readers, join the tune—
The freshest leaves, the brightest flowers,
All are thine, sweet month of June.

Laura Elmer.

THE VIOLET.

And such, methought, while bending to the stem, [gem;
Is modest virtue's pure and simple
No ostentatious wish to seek for praise,
But still retiring from the public gaze—
It spreads its sweet beneficence around,
And, by the fame it shuns, can but be found.

Sympathy.—A little girl, about four years old, standing at the window of her aunt's comfortable parlor, saw several beggar-girls passing along, with baskets on their heads, and their feet and legs bare, in the midst of the storm of rain and sleet. "Oh! poor little girls," she cried, "they have no hoops in their skirts."

SPRING FASHIONS FOR 1858---IN-DOORS AND OUT.

WE never look at the Magazine fashion plates, for we are not much of an entomologist; the *coup d'œil* of a white taffeta Darro—if we haven't posed some, even of our lady readers, with that new name for a mantilla, then there's nothing in a name, after all. We found it in "Godey" for March, where there are as many "views" of the bit of vanity as if it were the Cataract of Niagara.

Well, to take breath and begin again: the *coup d'œil* of a white taffeta Darro does not strike us yet like a *coup de soleil.* We do not take to embroidery; and a six-flounced rose-colored silk, with sleeves as full of "puffs" as a Graefenburg almanac, does not impress us as positively angelic.

And yet, despite all this lack of taste and ignorance of mantua-making, we are by no means indifferent to the fashions; not, perhaps, going into ecstasies over a new nothing of a hat, like a tulipomaniac over a Dutch bulb, but then enough of an enthusiast to devote this column to the SPRING FASHIONS FOR 1858—IN-DOORS AND OUT.

Blue velvet will be the favorite style for all hours, morning and evening, among the Violets. Green, though of an infinite variety of shades, will prevail among the Forests.

The Poplar, hitherto so distinguished for its suit of silver, intimates no intention of a change, and we may expect to see it glittering as ever among the more sober tintings of the woods.

Lilies, it is believed, will continue to wear plain white, and Sweet Williams to dress in red, while silk will be very much worn by the Corn, and unbleached linen, with blue trimmings, by the Flax—a very cool and becoming costume for summer days.

Evening Clouds will persist in their usual varied and somewhat capricious styles, wearing everything, from a white "all wool" to an inky black; but brocade, crimson and gold, will prevail, especially at the Court of the Sun; and attendants at his *matinees* will appear in delicate pink or pearl.

The Sparrow family can not be induced to lay off their sober brown. Robins will wear faded red waistcoats, as last year; and Ground Squirrels will dash about, one season more, in striped jackets. Goldfinches will affect yellow, like so many Austrians; the Wood Robin will come out in scarlet; plumes and blue will be the rage among the Jays—plumes and green among the Pines. The Blackbirds will wear their black uniforms and red epaulets as they did last year; and the Crow family are not yet out of mourning. We should not wonder if the Bantams came out in pantalettes; and everybody knows that the Martins are always out in black satin.

The Bobolinks will lay aside their

yellow winter suits for the motley summer wear they delight in; the Whippoorwill will continue in half mourning; and Sand-hill Cranes dance about in their heath-colored kilts, as bald-headed as ever.

Blue surtouts will prevail among the Pigeons, the Prairie Chickens will go a-courting in their buff-trimmed head-dresses, and the Snipes will doff their white "Marseilles."

Earth will come out like a wood-nymph this Spring, in a delicate green skirt, embroidered with flowers. In midsummer she will dress like a queen, in cloth of gold, richly wrought; and the Fall style will be gorgeous as a year of sunsets, varying with russet and dun and sober gray.

The Wheat Fields will be arrayed in drab corduroy, the Meadows will grow soberer in something like a brown, and the Clouds will go about in the garb of gray friars.

Finally, Earth will assume the robe of a white nun; and thus the vanities and fashions of the year will come to an end. But they will all be carefully laid away in the wardrobes and closets of Nature—some in cases russet and rude, where you would least expect to find them; some tied up in gray bundles; and some in the roughest trunks ever seen—trunks with the *bark* on.

We have said nothing about the jewelry; but there will be an abundance of that. Not so much, perhaps, in the summer, if we except the little pearls that June puts on in the morning; for Nature has an exquisite taste of her own, and knows that glittering brilliants are not becoming to the gay and parti-colored apparel of summer.

You never see any of *her* family blazing in red vests, like a baker's oven, or laden with as many chains, as if they had somehow escaped a gibbet. You never see *them* walking about with all Golconda upon their breasts, and a placer or two in their ears.

She waits until the rainbow days are over, and then, arrayed in pure white, with a snowdrop or two in her hair, she brings out her gems. Diamonds glitter in a bright morning, upon the meekest little trees in the world, that never wear, at other times, anything braver than green, or grander than cherry rubies. The fields exchange their faded gray for silver tissue, and the leafless twigs are set in silver, diamonds, and pearl.

In the great social masquerade, the domino of smiles will continue to be worn, as it affords complete protection against recognition. Æolian tones with daggers in them are not yet out of fashion, and scabbards highly ornamented with words gracefully conceal the sharpest of blades.

A very delicate style of gossip will be much in vogue—a gossamer fabric highly ornamented, and something like the ladies' bonnets, that can be worn both at home and abroad. Mrs. Osgood, a very sweet singer, who was sent for, one month of May, to sing in the choir above, and went, tells of a humming-bird that was killed in the cup of a flower, by the *report* of a gun in the sportsman's hand. There is a great deal worth thinking of in that fanciful conceit. If it is not true of humming-birds in flower-cups, it is eminently so of humanity in society.

The costume of Friendship will continue to be very plain—the real old English fabric—of durable material, no ornament, and fast colors—that will be associated in thought with all that is pleasant in the past, when not a shred of Fashion's broidered array remains to tell the story of her triumphs.—*Chicago Journal.*

THE HERONS AND THE HERRINGS.

A FABLE BY FRANCIS C. WOODWORTH.

A Heron once came—I can scarcely tell why—
To the court of his cousins, the fishes,
With dispatches so heavy he scarcely could fly,
And his bosom brimfull of good wishes.
He wished the poor Herrings no evil, he said,
Though there seemed to be cause for suspicion;
His government wished to convert them, instead;
And this was the end of his mission;
The Herrings replied, and were civil enough,
Though a little inclined to be witty:
"We know we are heathenish, savage, and rough,
And are greatly obliged for your pity;
"But your plan of conversion we beg to decline,
With all due respect for your nation;
No doubt it would tend to exalt and refine,
Yet we fear it would check respiration."
The Heron returned to his peers in disdain,
And told how their love was requited.
"Poor creatures!" they said, "shall we let them remain
So ignorant, blind, and benighted?"
Then soon on a crusade of love and good-will
The Herons in council decided;
And they sent their brave warriors, with fierce-looking bill,
To the beach where the Herrings resided.
So the tribe were soon converts from ocean to air,
Though liking not much the diversion,
And wishing, at least, they had time to prepare
For so novel a mode of conversion.
A person of sense will discover with ease
The point of the tale I've related—
A blockhead could not, let me say what I please—
Then why need my MORAL be stated?

GOETHE---HIS BIRTH-PLACE.

FRANKFORT is a very old city. It was founded by Charlemagne. It contains many quaint old buildings, where discoveries are often made of secret chambers and staircases, such as we read of in old novels as the favorite haunts of ghosts and assassins. It would no doubt please our young readers to examine some of these old buildings, and gaze at the time-honored temples of Frankfort. Goethe was born here. A magnificent statue of him, modeled by the sculptor Schavanthaler, at Munich, cast in bronze, was received with much ceremony, and erected in the open square designed for it. All the time that the men were at work upon it, it was covered with a veil. It was a great day when that noble statue was unveiled to the gazing multitude. The square was filled with people. The procession of citizens came with music and banners; a song for the occasion was sung by the choir, and resounded through the city. After a poetical address, four young men took their stand at the corners of the monument, the drums and trumpets flourished, the people shouted as with the voice of thunder, and the veil fell. The noble figure of Goethe seemed to rise out of the earth, like the chief of the genii of ancient fable. He is represented as leaning on the trunk of a tree, holding in his right hand a roll of parchment, and in his left a wreath. His name is cherished in Germany, as that of Shakspeare in England and America.

The greater part of the city of Frankfort is built in the old German style. The houses are six or seven stories high, each story projecting out over the one below it, so that those living in the upper part can almost shake hands out of their windows. At the corners, figures of men are often seen, holding up the story above on their shoulders, and making horrible faces at the weight by which they seem about to be crushed. The country-women, in their jackets and short gowns, go about with great loads on their heads, sometimes as high as themselves. On both sides the street sit the market-women, with their baskets of vegetables and fruit. They are there from sunrise to sunset, day after day, for years, examples of German patience and German frugality.

THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

AT the close of a lecture on physiology, the lecturer remarked that any one was at liberty to ask questions. A young lady proposed the following:

"If one hen lays an egg, and another sets on it and hatches out a chicken, which hen is the mother of the chicken?"

The lecturer said, "I will answer you in Yankee style, by asking you a question. If a little, pretty, white, genteel, native pullet sets on an egg of Oriental extraction, and hatches a great, homely, long-legged, splinter-shanked, slab-sided, awkward-gaited Shanghae, would you, if you were that little white pullet, own the great, homely monster?"

"*No*," said the young lady, "*I wouldnt!*"

"Very well," said the lecturer, "that settles the question, for it is a principle in physiology, that all hens think and act alike, in all essential particulars."

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

HERE we are, in "the leafy month of June"—the flowery month, the bird-singing month—the month of early fruits, and of all sweet, fresh, balmy influences, the first of the summer and the very heart of the year. And here, too, in our little snug parlor, we sit down, not only to the luxuries of the year, but to a table of talk; a feast of reason and love. Our Southern cousins have the start in the matter of strawberries and green peas; but our Northern cousins are good for ice-cream and lemonade. If Virginia boasts of her oysters, and Texas of her venison, Ohio may brag on her hams, and Maine on her salmon. And so we will all put in a share to make up the general festival. But—but—our cook says we are getting extravagant on spices. We season our dishes too highly—we are too fond of the *sauce piquante*, and—do you hear, Nip, Bess, Willie, Dodt, and all the rest—the Doctor recommends a plainer and more substantial diet. As this is the season for Pic-nics, let us see if we can not improve in this respect, and lay out a table of all that is fresh, sweet, natural, and wholesome, from which we shall get strength as well as pleasure, and which we shall relish in remembrance, as well as in participation. Let us drop personalities, and go in for a Chat that shall be genial, social, cousinly, cordial—witty without sharpness, and wise without dullness.

April 13, 1858.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:—I have been building air-castles all winter, since I first read "An Evening with the Buried Cities," printed so conspicuously on the cover of our magazine. I have been indulging in all sorts of dreams about it, and have even been insane enough to imagine that some charitable wind might possibly blow Uncle Frank this way on his Western tour. Since I have found that there isn't a loop-hole left on which to hang my anticipations, I have philosophized a little; have concluded that what must be, must be, and it's of no use for me to scold, therefore I tender Uncle Frank my warmest sympathy in his illness (if he has not yet recovered), and remain, disappointedly, CLIO.

Uncle Frank is, happily, at home, and somewhat improved in health. Let him have not the sympathy only, but the prayers of those he has loved and served so well. It is a great comfort to know that he has a warm place in so many kind hearts.

MAPLE GROVE, *April*.

DEAR MERRYS ALL:—I have just returned from a visit to the country, and find my monthly guest has arrived before me. I welcome it gladly, and in looking hastily over its contents find that while merely begging permission to occasionally make one in your merry gatherings, I have been elevated to a seat by Aunt Sue. It is an unthought-of honor on my part. I hope that my head may not be *turned* by it. May I bear the honors blushingly! and may future acquaintance prove me worthy to sit under the shadow of Aunt Sue's wing! I would join with the many pens and voices that are speaking now, to assure Uncle Frank of my unbounded sympathy, and my hope that he will soon be able to rejoin the "loved ones at home." I remain, as ever, COUSIN KATE.

Thank you, Kate, for your sympathy, and may you always have the same from every heart around you.

E. W. HILL, *March*, 1858.

How *do* you do, good friends? Shake hands—delighted to see you! It seems a long time since I have seen you, although no one appears to have missed me. Now, dear, kind Uncles! I will tell you what I am doing. Not studying. I am enjoying—or trying to—that most delightful of all delightful things—a vacation. But, *entre nous*—when all the family are away, and academicians, theologians, inhabitants, and all, have flocked off to the four winds, I am forced to exclaim, with a realizing sense of truth, "Oh, solitude! where are thy charms?"

And then I like study. Old Homer and I (I trust I am not disrespectful) are excellent friends.

I am full of joy to have the cold weather gone, and even now I can see the grass just *beginning*—or is it imagination?—to take a delicate hue of green. And the air is *so* soft, and the sunlight *so* golden, and everything *so* beautiful, that in my universal benevolence I wish all the Merry family were in the country to enjoy it.

If I may presume to express my opinion frankly, it strikes me as *rather* inconsistent that, while Mr. Coleman so valiantly defends his beloved Hartford, he yet finds it so unendurable that he can not remain there more than "one month out of the twelve." May I be enlightened?

But there are all the Uncles looking sharp at me. Oh, I remember! "Short and sweet." That is a "poor rule," for it certainly does not "work both ways." However, I am resigned—to annihilation—only please deliver my messages.

Affectionately your niece,
BLUE-EYED MINNIE.

Thanks, Minnie, not only for your letter, but still more for coming yourself to bring it.

LINDEN DALE, *March* 25, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE:—One of the greatest treasures I have in the world is a complete set of MERRY'S MUSEUM—now seventeen volumes—for I have just received the volume for 1857. The later volumes I love very much, for I remember how much they pleased me as they came along every month. But the older ones are a peculiar treasure. Some of them were published before I was born, and are full of what our venerable old Uncle, Peter Parley, used to do and say. God bless him! and all of you! I wish all the 20,000 cousins had this whole set. How they would value it! Please give my love to them all. I hope they won't envy me. When any of them come to see me they shall have the freedom of my library. Love to all of them, not forgetting Aunt Sue.

Your affectionate niece,
LUCY L. M.

You are not "alone in your glory," Lucy. Quite a number of the cousins are as rich as you, and the number is increasing. Besides, many of the school libraries in New York, Michigan, and other States, have full sets, which those who can not afford to buy for themselves may use freely; and we are very happy to know that they are very highly valued. This hearty commendation of our work is a great encouragement to us to make yet more and higher efforts to improve.

SOUTH BOSTON, *March* 1, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—This is the first time I have ever ventured to write to you. Perhaps you will think me presumptuous; but I hope not. This is the first year I have taken the "MUSEUM," but I like it very much. I like the "Chat" and the "Questions" very well, and hope you will admit me to the former. I wish you would have more illustrated rebuses. We have at our home a little paper published, called the "Home Casket." It is now to be published monthly, for it has heretofore been weekly. We have one column of "Guess-work," which affords us a great deal of pleasure in finding out the different queries. But I must now bid you good-bye. Love to all. Yours truly,
OLIVER ONLEY.

There you are, Oliver, as large as life. But, pray, are you the *only* "Oliver" in South Boston, or are you "Oliver"—only, without a surname.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, *April* 15, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE HI.:—Thanks to Mrs. Black-Eyes' introduction. I am in, and there is no backing out. Well, you seem to have quite a room full. How *do* you manage to get so many in at once? If all are as hard to keep in order as Mrs. Black-Eyes, you must have a hard time of it. You wish *me* to keep her in order? Why not bid me make "the wild waves their lawless rage restrain." I want to ask you one more question, and then I will make my *exit*. Where *did* "Fleta Forrester" get such "awful big" words? Out of "Old Yale?" The words are *unabridged*, therefore they must have "comed out" of an unabridged dictionary; they "never wasn't" original. Here I go. Good-bye. MARIA.

Rather personal, Maria, for a newcomer. I am afraid I shall have to set Mrs. Black-Eyes to look after you.

H. H.

CURIOSITIES FROM "IKE."

A farthing splinter from the Penny Post.
A key for the fet-lock of a horse.
A birth-day gift for the mother of pearl.
A curb for a bit of bread.
A bone from the elbow of a stove-pipe.
A cap for a head of cabbage.
A whetstone for the shoulder-blade.
A suit of clothes for a body of divinity.
A new string for the city *beau* (bow).
Pantaloons for the legs of a triangle.
A fragment from the tablet of fame.

FROM "BUNKER HILL."

A fragment of the curtain of night.
A feather from the wings of the wind.
The mane of a clothes' horse.
The shell of a "hard nut."
A piece of the root of all evil.

SELMA, ALA., *April* 13, 1858.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNTS, AND ALL MY COUSINS:—I have wished for a word in your merry Chat for some time, but had not paid my dollar, so I had no business there. Last night it came (it was earned at Christmas), so Eddie is himself again.

Will Uncle Merry kindly introduce me to the new Uncle Frank, and all the cousins he brought with him?

We are to have several ice-cream and strawberry suppers to assist in building churches, etc. How I wish you all could be here the last of this month and first of next, to attend them. Surely, then, there would be a *frank* and *merry* time in our beautiful city. But I hear your "Short, shorter," so good-bye.

EDDIE.

We have the flavor of those strawberries now in our palate, Eddie, and thank you for your invitation to the feast. When we passed Selma, about eight years ago, on our way to New Orleans, we were up late to some friends landed there. So, you see, we know just where you are, and how you look, and feel quite at home at your feast.

PORT ROWAN, CANADA WEST, *April* 20, 1858.

HIRAM HATCHET:—Do you think a subject of Queen Victoria would be admitted into the circle? I have been a constant reader of the MUSEUM ever since I can remember, which is six or seven years. You have so many hatchets, carving-knives, daggers, and other deadly weapons, should they all be turned against me, I should be annihilated. Trusting you will not be in a bellicose humor, I make my bow and ask admittance; and if kindly received you may hear from me again. JOHN KILLMASTER, Canada.

We have never yet been in so "bellicose a humor" as to incline to "kill master." But we have now a decided inclination to "John," who, it seems, is not only "bellicose" (Killmaster), but "Bullicose"—a genuine John Bull.

SAN JOSE, *March* 17, 1858.

MY DEAREST UNCLE FRANK:—I suppose when this scrawl, "in the course of human events," comes to light, you will look perplexed, and wonder who this Californian is who actually calls you "dear," although she does not even take your little Magazine. Well, if I do not, I *see* and *read* every number of it; and some day you and your happy troup will be introduced to one who, for the love of her own golden State, takes the name of CALIFORNIA.

MIDDLETOWN, *April* 13, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—The coldness of "Tennessean" has made me rather chilly, but "Fleta F." brings back the pleasant warmth, as she "dishes him up clean."

I have to speak against "old maids" entering the circle, unless they behave themselves as we young ones do. Tell "Bess" to come to my *cornèr* of the *circle*, if she can find any. So I'll "make tracks." Lovingly, JUSTITIA.

NEW YORK, *April* 12, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE:—I write, hoping that you will receive me as one of your nephews. If so, please give my love to all the cousins, uncles, and to Aunt Sue.

W. F. WEST.

DUBUQUE, *April* 5, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE:—I received your Magazine to-day. I am much interested in the story of Pukkwana, because that little boy was about my age. I think I saw something in your Magazine, two or three years ago, about Shanghaes, which I thought a slander, and have long been wanting to say something in their favor. I have a large rooster. While the hen is

laying he stands by the nest, and when she comes off he cackles, to save her the trouble of doing it. When I set a hen, he brings her something to eat; and when the chickens are hatched, he takes care of them and broods them, so that in a week or two the hen goes to laying again. I think Fanny Fern would say he was a model husband and father. I have a hen that always lays an egg with two yolks.

I hope you will come some day and see my chickens and our beautiful city.

Your affectionate nephew,
WILLIE PHELPS.

A model husband, indeed, Willie. We will certainly come and see him and you, if we can get so near to sun-set.

We are indebted to Hon. Gideon J. Tucker, Secretary of State of New York, for a copy of the Census of the State. In looking over its ocean of figures, we find some things which we think may be useful and interesting to our young friends of the MUSEUM. Among other things, it appears that, in 1855, when this census was taken, there were in the State 11,137 school-houses, the building of which cost $5,310,446. The number of children in the State between the ages of 5 and 15 is 778,648. How many of these attend the schools we are not informed; but allowing an average of 61 to each school, there is room for every one of them. It may safely be said, therefore, that the means of education are provided for every child in the State, and that they who remain in ignorance do it from choice or indifference, and not from necessity.

We are quite sure that a large number of the Merry family are in these schools, because so many of the libraries are supplied with the entire set of the MUSEUM, which are used so much, as we hear from various quarters, that it becomes necessary to renew them very often. In reply to a question from H. C. B., we take this opportunity to say, that the MUSEUM set consists now of 17 volumes, of 384 pages each, illustrated with more than 2,000 engravings, and containing the larger part of the best writings of Peter Parley, who was for many years its editor. These are substantially bound in sheep, and are sold at $1 a volume.

Will any one explain the meaning of the following? We have made inquiries for the "Ghost," but can not learn anything of her. Uncle Hiram suspects that somebody in New Orleans thinks him a *fool*, and cordially reciprocates the sentiment.

M. T.

SHIPPED, in good order and well-conditioned, by Giles Scroggins, on board the ship called the Ghost, whereof Sexton is Master, now lying in the Port of New Orleans, and bound for Halifax, to say:

1 California Bathing Tub,
96 Baby Cradles with Patent Rockers,
1 Bottle of Pickled Elephants,
1 Case of Chum Chums.

Being marked and numbered as in margin; and are to be delivered in like good order and condition at the Port of New York (the dangers of the navigation and fire only excepted) unto Hiram Hatchet, or to his Assigns, he or they paying freight for the said $20 per pound, with as much primage and average accustomed as you can get.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, the master and clerk of the said ship hath affirmed to 88 Bills of Lading, all of this tenor and date; one of which being accomplished, the other to stand void.

Dated in New Orleans, the 1st day of April, 1858. JOE SKIPPER.

We had about twenty more letters, including those from "Bess," "W. H. C.," "Tema," "A. Older," "$\frac{2}{3}\frac{1}{0}\frac{1}{0}\frac{1}{3}\frac{1}{0}$," and others—all ready to go to the printer—when, to our surprise and joy, Uncle Frank's Table-Talk came in. We feared he was too sick to attempt such a thing, and fear now he may not have done right to himself in doing it. But we are sure the whole family will be glad to sit still, for the sake of hearing once more the loved familiar voice of Uncle Frank.

UNCLE FRANK'S MONTHLY TABLE-TALK.

SICKNESS AND CONVALESCENCE.

Three months have passed since I have had the pleasure of an old-fashioned chat with my much-loved nephews and nieces. I wonder if many of you have missed me, and wished me back again. I hope so. You don't know how sad it would make me, if, somehow or other, I should stumble upon the discovery that, after all, I had not secured a very permanent place in your hearts, and that you could let me leave with about as little regret as the New York landlord feels on the first of May, when one of his tenants walks out and another walks in. Be this as it may, however, I have often thought of you during this long interval of silence—the longest that has ever occurred, with the exception of seven months spent in Europe, during thirteen years. I have often thought of you; and the reason why I have not shown my face in your happy party is, not because I did not choose to be with you, but because I could not come. I have been ill—very ill. Uncle Hiram—bless his kind heart!—told you something of my sickness in the April number, and how sorry it made him feel. I had made up my mind not to tell you anything about this long confinement in a sick room; for I would rather conduct my little friends into sunshine than through clouds, when I can do the one thing as well as the other. But my good brother has said enough to excite your fears, and I will not allow myself to doubt that you would like to hear a little more on the subject.

I left New York for Detroit just on the eve of the last Christmas holidays. My health was not remarkably good; but I hoped that change of place and traveling, of which I am very fond, would be of service to me. As I did not wish to be idle while absent from home—

"For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do"—

to say nothing of my instinctive dislike of a life of systematic indolence—I determined to couple my health-hunting with lecturing. So I prepared a lecture on "Vesuvius and the Buried Cities," and had seven large paintings executed to illustrate different scenes connected with the volcano, Herculaneum, and Pompeii. I delivered this lecture several times in Michigan, and had every reason to be satisfied with the manner in which it was received. But I took a severe cold, which soon nestled down in my lungs—one of Uncle Frank's weak spots—as if it was at home there, and I soon found myself a helpless invalid. Three weeks I was under the care of a physician in Chicago. As soon as I was able to bear the fatigue of the journey, and a little sooner, as it appeared afterwards, I set out for home. I reached Buffalo near the close of February. The next day after my arrival there I had a severe attack of bleeding at the lungs, which was repeated several times within three weeks. Then my strength gave way entirely, and I became as helpless as an infant. For nearly two months I was for the most part shut up in a sick room, attended by a skillful physician, and nursed by one of the most devoted and self-sacrificing of sisters, who had, like an angel of mercy, come to my relief as soon as possible after the tidings of my critical condition reached her. On the 14th of April I resumed my journey eastward and homeward, in company with my sister, stopping to rest at Syracuse and Albany. On the 17th we reached "Woodside," my country home on the Hudson, where warm hearts were ready to welcome us. The dear little birds had just arrived from their winter pilgrimage; and it seemed to me that they, too, chirped a cordial greeting. I don't know that the song of the robin and the bluebird ever sounded so sweet to me before. My health has gradually improved since my arrival, and I am now able to write a

little—my physician says it must be a *very* little, at present.

I must not forget to tell you how kind my heavenly Father has been to me throughout my illness. Though hundreds of miles away from home, I have not been allowed to feel the want of home conveniences and comforts. Both at Chicago and Buffalo I was surrounded by the truest and best of friends. In the latter place, I was in a family whose friendship I have enjoyed for many years, and who, while I was a sufferer under their roof, exhibited a degree of kindness and tenderness toward me which could not have been excelled were I their own brother. Other friends, too, vied with each other in kind offices. Scarcely a day passed that some nice thing, prepared expressly for an invalid's palate, or a bouquet of flowers, or some other little memorial of friendship, was not dispatched to my sick chamber. One lady sent me a family of beautiful pink daisies in full bloom. I named the plant my "*Picciola*," after the flower which the Count de Charney fell so deeply in love with, and which was such a comfort to him in his prison. I brought it home with me; and while I am writing it is standing on the table before me, nodding the most graceful of nods, and smiling the most loving of smiles. The Lord be praised for my friends! This world, in my estimation, would lose many of its attractions, if they should ever desert me.

UP THE HUDSON.

Reader, did you know that the Hudson is the most beautiful river on the face of the earth? It is my honest conviction that such is the fact. True, I have not seen all the rivers in the world; but I have seen the Rhine, which every traveler so much bepraises, and so far as picturesque beauty is concerned, I must certainly give our noble Hudson the preference. Nowhere on the Rhine is the scenery so startling for its boldness, or so charming for its quiet loveliness, as can be found between Tarrytown Bay on the south and the Highlands on the north. Besides, the beauties of the Rhine are by no means remarkable, except for a short distance, while those of the Hudson extend more than a hundred miles. All our river wants—which its transatlantic cousin possesses—are the old and crumbling castles which deservedly render the Rhine so famous; but these attractions, in my estimation, are more than counterbalanced by what nature has done for the shores of the Hudson. I am prompted to say all this, which will sound a little enthusiastic to some ears, from having just made a trip up the Hudson by water, all the way from New York to Albany. It is the habit of most people who have occasion to travel over this route on business, to avail themselves of the cars or of the night boats. But no one traveling between New York and Albany, for pleasure or health, should fail to make the entire trip by daylight, and in a steamer. Very little—almost nothing—of the beauties of the Hudson can be enjoyed by rushing along its banks in a railroad train at the rate of thirty miles an hour. The *Armenia*, a beautiful boat, every way adapted for the convenience and comfort of travelers, is now running on this route, and makes the trip in some eight or nine hours, stopping at several prominent places I hope my friends who are disposed to be skeptical as to my estimate of the charming scenery of the Hudson River will make an excursion in this pleasant steamer, and judge for themselves. That trip would do more toward convincing them, I fancy, than a dozen essays of mine.

TEAL LAKE AND BEAVERS' DAMS.

Those of you—and I flatter myself the number comprises very nearly the whole of my army of nephews and nieces—who read my story about the Lake Superior beavers, a month or two ago, will recollect that these ingenious architects made their dams across the outlet of a beautiful little lake, reposing like a gem upon the brow of the mountain, almost a thou-

sand feet above the level of Lake Superior. On the margin of this charming little sheet of water, deeply embosomed in the forest, is the summer residence of my friend, Mr. James L. Reynolds, with whose family I spent a week or more very pleasantly. Now, the name of this fairy lake our stereotyper, in the article alluded to, persistently called *Seal*, whereas it ought to be *Teal*, the name of a species of duck, formerly abounding in this region.

[——Here the Printer, in self-defense, produced his "copy," and defied me to say whether the T was more like T, S, or L. I give it up, and hope, when Uncle Frank makes T(ea) again, he will use the genuine article.—H. H.]

Answers to Questions in April No.

46. Because they have fore (4) masts.

47. Berlin—always on a Spree.

48. One sews what she gathers, the other gathers what he sows.

49. Who foreknows his fate?

50. He is always going to see.

51. M.D.=1500.

52. 1. Promenade. 2. Profligates. 3. Cordials. 4. Perforate. 5. Magistrate. 6. Contrivances.

53. It is always in bed.

54. It is always in earnest.

55. It is a source of internal transport.
N. B.—Substitute *canal* for candle, and you will understand the answer. (Printer's mistake)

56. For *divers* reasons.

57. For *sun-dry* reasons.

58. It is difficult to be pared (paired).
N. B.—For "without" read "withered." (Printer's mistake.)

59. It is in divisible.

60. V-iv-i-d.

61. Gin.

ANSWERS RECEIVED FROM:

Geo. B. T.—Ella—Geo. B. Higbee—L. N.—Sallie—Adelbert Older—Mendon Boy—C. M. Gibbs—Adrian—Bess—Susie—C. W.—Pop.—S. T. L.—Marie Burnham—Ex-r—Notas—Oliver Onley.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

79. What is more destructive than an active worm? *Ike.*

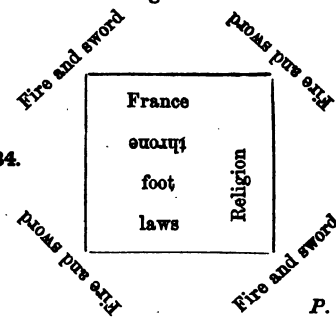
80. How can a ship's company always have fresh eggs? *N. D. W.*

81. Why is a hen on a perch, or a fence, like a cent? *N. D. W.*

82. What resemblance, or difference, between a cat and a document? *N. D. W.*

83. Be
Man meddling wife? *P. B.*

84.



P. B.

85. My first we oft lend to each other,
To borrow it would be very droll;
My next near my first you often discover;
In my first you'll perhaps find my whole. *Freehold.*

86. When may a man be said to steal from his wife? *Bess.*

87. Cnt an animal's head off, if you will,
A part of it will be left you still. *Mattie Bell.*

88. What English word will make you sick, if you take away one letter? *Lizzie M. S.*

89. Made up of two every-day tools,
One for the garden, and one for the wood,
I play upon credulous fools,
Not always for harm, but never for good. *Ike.*

90. Take 2 from 1000, and leave but 5. *Adelbert Older.*

91. Why is a naughty boy like a postage stamp? *Carrie.*

92. Where did Moses go when he was full sixteen years old? *F. V. B.*

93. What is the derivation of the word "candidate?" *Cousin N.*

THE RAPIDS.

THE SURPRISE.

I CONSIDERED it very fortunate that, after a long absence, I should reach home, on my mother's birthday, intending to surprise her by an unexpected arrival. I left the stage at a corner, a few miles distant from our village, and struck into a wood-path, which would lead me along the bank of the river, and bring me up at the rear of the house, some time before the stage, in its long winding course through the village, and its many pauses, to deliver other passengers, could arrive there. It was a beautiful quiet morning in June. The groves were full of birds, and alive with song. The fields were gorgeous with flowers and redolent with the incense of the morning. And there was a certain home feeling in the atmosphere, that made it a very cordial to breathe it.

My course led me along the bank of the river, to the Rapids, in which, from my boyish days, I had always taken great delight. Often have I amused myself for hours in clambering over the rocks, breasting the torrents, or scudding with it, on some slightly framed raft, into the still water below. All these scenes of pleasure and of danger, with the names and persons of all who had shared in them, came vividly up before me, as I stood awhile gazing at the flashing waters, and listening to the impetuous music of their dance. It was the same scene on which I had gazed a thousand

times before. There were the tall elms overhanging the stream, at the great "West Bend." There was the distant landscape, on the other side, with its maple groves, its scores of lovely villages, and thriving farms; its rich undulations of surface, and its beautiful horizon of mountains, over which the sun used to rise late, and to which distance lent a never-failing enchantment. There, too, were the cows—the same identical, fat, lazy, comfortable, good-natured cows—with their feet in the water, quietly chewing the same old cud, and making demonstrations with their tails at the same old flies, as when I was young. I knew them well as it seemed, and could have embraced them, but they did not know, or care for, me. So I hurried on.

Turning up into the thick wood, I soon heard voices, merry voices, with snatches of music and shouting. What! thought I, the old woods are haunted, and I shall not get home unobserved. I walked more cautiously, and listened for the direction of the sound. I soon perceived that there was quite a party of young folks, engaged in some very lively business in "the opening," as it was called—a sort of bay, niched into the side of the forest, where the wood-road entered it. I listened. Familiar voices greeted my ear, and dear, familiar names were repeated, with song, and jest, and mirth, and a curious medley of advice, direction, and banter. I understood it all. The whole tribe had turned out, to celebrate my mother's birthday, in the gray old woods, under whose shadow she was born, and beneath which she had lived to see a large family of descendants gathered in peace and harmony. And so I should give them a double surprise. But to whom should I first present myself? To my dear mother, if possible, I said to myself, using every caution to avoid discovery by any of the younger ones, who were sky-larking about in all di-

THE PREPARATION.

rections, and liable to come upon me at any moment.

I thought I could easily discover where my mother would be likely to be found—her favorite seat, overlooking, through a narrow opening in the trees, a long vista of the river valley, and a beautiful reach of western sunset scenery. She loved the spot for its natural beauty; but more because it was there she first saw my father, in the morning of their early love.

MY MOTHER'S ARBOR.

Cautiously approaching "the opening," I paused awhile to see and hear what was going on there. How all my boyish days came thronging back upon me, as I looked. The same scene of preparation and merriment, in which I had so often taken part, was being enacted before me. I could almost imagine myself there, and my old companions all about me. I longed to shout some familiar name. But I dared not break the spell of silence so soon. There was the tripod over the fire, and the old kettle suspended in the smoke. There was Annie, or Julia, or Kate, superintending the work—the young beaux rushing hither and thither, pretending to help, but always in the way. There were the little ones, whom I had never seen; the angels fresh from their pure home, prattling, singing, and shedding showers of sunbeams wherever they smiled. There was the old white horse, turned out to find his holiday among the clover, and now, already satisfied, looking on to see the fun. And there, the old cart, which had brought up the loaded baskets, and the cooking utensils, standing like a deserted store by the way-side for a new occupant to come in.

"Almost ready," was the shout, and I felt that I must hurry on, to introduce myself to the host, before the feast was spread. Turning off through a narrow path, completely concealed from view by a thick undergrowth, I came upon my "Mother's Bower." And there, on her favorite seat, she sat, my eldest sister by her side. In the distance, some of the grandchildren were playing, and on all sides, figures of various sizes and hues were seen flitting among the trees like fairies. I approached softly from behind, and

AFRICAN TRIBES AND CUSTOMS.

THERE are in Africa a great number of independent tribes and nations. Some of them are very low in the scale of civilization, while many of them would compare favorably with most of the pagan tribes in other parts of the word.

The Damaras, in the south-western part of the continent, are, generally speaking, an exceedingly fine race of men. Many of them are six feet, and upward, in height, and well-proportioned. Their features are regular and good. Some of them might serve as perfect models of the human figure. The expression of their countenances is intelligent and pleasing, and their carriage and motions graceful and easy. They are not, however, as strong and athletic as their proportions would seem to indicate. This is owing chiefly to their mode of life, and indolent habits. They wear but little clothing, and that of the rudest kind.

JONKER AFRICANER was a fine specimen of physical development. To show him off in good style, he was presented with a suit of regimentals, and some amusement was anticipated in witnessing his awkward movements on first putting them on. He appeared, however, as perfectly easy and self-possessed, and moved about or sat down with as much dignity and grace, as if he had been trained at a military academy. The plumed cap he held in his hand, while sitting, but wore it with the air of a commander when standing or walking.

JONKER AFRICANER.

The women, who are delicately formed, and well-proportioned, and very fond of ornament, arrange what covering they have, more with reference to that, than to utility or decency. Their complexion is not entirely black. The men are perfectly indifferent to ornament for themselves, and lavish all they can procure on their wives and daughters. The weapons of the Damaras are the

DAMARAS, MALE AND FEMALE.

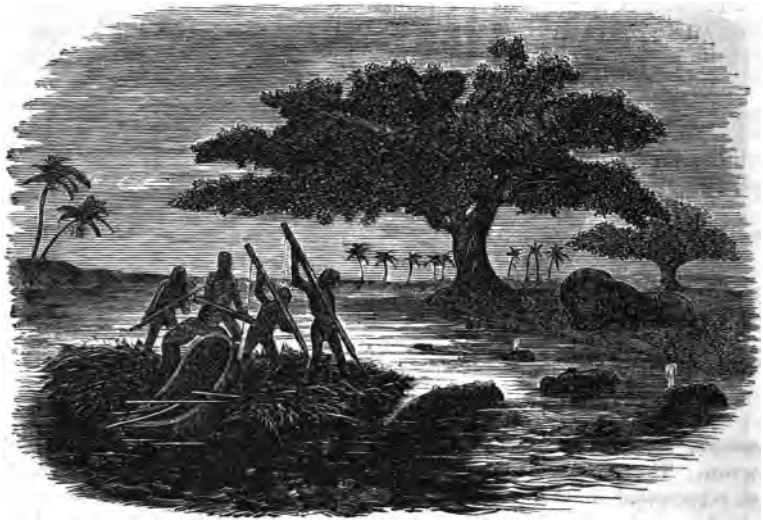
assegai, the kierie, and the bow and arrow. The assegai, a sort of javelin, as represented in the cut, is a long wooden shaft, with a broad blade-like head, which is usually kept highly polished. The kierie, a smooth round stick, about two feet long, tapering to a point, is their favorite weapon. They

use it with great dexterity, rarely missing a partridge, or a guinea-fowl on the wing.

The houses of some tribes in Africa are very curiously constructed. They are, like those of the Damaras, dome-shaped. The following description we had, a few evenings since, from a friend, who has visited that country, and seen the houses in the course of construction. They use no instrument but their hands. They first pile up a large mound of sand, scooping it with their hands, and raising it as high as they can reach or throw the sand. When this mound is large enough and in the right form, they cover it with a kind of clay, which they also prepare with their hands, laying it on from four to six inches thick, and smoothing it down with great care. A small opening is then made in the clay, on the south side of the mound. It is then left a little while, to dry in the sun. As soon as it is firm enough to sustain its own weight, all the sand is scooped out clean. The place is then filled with light brush-wood, large quantities of which are also piled on and around the outside. This being ignited, creates an intense heat both inside and outside, and literally bakes the house into one perfect semi-spherical brick. It has no light except through the door, which is so low, that entrance can only be made by going on all fours. These houses are seldom used except for protection in the rainy season, the people preferring, at other times, to sleep in the open air.

The rivers of Africa abound in hippopotami, or river-horses. To those of the people who cultivate their fields they are a great annoyance, as they are very voracious and destructive. The flesh of the young is very good for food, but the old ones are too fat and gross.

The natives hunt and kill them with a sort of harpoon. It has a flat, oval-shaped iron head, very sharp on the edges. A long cord is attached to



SPEARING HIPPOPOTAMI.

the harpoon, with a thick piece of light wood or buoy at the other end. If the harpoon is well thrown, it buries itself deep in the flesh. The animal plunges furiously in his pain; and if out of the water, the huntsman is in danger of being crushed to death at once. When he has spent some of his strength in plunging and raving, the huntsman ventures to find the buoy, and pull upon the rope, putting the monster in a great rage with the pain, and drawing him near to the boat, or to the bank of the river. As soon as he comes within reach, they pierce him with several more harpoons, and finally worry him to death; or if they get near enough to drive one into his head, they kill him instantly.

NEVER BE HAUGHTY.

A HUMMING-BIRD met a butterfly, and, being pleased with the beauty of its person and glory of its wings, made an offer of perpetual friendship. "I can not think of it," was the reply, "as you once spurned me, and called me a drawling dolt." "Impossible," exclaimed the humming-bird; "I always entertained the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you." "Perhaps you do now," said the other, "but when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So let me give you a piece of advice—never insult the humble, as they may some day become your superiors."

If you wish to be always thirsty, be a drunkard; for the oftener and more you drink, the more thirsty you will be.

FREDDY AT WORK.

WORK AND PLAY.

With mamma for a teacher,
'Tis easy to learn;
Her eye gives her boy courage,
As hard pages turn.

She says, "Now, my dear Freddy,
Learn every word right;
If you're patient, the hard spots
Will vanish from sight.

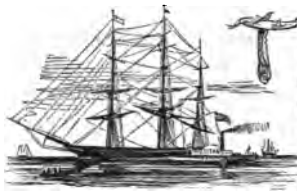
"When this task is well finished,
Your *work* will be done;
Then the time comes for playing,
Says every one.

"Your fleet rock-horse is waiting,
And baby shall see."
Freddy learned well his lessons,
And rides full of glee.

LAURA ELMER.

FREDDY AT PLAY

THE SAILOR BOY.



WAS remarkably strange to see little George Wilmer so very intently gazing at his tiny boat, which he had for weeks been *whittling* out, that he did not see that his handsome cousin Frank had come to his side, till he laid his hand upon his shoulder. Then George looked up, his chin still resting upon his hand, for he had been thinking of many things about the sea, and ships, and storms, and courage. He had heard much from his uncle Stilson, Frank's father, who was commander of an East India trader. Captain Stilson had an enthusiastic love of the sea; by that I mean that in his heart he really delighted in the glorious sea. He had made many successful voyages, and knowing his own skill, when he had a vessel which he could trust, he was perfectly fearless and self-possessed, in the most violent storms. He had often kept the two boys breathless, as they listened to his stories of voyages, both safe and dangerous. Frank liked to listen, but never had a thought of choosing such a life for himself. He had seen too much of his mother's anxiety during heavy storms, when the winds in spring-time were twisting the heavy branches of the trees around their lovely cottage on "Sycamore Lawn," as if they were wisps of straw. Amid the hail and sleet of winter, as the boughs cracked and snapped in the fearful blast, he had known her rise from her bed, walk her chamber, occasionally looking out upon the starless, freezing night, often dropping upon her knees to pray for the safety of one so dear to them all.

No, Frank said in his heart, he would never "follow the sea," that any one whom he loved should suffer so much on his account.

But George did not see his aunt Stilson's distress at such times; and if he had, he would have put away thoughts like Frank's, though he was a very affectionate and tender-hearted boy. Don't be afraid, boys, of being tender-hearted, as if it would make you unmanly. Not a bit of it. The noblest men that have lived, or that do live, were and are gentle and tender, on suitable occasions. One example is enough—your own Washington; you all know about his tender devotion to his mother.

George Wilmer, with his heart full of love for the sea, would not think of any things in the way, such as we should call objections or hindrances. He thought only of getting safely back and forth, as his uncle had so many times done. The little vessel in the picture is in rather a drizzly condition. It has been tipped over splash in the

THE MINIATURE SHIP.

brook that winds through the meadow back of Sycamore Lawn. After launching his craft, he put in and took out cargo and ballast over and over again. Real *ballast* is stones, put in to keep a ship from oversetting. Then he began with all the sea phrases he could remember, and he had learned them pretty well. The birds might have scattered in affright to hear his "ready about," "hard-a-lee," "mainsail haul," and so on till he came to "belay," which he would thunder out as well as a boy of eleven years can thunder. *You know*, boys, and so do your sisters, and I am afraid your mother does

sometimes when her head aches; but, take care—remember Washington and *his* mother. Benedict Arnold, very likely, didn't mind it when his mother's head was aching.

George began to grow tired of so much *labor*, and he thought he would put on his hat and go home; but he still holds it in his hand while he rests a little. His thoughts are very busy. He is fancying, or, as you might say, *making believe*, that the fishes in the brook, which are about as long as the blade of his knife, are sharks, as they dart in and out of the coves, or small *curves* of the bank. The tadpoles he called *porpoises*. A sucker, as long as his knife when wide open, he called a whale, and so on. Frank, with the plume in his hat, broke in upon all his pleasant and very safe *voyages*, for all storms were at rest, and *these* sharks' teeth were not as yet grown. Said George as he looked up:

THE STRANDED SHIP.

"Oh, Franky! I am sure I will yet see wonders on the great ocean; and such fine and curious things I will one day bring home to my dear, good mother and sweet sis! Where would you go, Frank, when I am first captain of a ship? Do you know I mean to have my ship named after that same little sister Helen? and I will take such nice care of her—keep the decks so clean, 'holy stoned,' you know your father told us, and all that. Oh, it shall be a beauty, my ship!"

Frank was about two years older than George, and as he did not care so much about the sea, he had thought of the hard and unpleasant part of a sailor's life; while George never stopped to think, as I before told you, of anything but the brightest and best side. Frank stood with his hand upon his cousin's shoulder, and looking him in the eye, he pointed with his finger to the mimic clipper, and said:

"Georgy, now don't think all will be easy and smooth to get along with, as that little concern you have there; don't you remember what father has told us of a stranded ship—what a sorrowful sight—masts and sails gone, but in its shattered condition telling a story as plainly as by words of distress and death? Don't you know, my good coz, that even if you could come and go, without hurricanes, or pirates, or mutiny, you could not have a ship to command till you had been a real worker in the forecastle, lived with *the hands*, and worked as they do? When the command is "haul," you must *haul* with your hands well hardened. Don't you remember how father has told us of midnight upon the ocean when a storm is raging—that he could not see one inch beyond the ship, and yet they were pitching and dashing like an egg-shell in a boiling kettle—*then*, if you were ordered to mount up among the rigging, could you go it, Georgy? Oh, give me the steady land, I say."

George would not own that there was the least tremble in his heart by all Frank's talk. He replied:

"I wouldn't give up for all that—what other boys and men have done, as boy and man I can do. It would only be *working* on the sea, with all

the time something wonderful and new to see and to learn, instead of going over the same things day after day upon land. If I should ever be a merchant," continued the sensible boy, "I should have to be a clerk, and learn how to do things all the way up to head clerk, and then head of the business; and if that is the way for me to be a first-rate captain, why, then, *I'll go* into the forecastle, and do as well as the best of them."

Now, that boy George was cut out for a sailor, anybody would say—and for a commander, too. He was willing to learn, and willing to be obedient; such a boy, I should say, was cut out for anything useful and good. He became a sailor, however, as you shall hear. As soon as he was old enough, he went to sea with his uncle, who, of course, was always giving him instruction and advice. George was quick to learn, because his heart was so much in it—that makes anything easy, and he was brave. As he grew older, he was promoted and promoted, second mate and first mate, till he did get command of a ship.

Now, the little fellow in the picture is Captain Wilmer, of the ship "Silver Cloud." He must wait for the one named "Helen," till one is built purposely for him. He sailed with many things, which are called *exports*, for Australia; and his return cargo was to be from the East India islands. I must tell you a little about the ship, and his first voyage as a commander.

The dwelling part, or house of the ship, was one third of its height above the deck; this gave space for good-sized windows, which, with their pretty red curtains, made it look so cheerful, and contrasted so well with the pure white wood-work, which had just a neat gilt border around each panel. There was a nice parlor—can you guess the size? It was about as long as an old-fashioned sofa, and the width was *ditto*. It had a pretty Brussels carpet, a nice book-case, made fast to the wall and the floor, a lounge, and an easy chair. A snug closet held a wash-basin, and some shelves for good things. Very likely some of my young readers do not know how many good things they have at sea, but think the fare is hard bread, "sea-bread," and salt beef and pork. No, indeed, as you shall hear by-and-by.

The dining-room of the "Silver Cloud" was larger: it was as long as two sofas, and as wide as one. The table was made fast to the floor, (I think some of the girls will say, "Then they could not move the table when they swept the floor;" and the little girl who is very neat will say also, "*What a pity!*" and the little girl who is somewhat l-l-la-zy will say, "*How good!*)" and there were two long sofas, with their legs placed in holes which had been made in the floor for them. The pantry was as large as anybody's pantry, and how orderly it did look! Everything *must be in its place* there. I dare say, boys, some of your sisters wish they had such a pantry; for there was a *hole* in the shelf for each tumbler, each cup, each pile of plates and saucers, and all that sort of thing. This was to keep all these things from falling and breaking, when the great ship was rolling and dashing about like the egg-shell, as I told you.

While I think of it, I must tell you about those great sofas—they were eight feet long, yet that "Silver Cloud" tipped so by a "lurch," that those sofas took a regular hop, bringing their feet all out from the fastenings, and very nearly bounced upon the dinner-table—really going upon *all*

A STORM AT SEA.

fours. This will show you that our sailor boy had a storm to contend with that was no trifle. As to the *soup*, etc., which was upon the table, we wonder how they could catch it, but they did; however, it was a trouble to some to keep it, after it was well swallowed. Captain Wilmer had a gentleman and his wife and wee baby as passengers. The poor lady couldn't keep any soup but a few minutes at a time, and it seemed as if she would starve. Sea-sickness *is* horrible, though it only makes sailors laugh. The table of the Silver Cloud had every day fresh meat, and fresh bread and biscuits, which were made in the same way, and as often, as upon land; and puddings, and pies, and cakes, just like anybody's. I think the girls will read this sailor story, so I am going to give a *receipt*, that they may try it and see how it tastes upon land. Its *color* entitles it to be called pumpkin pie! at sea.

Scald a cup of corn meal. When it is cool, put in two eggs, half a pint of milk, a little nutmeg, and what sugar you like, the juice of half a lemon, and a few raisins, and bake it upon a crust, like pumpkin or custard pie. If yours is not excellent, you may be sure your cups are larger or smaller, or your eggs are larger or smaller, than those of the Silver Cloud. As to vegetables, a whole garden couldn't have much exceeded Capt. Wilmer's store-room. All the delicate vegetables were in sealed cans, and fruits in profusion. Tomatoes and peaches went out and came back as good as new—some thirteen months. The sealed cans are wonderful—*lobster* was opened after the return, and found to be unhurt. When the ship came into the Straits of Malacca (look on your maps and see just where it is), boats were often coming alongside with fruits, vegetables, chickens, etc. What do you think chickens cost there? Why, a dollar a dozen! They were small, to be sure, but tender and good. I could tell you about their delicious fruits, and their curious trees and flowers, but you know much about them already, and I fear my story is getting so long that you will weary of the voyage.

What would you think, little readers, to see a bird so large as to darken your window like a cloud as it flew past? Such a bird is the Albatross, which is seen at sea, out of sight of land too? Its head is as large as a

small baby's head. What mighty sinews must bear such a heavy bird aloft, and how proudly it must gaze as it sweeps away *outside* the round earth! Why does he not spread those huge wings, and try for another planet? Ah, that he could not do; if my story were not getting so long, I would tell you how the atmosphere and the attraction of the earth would prevent it, even if he had *reason* to suggest to him the thought of going. You must ask your parents or teachers about it, will you? The Petrels interest me even more than these large birds—little creatures, but so fearless. The more the waves foam, and break, and roar, the more abundant are the "stormy petrels"—"Mother Cary's chickens," all sailors call them. If a storm is commencing, the petrels are all out, like the boys in New York when the fire-bells ring, thick as bees they come from everywhere; or like the boys in the country when a *menagerie* comes to town. The wildest storm is a celebration day, a pic-nic, for these "chickens." They plunge into the most furious foam, where it seems as if every feather would be jerked from its fastenings—but no, he comes out like a cork, bounding, rebounding, rollicking, and sound, as if he were made for play. What *can* kill the creature? there he goes, thrown up on that wave sky-high (ah, I think a cage would kill him very quickly); but he spreads the strong wings, and away. Why, one envies him as he comes out, each time triumphant. What a strong heart he must have! Our lives are often compared to a stormy sea—we can not rollick over, like the petrel, among the battling waves, but we can be patient, and do our best in troubles, and trust the rest to the heavenly Father who cares for birds smaller than the petrels; and we read in the Bible, "*Ye* are of more value than many *sparrows*."

I know I can not give you an idea of the beauty of the skies in the tropics as Captain Wilmer saw them. The air or atmosphere there is so—I don't know if I shall say clear, or soft, or mellow—this seems to be what I would say, the atmosphere is *such*, that you do not feel as if you were looking *against* the stars, but you seem to see all around them, and to look right through the blue. I hope you learn the names of the great stars above you. You will never feel it lost time to learn the principal ones, for it gives you a kind of acquaintanceship; and you have a home feeling when you look up among them.

Perhaps at some time I will tell you of our *sailor boy* while in the Indies, if Mr. Merry has room for it. In the mean time, I am your friend,

LAURA ELMER.

OF WHAT IS THE ALPHABET COMPOSED?

Of busy Bees,
And sparkling Eyes,
Of billowy Seas
Ruled by the Wise.
Of shady El-ms,
And mourning Yews,
And noisy Ohs,
Which you must Ex-cuse.
Of blooming Peas,
A measuring Ell,
And some so smart
They the rest Ex-cel.

WEST UNION, OHIO.

Of singing Jays,
And vexing Tease,
Questioning "Why"
And languid Ease
Of fragrant Tea,
And hairy Cue,
With debtors who drawl out
"I—Owe—You."
And En-vy, who makes
You grumble and fret,
Together compose
The Alphabet.

MATTIE BELL.

THE ORIENT.

INDOSTAN, or East India, is, in many respects, one of the most interesting countries in Asia. It was an object of interest to the ancient Persians and Greeks, who extended their conquests in this direction. History has not preserved its records, so that we are in ignorance of the origin of many wonderful works which we find there, and of the people that have flourished there in the bygone ages. It has been the scene of great human progress and achievement. Wars and revolutions have marked its progress. Immense and magnificent cities, temples, palaces, have dotted its surface. Science, literature, and art have flourished, with a high degree of civilization, which has passed away unrecorded.

Bombay is an important city in the Deccan, or the central district of Hindostan. It is situated on an island, separated by narrow straits from the mainland on the east, and from the larger island of Salsette on the north. The island is seven miles long, and about twenty miles in circumference. It had been more than a century in the possession of the Portuguese crown, when, by the marriage of Charles II. to Catherine, it passed into the hands of the English. In 1688 it was made over to the East

BAZAAR IN BOMBAY.

India Company, and became their seat of government. The place is strongly fortified, and, next to Calcutta, is the most important commercial port in British India. It has an extensive trade with China, Persia, Arabia, the eastern shores of Africa, and the islands of the Indian Ocean. Many fine ships are built there, as the country abounds in teak-wood, which is more durable than the best oak. The soil is poor. Water is scarce. But the markets of Bombay are abundantly supplied with all the delicacies of the East. The population of the city is about 250,000, of whom three fourths are Hindoos. The other fourth are Mahommedans, Armenians, Jews, and Parsees, with a small sprinkling of Europeans, both Catholic and Protestant.

The bazaars of Bombay are extensive and richly furnished. A bazaar in the East is a sort of trade exchange, something like the "arcades" of Providence, Philadelphia, etc., where a large number of retail stores are embraced in one building or square, and all under one system of regulations. The shops, unlike most of the Oriental houses, are open to the street, and sometimes consist only of a booth or verandah in front of the dwelling. The customers usually stand outside, in the street, while making their purchases. And the tradesmen are nearly as lavish in the display of their goods and wares as are some of ours in the streets of New York.

The carriages used in India are of various kinds. Some of them, though considered stately and aristocratic there, would be regarded as exceedingly rude and inconvenient in our country. Palanquins, carried by bearers, are more common than any other. This mode of traveling is slow, dignified, and aristocratic. It is probably the most lazy and luxurious kind of locomotion that is practiced among men, and is consequently confined, for the most part, to the rich and the noble. A very common conveyance is a four-wheeled vehicle, covered with fine cloth or silk, and drawn by two small buffaloes. The howdahs, or seats, are of various forms; some like

BUFFALO CHAISE.

pavilions, with silk curtains; some like chairs; and some merely flat cushions on the bottom of the cart. The naulkeen is a state conveyance, bearing some resemblance to a throne. It is carried, like a palanquin, by long reeds or poles, and is never used except by sovereign princes, or their representatives.

Nearly opposite to Bombay, on a small island, are some remarkable caves or excavations, called the Cavern Temples of Elephanta. There are many of the same kind, of great extent and unknown antiquity, in Salsette. While they are natural caverns,

they show the hand of art in their present condition. Temples and palaces, with massive columns and imposing architectural decorations, have been wrought in them, in some respects resembling the ancient works at Petra, in Arabia. They are wonderful remains of the civilization and artistic skill of remote ages, and of a people of whom we have no traces in history.

The Deccan, or that portion of Hindostan of which Bombay is the principal port, is full of ancient ruins. The great temple at Ellora is the summit of a granite mountain, hewn off upon the outside, and dug out within, so as to form an immense temple of one solid mass of rock, remaining in its original position. It appears to be as old as the Pyramids of Egypt, and is regarded by many as even a more wonderful production of misdirected labor.

It was at Bombay that the American missionaries, Gordon Hall and Samuel Nott, were received with so much coolness by the British authorities.

GUESS WHAT!

THE snow-clouds in the blue sea of heaven had sailed softly out of sight, and the virgin flakes had sunk into the earth. So Mr. E. hastened his preparations, and was soon on his way to another State. As he expected to be absent several days, the house seemed duller in the sunshine than a few hours before, when a storm was apparently gathering. The prospect was rather gloomier than usual, because the children were suffering from colds, and were for the time household prisoners. But, what with reading, winding yarn, swinging in the play-room, and chatting, that day and the next at length came to an end.

It was early dusk, when a startling knock was heard at the front door. "Why don't he ring the bell?" As nobody answered, no one was wiser for the question. Again that knock! The children's curiosity is fairly aroused, and they listen attentively. Soon Bridget ascends the stairs, bringing a nice-looking oblong parcel. Taking it from her, Mrs. E. finds it directed to herself, in an unknown hand. "By Paine's express," reads Louisa aloud, peering curiously around the package. "What *can* it be?" exclaims the wondering Ally. "Glass within," "With care," is next discovered upon the wrapper. The children are on tiptoe with expectation. It is evidently a superfine parcel from the city, done up with great care, and forwarded with some urgency. Now, as nothing had been ordered, nothing, of course, was expected. Then there was no clue from whom it came, or what it might contain. To be sure, "Glass within" seemed definite enough; but then, what *kind* of glass? Here was a broad field for speculation. Was it rose or sapphire color? was it crimson or topaz, emerald or variegated? Was it in the form of an antique vase, a graceful pitcher, a classic urn, a curious box, or something prettier and more wonderful still? In short, *what was it?* By this time, the children's imaginations were winged for an airy height. Louise, who is given to castle-building, suggested all sorts of improbable, Aladdin-like marvels. Ally, who is more practical, made rather more substantial guesses, which were fanciful enough.

In the mean time, the parcel, as to its externals, had been thoroughly examined and re-examined. "What

do *you* think it is, mother!" Mrs. E. had no possible data for determining aught but the size and material of the enveloped mystery; but in order to take down the children's high anticipations, she quietly ventured, "A bottle of medicine," heartily joining in the merry laugh her absurd guess excited.

To unloose the mysterious parcel was the only way to satisfy all parties. This Louisa petitioned to do; but her mother, fearing that in her tremulous excitement she might break or otherwise injure the frail unknown, thought it safest to do it herself. She had early learned a lesson from that admirable story, "Waste not, want not," and almost never *cut* a string. So she cautiously began to untie and unwind. Knot seemed to multiply after knot, and winding to double after winding. Patiently her fingers toiled, and slowly the twine was untied and unwound, and straightened, while three pairs of eyes were steadily watching the process. At length the string was fairly off, and laid aside. Then the brown paper was carefully removed; but lo! another covering! With how much painstaking had the treasure been inclosed! The second wrapper in its turn was removed; but still a third guarded the contents. So the six eyes watched on, till the talked-about, longed-for mystery stood revealed to their wondering gaze. And what do you *guess* was the great secret? Will you *give up?* Well, then, it was neither more nor less than a—bottle of "*Brown's Marsh Mallow*," "for the cure of colds, coughs, consumptions, bronchial difficulties," and all like *et cetera*—which a careful father had purchased, and left to be directed and forwarded, little dreaming of the wild speculations to which it would give birth, and of the blank disappointment which would ensue. Shall I pin a moral to the end of my story? Be moderate in your expectations, and you will be spared many a disappointment.

META LANDER.

ONLY WAITING.

A VERY aged Christian, who was so poor as to be in an almshouse, was asked, what he was doing, now. He replied, "*Only waiting.*"

Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Till the night of earth is faded,
From the heart once full of day;
Till the stars of heaven are breaking
Through the twilight soft and grey.

Only waiting, till the reapers
Have the last sheaf gathered home;
For the summer time is faded,
And the autumn's winds have come.
Quickly, reapers, gather quickly
The last ripe hours of my heart,
For the bloom of life is withered,
And I hasten to depart.

Only waiting, till the angels
Open wide the mystic gate,
At whose feet I long have lingered,
Weary, poor, and desolate.
Even now, I hear the footsteps,
And their voices far away;
If they call me, I am waiting,
Only waiting to obey.

Only waiting, till the shadows
Are a little longer grown;
Only waiting, till the glimmer
Of the day's last beam is flown;
Then from out the gathered darkness,
Holy, deathless stars shall rise,
By whose light my soul shall gladly
Tread its pathway to the skies.

THE BROTHER.

EDGAR ROSE, though belonging to a family of flowers, was generally spoken of as "the flower of the family." He was one of those open-hearted, clear-headed, genial spirits which, like sunshine in a summer landscape, seem always in the right place, and always essential to the place they fill. It was a lovely family. The Roses were all sweet, but Edgar seemed to include them all in himself.

It was a sad day, not only at Rose Vale, but throughout the village, when Edgar left home, for a place of business in the great city. "What shall we do without him?" was the general question. "Who will take the lead in our little excursions, our strawberry parties, our pic-nics, our forest rambles, and our evening amusements?" The Roses drooped, but soon recovered their bloom, as the mail began to bring them, two or three times a week, glowing accounts of what Edgar was seeing, doing, planning, and hoping in his new sphere of action. It was plain, from his letters, that Edgar was a man, in the true sense of the word; and, though some had feared that the city would spoil him, as it had done thousands of others, his heart was still in the country, and fully alive to all the sweet, fresh, pure thoughts and affections of his early home.

Edgar had been but a few weeks in the great city, when he began to write more about the Sabbath-school, the church, and the prayer-meeting, than about business or pleasure. Soon after his arrival, his employer had invited him to the noon-day prayer-meeting, urging him, at the same time, immediately and earnestly to seek the one thing needful. Rejoicing now in this "unspeakable gift," he had resolved to live only for Christ. His letters glowed with the spirit of his blessed Master—with a new, deep, earnest love for all, and an irrepressible desire to persuade all to "come to Jesus."

"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

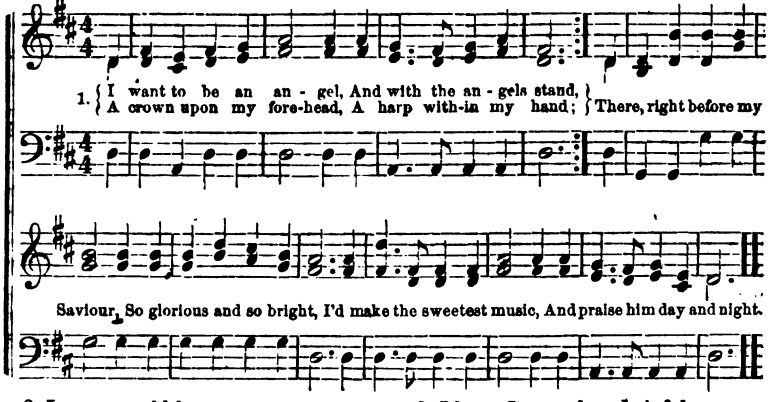
In his intense anxiety and love for the dear ones at home, he obtained leave to return earlier than he had intended, that he might take part in the labor and the joy of the precious work of revival which had begun in his native village.

Two sisters and a brother were already rejoicing with him in the blessed hope of the gospel, and most of his young companions had found, or were seeking, the way of life. He had two sweet little sisters, ten and twelve years of age, whom some regarded as too young to believe in Christ. Edgar had no such feelings. "If they are not too young to love me," he said, "they are not too young to love Christ. The Saviour not only says, 'Forbid them not,' but 'suffer the little children to come unto me.'" He taught them, he prayed for and with them. He talked with them "in the house and by the way," in the field, the garden, the grove; for wherever he went, they were always with him.

One day, as they were sitting under the shade of their favorite elm, by the river side, loaded with the wild flowers they had gathered in their ramble, talking all the while of Him who made the flowers, and clothed them in their beauty, and of that love which would gather every one of us, as lambs, into His folds, and make us pure and blessed as the angels, little Jessie looked earnestly into his face, a bright tear glistening in her eye, and said: "Dear brother, I do love Jesus—I can sing now," and immediately broke out, in a sweet, clear voice, with the song—"I want to be an angel," etc. At the third line, Fanny joined in the strain, and Edgar put in his manly voice and bore it through. Angels rejoiced over that scene, and He who "came to seek and to save" the lost sheep of His flock, rejoiced over two more of the lambs, now safe in that fold into which no wolf shall enter to destroy. We give the song for the benefit of the Merrys.

"I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL."

AIR—"The Watcher."


1. I want to be an an - gel, And with the an - gels stand,
A crown upon my fore-head, A harp with-in my hand; There, right before my
Saviour, So glorious and so bright, I'd make the sweetest music, And praise him day and night.

2. I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands,
Praise him both day and night.

3. I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heav'n to live;
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
O! send a shining angel,
And bear me to the skies.

RETROSPECTUM;

OR, THE CHAT IN BY-GONE DAYS.

BY WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

THE historian, as he gathers material to portray the lives of men and women who have won enduring fame in their various professions, often looks in vain for any record of those *early essays* of the young mind, which illustrate and develop the germ of future character, and verify the old proverb, "The child is father of the man."

More particularly in the walks of literature are these records most desirable. In the first crude essay of a young writer may often be detected the rough diamond thoughts of genius, which, in after years, cut and polished by a mature taste and intellect, will gain the world's applause. But these early attempts are so frequently destroyed or neglected, that in tracing back some mighty stream of thought to the little springs and rivulets from which it received its first impulse, one has often found them so inaccessible, and even unknown, that he has given up the task in despair.

"But," interrupts an impatient reader, "what has all this to do with the Chat?" Much. Who shall say how many of the future authors of America first indulged their *cacoethes scribendi* in the Monthly Chat? Who shall say how many novelists awakened their imaginative powers in concocting letters to Uncle Merry; how many poets, as they strung together some simple rhymes, touched the first notes of melodies that shall live for ever;* or how many historians, in describing their native homes, and recounting to Uncle Hiram the interesting events occurring there, opened the way to descriptions of empires, and the recital of the deeds of nations?

Partly with a view to aid the biographer of these future writers; partly to group together the scattered beauties of the Chat; and partly to contrast its character in former days with its peculiar features at the present, I propose to follow down this department of the MUSEUM from its beginning, and I trust the reader will find the task neither useless nor uninteresting. In classifying the volumes, I shall simply refer to the year of publication.

1841.—The idea of the "Chat" yet lay dormant in the mind of Robert Merry, and the numbers for this year close with a piece of music, a custom which some of the present readers would doubtless approve of. In the October number, however, appears a letter signed E. L., giving an account of the manner in which the writers, wishing to subscribe for some good paper, found means to raise the money, and out of a large number of journals, selected the MUSEUM. A note prefixed to the letter, hints at the Chat. "The publishers express their hearty thanks to the writers of the following, and hope the example here set may be followed by many other black-eyed and blue-eyed friends of Robert Merry." The volume closes with an address to his readers by Robert Merry, wherein he returns thanks for the letters he has received, and answers several correspondents.

1842.—In the February number appear one or two "Answers to Puz-

* This does *not* refer to productions such as that lately furnished by "Bess."

zles," concluding with the following letter and preface:

"We can not refuse a place to the following, for it is both short and sweet:

"The answers to the puzzles in your Magazine are 'Merry's Museum' and 'Mercantile Association.' Yours,

"A BLACK-EYED FRIEND."

The reader will observe that *black eyes* existed at this early period. In the next number is a letter, more than a page long, from Laura,* some answers to correspondents, and a puzzle or two. April gives us another string of puzzles, followed by a two-page article, headed "To My Correspondents," a real Chat in nature, if not in name, interspersed with a letter or two. I extract the first paragraph:

"Whew! what a lot of letters I have got from my little black-eyed and blue-eyed friends this month! Some contain answers to old puzzles, some contain new puzzles, and some put questions which puzzle me not a little. However, I am very glad to hear from anybody who takes an interest in poor Bob Merry, and I think all the better of young people who can be kind to an old fellow with a wooden leg, and content to hear stories from one who never went to college. I feel cheered by these pleasant, lively letters; and sometimes, when my old pate reels with hard work, and my eyes grow dim as I think over the sad fortunes that pursue me, I go to the package of my correspondents, and there find consolation. 'No matter, no matter,' say I to myself, 'if all the world deserts or abuses me, at least these little friends will be true to me.' So therefore I wipe my eyes, clean my spectacles, whistle some merry tune, and sit down to write something cheerful and pleasant for my magazine."

The Chat may now be said to have fairly commenced. The next installment contains four letters, a bit of poetry by a young writer, charades, enigmas, etc. Four pages devoted to correspondents in the following number! The Chat is evidently a "hit." Mr. Merry opens with a comical description of an itching in his wooden leg. As it is my design to note every good thing as I proceed, I will insert it. After relating the anecdote of Sir Walter Scott and the Simpleton, he says:

"And now, I must tell you of my trouble. Perhaps you will laugh, but one thing that frequently makes me very fidgety is an itching in the great toe of my wooden leg! If you think this nonsense, just ask any old soldier who has lost a limb, and he will tell you, if it is a foot or a hand, that he has all the sensations of heat and cold in the finger or toes of the absent member, just as distinctly as if it was in its place, and sound as ever. This is no joke—it is a reality that you can easily verify. Well, now, it seems to me that my lost foot is really where it used to be; and the worst of it is this, that when it itches, I can't scratch it! It does no good to apply my fingers to the wooden stick, you know; this only reminds me of my misfortune, and brings on a fit of the blues."

He then speaks of the relief he finds in reading his young friends' letters, nine of which are inserted.

In July appears a "Farewell for a Time to Correspondents," as Robert Merry is about to be absent for a few months, and the two pages of Chat which follow, are, with the exception of a scattering letter or two, the last we have in this volume.

[To be continued.]

* *Query.* Any relation to the Laura?

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

KEEP cool, young folks. Don't crowd. There is room enough for all, if you are quiet and patient. Now all are seated—speak out—one at a time—short and sweet.

LE ROY, ILL.

DEAR HATCHET:—

Here I am, you see, once more,
Knocking at the parlor door;
Let me see who are within,
Making this tumultuous din.
Uncle, please, may I come in?
Permission I for granted take,
My best bow to the cousins make.
Black-Eyes joins the merry band;
Fleta, too, here is my hand;
Bess and Flora here are seen,
Tema and the Wolverine.
The hatchet looms before my sight,
So I must check my pen. Good-night!

ADELBERT OLDER.

First *pen a check*, dear Older, then
You shall have leave to *check your pen*.

INGLESIDE, MORRISTOWN,
April 29, 1858.

DEAR MUSEO-CABINET:—Well, I give up! I believe Uncle Hiram could make a pun on a coal-scuttle, if he should try. But there's one consolation. I am *not* in debt—to the Magazine, any way. But I owe "H. H. one."

So Black-Eyes is getting old; is she? Speaks of her old age as if she were a hundred!

I am very happy to see that the editors intend to admit Jersey into the Union, and I hope that they will succeed.

Liz M. Sheffey, don't give in to the idea that "the North is always on the right side." I'm a Virginian, *I* am, and I'll go hand and glove with you in "sticking it out."

Aunt Sue, I would write to you, but my letters to yourself always get lost in a basket, some way or other. Curious—isn't it?

Have any "budgets" been received from "Nip" yet? Yours, $\frac{2}{0}\frac{1}{0}\frac{1}{0}\frac{1}{0}$.

I don't know about that "coal-scuttle," Master Fraction; but this much, at least, may be said, without fear of contradiction, though the remark is sufficiently contradictory, that the *colder* it is, the more it needs to be *coaled;* and the more it is *scuttled*, the less coal it will hold.

Nothing from "Nip" yet. H. H.

NEW YORK, *April* 28, 1858.

MR. HATCHET:—Though, like the snake in the hay-cutter, I feel somewhat "cut up" by the chopping you gave me last month, I am sufficiently recovered to wriggle into your sanctum, and say a word to several *chat*terboxes.

Cousin Maria, I can not come South for the winter, but I will come for the *kiss* if you please. I should like a sample beforehand. Send by telegraph, or do it up carefully in scented tissue paper, tie it with a blue ribbon, and direct to the care of Mr. Hatchet—no, it would never reach *me* in that way. On the whole, I think I'll come after it, but trust it will not be necessary to come to (s) Natchez before obtaining it. As to those "dark blues," I shall be happy to receive them. In my infant days my visual orbs were considered remarkably strong and beautiful (so I am told), but they have lost all claim to either title, and a new pair will be most acceptable.

Clio can obtain his onion at Weathersfield. Among the many "crashes," financial and otherwise, I regret to state that my chateau in Spain is irretrievably ruined—classically speaking, "busted"—and the "presiding dame" has absconded.

Cora had better put on her spectacles. I did not say that B. E. "was to be kissed no longer;" the word was *missed*

Laura's opinion of my humble self seems to meet with general approbation. I feel greatly flattered.

Myrta thinks I am an imaginary being, and E. M. Johnson calls me a candle. I shall *run;* this is too *wick*ed.

Georgian can address his lines to the care of Mr. Hatchet.

But the hatchet appears to be getting uneasy at this lengthy display of *ego*, and I will retire. WILLIE H. C.

Just in time, sir. The hatchet was down on you, and clipped off the "ole-man" from your name, and would have had the whole, if he had not been occupied in wondering how that piece of a word Bess left in your ear will hold its place till the other part is sent in.

"Cara," of Providence, as if some kind angel had whispered to her of our longings, has just sent us a rich bouquet of rare and fragrant flowers, which we here place upon our table, for the delectation of all the Chat-terers.

We have also to acknowledge a similar token from Hester J. M.

Oh! flowers are a blessing,
Wherever they bloom.
Field, forest, and garden
They deck and perfume.
And, bound in a bouquet,
Or twined in a wreath,
There is poetry and music
In their blush and their breath.

H. H.

Aunt Sue prides herself upon always speaking, or writing, truth. And I, Uncle Hiram, feel bound to help her maintain so laudable a pride. She hinted, rather broadly, some time since, that I "*kept*" her letters. As it was not exactly true then, I have made it so, by keeping this, which was written in acknowledgment of sundry little paper cherubs, which she painted for a fair. *Perhaps* she will be careful how she insinuates, in future, that H. H. is not a trustworthy *medium*.

Many thanks, Aunty dear,
For these sweet little faces,
They smile on us here,
Like genuine Graces.
They make our endeavor
A triumph of art,
For which we will ever
Hold you in our heart.

Thanks special, dear Auntie,
For the extra sweet boy,
With his cap gay and jaunty,
A rare little toy—
So natural, so true-like,
So graceful, so free,
So very Aunt Sue-like
He seemeth to be.

May the Graces and Muses
Abide with you still.
If either refuses,
We'll *cut her*, we will.
Though of that there's no danger,
For sure you can do
Far better without them,
Than they without you.

SYLVANIA, LUCAS CO., O.,
March 23, 1858.

BROS. M., F., H., AND SISTER SUE:—Honored, Harmonious Four—why, when I attempt to sit at the Chat table, does some one pull my chair from under me? Of course none of our fun-loving nieces are guilty of the rudeness. D. B. O. cordially extends me his hand. I will not long retain it, lest *fidgety* Nip demur. So Black-Eyes has, as Fanny Fern says—*I* don't, though—"made a fool of herself." Who is the "rougher half?" Well, if it be not too late, I wish them a long life of love and prosperity. Buckeye, thank you for that neat compliment. Flattery I detest, but a delicate expression of praise is not so disagreeable. Some young gentleman—I don't remember his name—sends me his love. Oh! *if* he were only a pretty lass! My respects to Marsena, modestly suggesting that the hen which lays the egg is the chicken's mother, the hen that hatches it is foster-mother, and the one that rears the chick

is governess. But, at the risk of feeling the wrath of our belligerent—the name I mean—niece, and having the hatchet hurled at my head, I will ask: If the egg be hatched by some artificial process, and the chicken reared by hand, how is the little feathered biped related to the incubator and the educator? My young friends, is the popular belief of the origin of "hair-snakes" correct? Come, now, this is vastly a more momentous question than that of the identity of "Aunt Sue." But the hatchet-man begins to frown—a young thunder-cloud is threateningly gathering on his corrugated brow—the sharp, gleaming edge is ready to fall.

Adieu! UNCLE JOE.

You are so clever, Uncle Joe,
That I had to let you go,
Though the hatchet glistened—No!

BROOKLYN, *April* 12, 1858.

Really, Uncle Hiram, really, I'm exceeding sorry. While penning that "n-*ation*al pome," I little dreamed it would make the existing confusion "worse confounded." I hoped it might be oil on the troubled waters. But lo, what a contrary effect! Our staid (as she doubtless is) Aunt Sue, with equanimity greatly disturbed, berates it as an "obfusticated effusion" (please explain, Auntie), and ejaculates, "It beats the Dutch!" How? Where? Why? Our gentle poetess, "Fleta," seems driven to distraction by it.

Please don't talk of *dictionaries*, "Nettie," or any one else, after *that!* "Black-Eyes," too, elevates those orbs in wonderment, and "wants to know," etc.

But the "unkindest *cut* of all" is Uncle Hiram's, who, after again lopping me off— * * * *

I entirely agree with "Alonzo Whitner" and "Laura" in their high opinion of the MUSEUM; of course it can't "be *bettered* when it is *Bessed*." Don't anybody applaud, for I'm extremely modest, and couldn't bear it. "Malta," you're "my style;" thrice welcome, and give us your *paw!* What say you to an alliance, offensive and defensive, 'twixt "us two?" And "Merrie Ladye," too, all hail! Let Aunt Sue look well to her laurels. Bye-bye, Nip; I hope you'll get over your "fidget" before you come back. "Take care of yourself." Au revoir, BESS.

I appeal to all the family. What *shall* we do with Bess? Short as her name is, she *will* not "*be short*." I have cut her down without mercy, but she won't stay cut. She seems to be in such a desperate hurry that she can not stop to be short. Once I cut her off altogether; but, like a vigorous pie-plant, she only grew the more luxuriantly. If you would make good pastry for that pie, Bess, you *must* use more shortening. H. H.

May 6, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—Here I am again! Don't expect too much of poor, weak humanity; I have kept still during the whole Revolution. "Black-Eyes'" laurels have faded and drooped. "Willie C." has bowed his lofty head in submissive grief, and retired from public life. "Nip," the gayest, merriest chatterer of us all, has flown to another continent, and not a word has escaped my lips, or, rather, not an epistle from my pen. But it could not last; and, flinging all resolves and compunctions to the winds, I have seated myself to indulge in a nice long "Chat" about everything and everybody, to repay myself for those three months of quiescence. Don't cut and slash too much, Messieurs.

Isn't the "Chat" in confusion, though, since this *treble* calamity has fallen upon us? "B. E," "Willie," "Nip," "†*†," "!—!" Mercy! I can't count the deserters. How *can* they be so selfish? The May number looks comical without them. This will not do. Help!—Help! "Fleta," "Bess," on to the rescue; one bold stroke and you may place yourselves in the thrones abdicated by "Black-Eyes" and "Nip."

Yes, "Annie," of course you agree with me, and so does everybody else, if they were not afraid to say so. Ah! "D. B. O.," did I ever insinuate anything to the contrary? Don't whisper such a thing. "Fleta," you did not speak loud enough; there must be another special communication for the benefit of "Eureka," who is kissing her hand to yourself and one "Sigma"—"Tennessecan," and I am keeping the secret religiously. Why didn't Aunt Sue give us more of "Adelbert's" letter? I knew children must be *seen*, not heard, but not that *older* persons were responsible to any one's jurisdiction. Now, do hide me, Uncle, anywhere—in the "big basket," in the corner, for Aunt Sue is opposed to any more jokes on the subject. There she comes, properly wrathful, so I'll leave LAURA.

PAYSON, ADAMS CO., ILL., *April.*

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—In the last MUSEUM there was a letter from Cousin Sallie. (I suppose that she is my cousin, is she not?) She spoke of a lecture delivered by Uncle Hiram, on "sitting straight;" and, as my sister is inclined to sit crooked, I write to inquire what evening you will deliver another, and what is the admission fee? Will you please answer all the questions, or as many of them as you think best.

Your affectionate niece,
CORNIE FLEETWOOD.

1st. Sally is *your* cousin.

2d. Whenever and wherever I can get a hearing from those who need a lecture.

3d. Admission fee—attention.

DALTON, WAYNE CO., OHIO,
March 22, 1858.

Dear Mr. Merry,
I'm sorry, very,
You havn't got your pay;
But to make it right,
This very night,
I'll start it on its way.

Dear Uncle Frank,
Did you grow lank
For having to wait so long?
And Hiram Hatchet,
Oh, won't I catch it!
But, no, I'm so very young.

And now, adieu!
But tell Aunt Sue
To kindly remember me,
That I always may
Be able to say
That I've got one loving Aunt-ee.

ANNIE J. HARLEY.

SPRINGFIELD, ILL., *May* 5, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—We have more representatives from our State than I thought. Tell Oscar he is welcome to a place by my side, if he can defend himself and me, in case we are attacked by the Hatchet. To Annie Drummond, of Chicago, say "that I will not promise to traverse the State to electioneer for the MUSEUM, but think I can get more subscribers from here than she and Nettie together can from Chicago. What say you, Misses Annie and Nettie? By the way, I am very glad Nettie has discarded that "green-eyed" appendage to her name, as almost every Nettie that I have seen happened to be blue-eyed. Am I not right in your case? Mr. Merry, as you imprison all those letters that are so long, this can not come under that head. So if you imprison this, I will apply for a writ of "habeas corpus."

Give my best respects to uncles, aunts, and cousins. HARRY G——.

ORANGE, *April* 7.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Introduce me to your circle, I beg of you. My curtsey will do you no discredit, as I have just been learning "*Les Lanciers.*" I have a friend who says that you, Aunt Sue, and Uncle Hiram write all the letters for "the Chat," and he bet me two dollars that you would not put this in. Do help me to win the money, dear Uncle Merry, for, as brother Bob says, I am so "*hard up.*" I will try and behave with propriety. And let me whisper in your ear—I really believe I should be an acquisition to "the Chat," for mother and grandmother both say I am *very smart.* An old subscriber Yours, etc.

ORANGE BLOSSOM.

We have been so full, we could not possibly crowd this in sooner.

Whether you are "smart" or not, I hope you will make your friend "*smart*" to the tune of two dollars. Any friend of yours ought to know better than to be a better. But he flatters us highly in supposing us capable of so much variety of spice, wit, and fun.

AUNT SUE'S BUREAU.

MT. CARMEL, N. H. CO., CONN.,
April 30, 1858.

MY DEAR AUNT SUE:—We have had the CABINET in our family from its commencement, about twelve years, I think. My sister took it several years before I was old enough. I have taken it since. I have six volumes bound, and intend to have the remainder, and then it will make quite a library. I take great pleasure in finding answers to the enigmas, puzzles, etc., but have never sent any. They are

making a great fuss about your name, Auntie; I think I know it, shall I tell them? I have your picture. * * * *

Yours lovingly, L. W. IVES.

No, pray don't tell! Do you remember the story of the man who had a *cherry-colored cat?* It was to be exhibited on a certain day, and much wonder and interest was felt and manifested about this cat: the day came, the animal was shown to a large and expectant assembly, *the cherry-colored cat was a black one!* If that cat had never been "shown up," the world might still have been interested in it. So, Lucy dear, don't you "let the cat out of the bag."

The above remarks apply to my old friend H. A. DANKER, who, after cleverly enigmatizing Aunt Sue's name, adds—

"I am glad to see that H. B. P. has concluded to write again for the CABINET, but I wish that she would make her enigmas on a larger scale, like the one on that 'hero.' I think I could have solved *that* one, if a little more time had been given."

Here is a little "Hoosier" who is rather inclined to suspect Uncle Frank of partiality. I am of the opinion that if Uncle Frank's nieces give evidence of being in a happy *state* of mind. morals, and manners, he is not at all particular which one of the United States they hail from.

LOGANSPORT, IND., *April* 29, 1858.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I have written Uncle Frank ever so many letters, and I have not received one answer, so I thought that I would try you. I don't think Uncle Frank cares much about Hoosier nieces, or he would have answered my letters when he answers ever so many young ladies' and married ladies', and I am only a little girl ten years old. * * * *

Give plenty of love to all my uncles and cousins, and with a hundred kisses for yourself I remain your affectionate niece, MELLIE.

STARRY VALE, *March* 23, 1858.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—It seems that that fidgety Nip is going to fidget *herself* over to Europe (I wonder how *he* is going to stay). But never mind, I guess we can do without *her* awhile, if *he* will promise to give us a sketch of *her* adventures. My father has taken the CABINET ever since the commencement of the second series (and he has always paid for it in advance.) It has always been a welcome visitor. We could not well do without it now. Do you have maple sugar? I suppose not. Well, we do. I wish you could be here when we sugar off. Wouldn't we have some nice times? Some years we make one thousand pounds.

I think that Charade No. 9, in the second volume of the second series, and Enigma No. 2, in the fifth volume, have not been answered (each composed by Laura). Will some of my *Yankee* cousins, that are so good at guessing, let us into the secret. My mother sends her love to Aunt Sue, and says she guesses that her name is ———. Has she guessed right? But stop, I believe I heard that Uncle Hiram had whetted his hatchet lately.

Yours, etc., in haste,

ARTHUR T——s.

1. I do *not* get any maple sugar, except what I buy at the stores.
2. Yes, we would have some nice times!
3. Give Aunt Sue's love to "mother."
4. She did "guess right."

HUDSON, ILL.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—Will you be kind enough to give me an introduction to all the young ladies and gentlemen of the "Chat?" I live so far off that I shall scarcely get acquainted in any other way. Don't let Uncle Hiram get hold of this. I should like to take a peep at that bureau of yours, just to see if it will hold more than the fifty thousand letters which will surely find their way to you in less than four years. But here comes the hatchet! Before I run, tell me why the end of the world is like a cat's tail? Good-bye. Yours truly,

CRAB-APPLE.

Really I don't know, friend Crab, it can't be because it is an *extremity* to look *forward* to! I give it up.

CHARLES C. flatters by supposing me capable of writing "something pretty." Who will send some suitable contribution for his album, while Aunt Sue is sharpening her wits?

PHILADELPHIA, *May* 29, 1858.

AUNT SUE:—Being rather a poor hand at composition, I take the liberty of ad-

dressing you this letter, in hopes that you will grant me a favor. I want something pretty for an album, in either prose or verse, if you do not think it too much trouble. I would consider it very obliging if you will compose something suitable and send to my address.'

Yours, CHARLES C.

Answers to Questions in May No.

62. Bolt it.
63. 1. Nippinifidget. 2. Oberholtzer
64. M.I.L.D.—1551—etc.
65. One baits his hook, the other hates his book.
66. It is always in *fun*.
67. It is always in *trouble* and *difficulty*.
68. Hard times.
69. Mar-tin-gale.
70. Hiram Hatchet.
71. Philadelphia.
72. Fur-be-low.
73. Fox-ox-o.
74. It is *bad-in-age*.
75. Two fish.
76. It has a running spring inside.
77. General Post.
78. Miss Fortune.

ANSWERS RECEIVED FROM:

Adrian—Black-Eyes—Lot—Geo. H. H.—H. A. Danker—June-bug—A. Older—Maria C. R.—Charlie B.—Rep.—S. T. N.—Nellie.—Hal S.—Susie—Ben.—R. L. O.—Cousin G.—Phil.—Ex.—C. R. W.—Jem—Clodie—Nix—Annie T.—Charlie S. D.—Bob.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

94. Why is an old man like a candle? *A. Older.*
95. Spell a fop with two letters. *A. Older.*
96. Why is our Hatchet like the earth? *Maria.*
97. My whole is what you daily pay
For bonnets fine or dresses gay;
But if you will remove my head,
I am a useful grain instead;
Behead again, and I am seen
In winter on each brook and stream.
Mattie Bell.
98. It is black, it is white, it is re(a)d all over. *William M.*
99. Why is a *too* scrupulous cold-water man very near to breaking his pledge? *C. W.*

REBUSES.

100. Complete, I support both the low and the high,
On your head when beheaded I cosily lie,
Beheaded again, and without me you'd die. *Buckeye Boy.*
101. What holy man of God was a miser? *Nat.*
102. When does a jury trifle with the darkest crime known to the law? *Nat.*
103. Birch and ferule, in "old time" school,
Controlled the infant mind,
As passed my first, slowly rehearsed
By Ayroe's drawling wind.

How scratch'd my next, o'er lengthy text,
Beneath th' ascendant lash,
How urchins quaked, and fingers ached,
As came th' expected crash.

How with my last came, thick and fast,
New terrors for the young;
How fingers flew the digits through
To aid the falt'ring tongue.

Now shakes the map, and countries flap,
Beneath the pointing rod.
"My whole's fair name," they quick exclaim,
"Lies on Italia's sod."
Fleta Forrester.

CONUNDRUMS.

104. How can it be proved that heat goes faster than cold? *Bess.*
105. What feminine name is suggestive of cannibalism? *Bess.*
106. What is the difference between a daguerreotype and an ailing household? *Bess.*
107. Why is a watch-dog larger at night than he is in the morning? *Bess.*

CURIOUS LETTER TO UNCLE FRANK.

HERE is a letter, which, unless we have greatly overrated it, will prove a tolerably tough puzzle to most of our readers. It came from the brain of our ingenious friend Aunt Sue, and for the original drawings from which the engravings were made, we are indebted to her pencil. The letter was written to Uncle Frank, in reply to a hint from him that some more of her puzzles would be acceptable, both to him and his readers. Though not entirely new to all the former patrons of THE CABINET, it will nevertheless be welcome to a great proportion of our present readers, who have never seen it before. Aunt Sue, you will see, used formerly to write over the signature of S. N.

My ter Editor:

It is past P. M.;

do not 10'd to go to

until have answered your po ?

touching my whereabouts.

my dear Sir, ready 2 do anything 4 U

my power. o ted sending U

more conun puzzles, &c.; feeling sure that

pegeon-hole 4 rejected ad must B suf ently

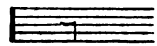
full *ready of my un*4*tun*8 **F** *to pleasc.*

do **C Y U** *should* *ways puxzle/*

others, and never **B** *perplexed yourself. So* **U** *will*

XQQ *me. if* *com*£ *a small* *tifi***K***tion/*

your **B**½*; and if, as* *your*

42'd should not prove/ equal **2** *the/ task,*  *assured*

U *will not lose/ a* *deal of* **FvOArLMuAAtBlLOeN** *by*

ma *a present of it* **2** *the flames.*

re *with much*

truly,

S. N. **LYN.**

NOTICES.

OUR LITTLE ONES IN HEAVEN. *Edited by the author of "The Aimwell Stories." Boston: Gould & Lincoln. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.*

A CHOICE selection in prose and verse, from our best authors—a casket of rare gems from the inner heart of domestic piety, every one of which will find its counterpart among the treasured memories of a hundred households—a harp of a thousand strings, whose every vibration will meet a full response in thousands of wounded, bleeding hearts, that *will not be comforted*, even while rejoicing in the glory to which their "little ones" have gone before.

THE HERO MISSIONARY, *or the History of the Labors of the Rev. Eugenio Kincaid, by Alfred S. Patton. New York: S. Dayton.*

This is not a memoir, but, as its title declares, a *history of the labors* of one of the most devoted of the Baptist missionaries in Burmah. It abounds in stirring scenes, and incidents of the most thrilling interest, and fully shows that some, if not all the missionaries of modern times have been, like the great apostle to the Gentiles, not only "in labors more abundant," but "in journeyings often, in perils," etc., as described in 2 Cor. xi. 26, 27.

SABBATH SCHOOL MUSIC BOOK. *New York: Horace Waters, 333 Broadway.*

This is a very pleasing and useful little collection of 32 pages of hymns and tunes for the Sabbath Schools, of more animated character and impressive style than usual. The tunes are familiar, easy, and spirited—just such as the children love to sing—and they are the best judges in the case.

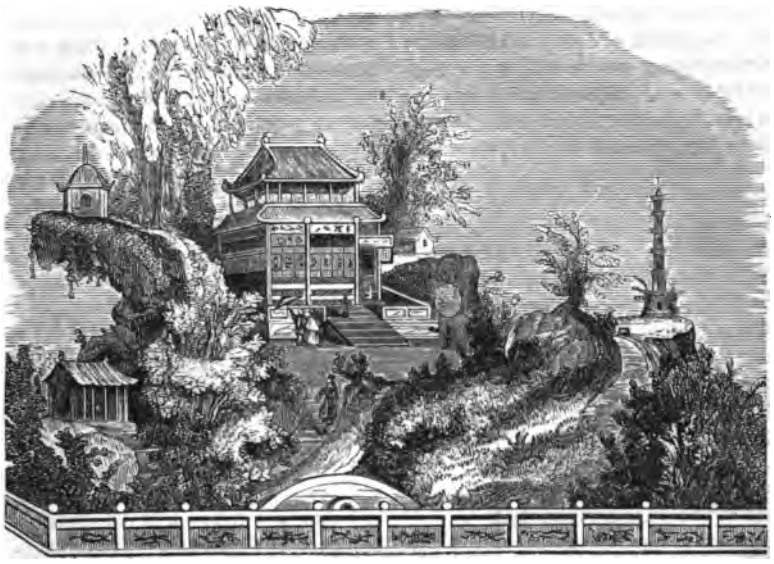
Price, 8 cents, or $2 per hundred copies.

We have also received several songs from Mr. Waters, all good and pleasing, which we will send by mail, on receipt of price.

"GRAVE OF ROSABEL"	$0 25
"THE ANGELS TOLD ME SO"	25
"MY LOST CARRIE'S GRAVE"	25
"KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE"	25
"A DAY DREAM"	25

HOWE'S ELLIPTIC SPRING BED-BOTTOM. 378 *Broadway, New York.*

Those who have tried it, as we have, do not need our testimony to its value, as a home luxury; those who have not tried it, little know how much they lose every night. Repose and sleep are nature's best medicines. If you want the genuine article, we can tell you *Howe* to get it. The only objection to the article that we have yet discovered is this—and it is a serious one to some folks—that, when you have secured one for your own bed, you are never comfortable except at home, and are tempted to do as some poor cripples of old did—"take up your bed and walk." If it should have the effect to make some people stayers at home, it would be classed among the moral reforms of the day. It is very light and simple in its construction, and not liable to get out of repair; and the cost is very light. We recommend housekeepers, and all who love an easy, comfortable couch, to examine and try it. It has a most decided advantage over many other contrivances, that are not only quite too expensive for common uses, but far less efficient and comfortable.



CHINESE SUMMER VILLA.

CHINA, AND SOME OF ITS CURIOUS PLACES.

So many strange things have been said about China, that one hardly knows how much to believe. The people, if we judge them by our own standard, are a strange people. Their customs are strange. The style of architecture, of dress, of living, are very strange. But they are a wonderful people, after all, and their country is full of wonderful and curious things. The Great Northern Wall, of which we told you some months ago, is to be regarded as one of the wonders of the world. Their cities, fortified castles, and towers are very numerous, and some of the latter are very high and strongly built, having withstood the wear of ages.

The Chinese delight in light and ornamental architecture. In this they show a great deal of taste. They are also very skillful in laying out their grounds, and improving all the natural features of the landscape. Their summer villas, generally on the bank of some beautiful stream, or on the border of a picturesque lake, are sometimes extremely fanciful, even bordering on the grotesque, but often delightfully airy, comfortable, and luxurious. The situation is almost always skillfully selected, and artistically improved. The top of some rugged eminence, the slope of a jagged rock, or a wooded island on the bosom of a quiet lake, is sure to be occupied by some fairy-like or fantastic structure, surrounded with flower gardens and shrubberies, with arbors and look-outs perched on the prominent points, or nestled in the quietest nooks.

From the general prevalence of this kind of taste among all classes who have the means of indulging it, one is disposed to form a favorable opinion of the domestic life of the Chinese. It

would seem to indicate a love of social life, and habits of domestic enjoyment, which belong only to a state of civilized refinement. We can hardly imagine a man planning and executing, at considerable labor and expense, such nice and delicate arrangements about his residence, without consulting as much the taste of a beloved wife or a favorite daughter, as his own indulgence. If they have a "Museum," or a "Cabinet," in China, one would expect to find a copy of it among the treasures of these summer villas, and the little round-headed, small-footed Merrys, puzzling their heads and cracking their jokes over the Chat.

But, as we have said, the Chinese are a strange people, and, in all this, we should be somewhat disappointed. Females are kept secluded, and do not partake of the pleasures and amusements of their lords. It is Christianity only that gives woman her proper place, as the companion and equal of man. And yet, strange to say, those women and men who are loudest in advocating what they call "woman's rights," almost always reject the Gospel, or rely more upon some human system than upon God's.

Some of the "Towers" of China are, as we have said, remarkable structures, and many of them, no doubt, if we could discover and decipher the records, have wonderful histories connected with them.

One of the most conspicuous, ancient, and interesting of them is the Luy-foong-tah, or the "Temple of the Thundering Winds." It is situated on the summit of a bold promontory, jutting out into the beautiful lake Sze-hoo, near the great city Hang-chow-foo. It is materially different in its style of architecture from the temples or pagodas commonly seen in China. From its tapering form, massive structure, and peculiarity of design, little doubt exists as to its great antiquity. It is, on good authority, believed to be as old as the age of Confucius —upwards of two thousand years. Its original height is not known. Five stories remain at the present time. Cornices of double curves mark and separate the stories, which are ornamented with circular-headed windows, with architraves and corbels of red sandstone, a yellow species being employed in the walls. Grass, wild flowers, and lichens of various kinds, take the place of ivy, in decorating the old walls, ivy not being known in China. Six hundred years ago, this Temple of the Thundering Winds was mentioned by Marco Polo, its height being then one hundred and

TEMPLE OF THE THUNDERING WINDS.

ENTRANCE INTO THE HOANG-HO.

twenty feet, which is its present elevation.

The scenery about the Lake Sze-hoo is represented as perfectly elysian. The wealthy mandarins from the city have taken up every spot of land, from the water's edge to the foot of the bold mountains, which extend around like a vast amphitheater, and appropriated them for villas, palaces, temples, pleasure-grounds, and gardens. Like the Laguna at Venice, the lake is thronged, day and night, with barges and pleasure-boats of every grade. The most sumptuous yachts are generally followed by a floating kitchen, in which the banquet is prepared.

China is an exceedingly well-watered country. The two great rivers, which traverse the entire breadth of its mighty plains, are the Yang-tse-kiang and the Hoang-ho. They both take their rise in the mountains of Thibet. The former flows nearly through the middle of the empire, from west to east. The latter rises in a cluster of elevated peaks, which connects the great mountain chains of Kwanlun and Tien-shan, and surrounds the lake of Kokonor. At first, it flows, for a long space, in a northeasterly direction, entering the Chinese frontier, and then quitting it, till it seems about to lose itself in the wilds of Tartary. Then it turns due east, some 800 miles; then due south, about 400 miles, till it reaches the borders of Honan; then, almost due east again, flowing through the province of Keang-nan, to the Yellow Sea. In the latter part of its course, it is nearly parallel with, and not more than 100 miles from, the Yang-tse-kiang.

The Hoang-ho, like the Nile and the Mississippi, carries down an immense quantity of earthy matter, by which the waters are so discolored as to give it the name, in a part of its course, of the Yellow River. Its entire length is estimated at 2,000 miles. At 70 miles from the sea, where it is crossed by the great canal, it is more than a mile in breadth.

THE BIRD BATTLE.

One bright summer morn I had wandered away,
By the din of the city beset,
And found an abode near whose precincts all day,
Scenes of beauty and grandeur were met.
Quite tranquil I sat in an arbor at rest,
And gazed on a glittering wreath
Which hung like a crown on the near mountain's crest,
The landscape wide spreading beneath.

Far down in the distance a white-sailed sloop lay
Like a gull on the water asleep;
Abreast of the headland it held on its way,
But seemed as if chained to the deep.
All nature was lulled in a languid repose;
The birds were too listless for song;
E'en the clouds seemed preparing their eyelids to close,
While the river lapsed idly along.

When, all of a sudden, I heard such a scream
Burst forth from a neighboring tree,
As speedily banished my half-finished dream,
And made a close watcher of me.
A robin and blue-bird, engaged bill to bill,
In sanguine encounter I saw;
They fluttered and clattered and hacked away, till
I thought they must blood largely draw.

Now red-breast was topmost—he cuffed and he kicked
The little blue-wing right and left;
Then blue-bird did head of cock-robin afflict,
Till he seemed of his top-knot bereft.
I shouted to stay them, demanding a truce,
The cause of the feud while I gained;
I offered to mediate—what was the use?
No audience could be obtained.

A contest was raging, and had to be lost,
By one or the other, be sure;
A victory gotten, at whatever cost,
Naught else could their heart-burning cure.
I ceased intervening to watch the event,
With patience becoming the case,
The blows fell less rapid, but seemed far from spent,
Each foeman subsiding apace.

When down came the big drops, loud sounded the boom
Of the thunder-storm sheeting the skies;
Away shot the robin far into the gloom,
Away fled the blue-bird likewise.
The noise of the conflict was instantly drowned,
The combatants nowhere were seen,
The rain seemed determined such things to confound,
For it poured forth a deluge, I ween.

No sign did I witness again of the birds,
Though the shower was presently done,
They failed to rekindle, in notes or in words,
The battle which neither had won.
What lessons, I pondered, might here be well learned,
For curing an outbreak or broil,
In cities misguided or e'en overturned,
By factions in love with the spoil.

A shower's the thing, but of water, not ball,
Well applied to the top of the head,
To banish the qualms of law-questioners all,
And make them law-lovers instead.
Then let us remember, when riots are rife,
And fighting is getting too free,
The readiest method to settle such strife,
Is, to treat it *hydraulically!*

R. S. O.

"COME, get up—you've been in bed long enough," as the gardener said, when he was pulling up carrots to send to market.

THE AGES OF ANIMALS.

A BEAR rarely exceeds twenty years; a dog lives twenty years; a wolf, twenty; a fox, fourteen or sixteen. Lions are long-lived—Pompey lived to the age of seventy. The average of cats is fourteen years; a squirrel and hare, seven or eight years; rabbits, seven. Elephants have been known to live to the great age of four hundred years. When Alexander the Great had conquered one Porus, king of India, he took a great elephant which had fought valiantly for the king, named him Ajax, and dedicated him to the sun, and let him go with this inscription: "Alexander, the son of Jupiter, had dedicated Ajax to the sun." This elephant was found three hundred and fifty-four years after. Pigs have been known to live to the age of thirty years; the rhinoceros to twenty. A horse has been known to live to the age of sixty-two, but averages twenty-five to thirty. Camels sometimes live to the age of one hundred. Stags are long-lived. Sheep seldom exceed the age of ten. Cows live about fifteen years; Cuvier considers it probable that whales sometimes live to the age of one thousand. The dolphin and porpoise attain the age of thirty. An eagle died at Vienna at the age of one hundred and four years. Ravens have frequently reached the age of one hundred. Swans have been known to live three hundred and sixty years. Mr. Mallerton has the skeleton of a swan that attained the age of two hundred and ninety years. Pelicans are long-lived. A tortoise has been known to live to the age of one hundred and seven.

LIES are hiltless swords, which cut the hands that wield them.

THE WONDERFUL GOAT.

YES, Nanny must go—and Dick really cried, when he found his mother had sold Nanny the goat, and her pretty kids. Dick's mother lived in the lovely cottage, of which you see a part in the picture. Sickness in her family increased her expenses so much, that she was obliged to sell many things which she valued, and now she was obliged to let Nanny go; and she was sorry, as well as Dick.

The cottage was not far from Capt. Wilmer's, of the "Silver Cloud;" and on account of the sick lady passenger he was to take out, he wished—indeed it was necessary—to take a goat along, for the milk. She has two dear little kids, and for a price they are all taken away to sea. It is wonderful how much animals do really know. What we call *instinct* in them, does truly approach very near to the *reason* of human beings. A scientific man has recently been writing to prove that all animals have *language*. He brings instances where it has been *said*, *sung*, and *acted*—understood and replied to, or caused action, which plainly showed it was understood.

All of us have seen some similar things. We all know about the habits of the goat in mountainous countries; in Switzerland, for instance, how they climb anywhere, and pick a subsistence from places which it makes our heads dizzy to think of.

Goats are not very abundant in our country, though more so than in former years—very sedate they always look, as if they were really *thinking*—and this goat in particular, about which I am going to tell you, you will think is very near, indeed, to a reasoning being. Dick said she had such a look, when she turned her eyes to the green grass, as she was taken away from the cottage, that it made him feel sorry all day, and he knew she had thoughts in her heart about it. Be that as it might, what I am going to tell you about her, on shipboard, is perfectly true.

Nanny and her kids were made very comfortable on the "Silver Cloud;" and every one liked to show them a kindness, by feeding and petting and pleasant words. The invalid lady, in particular, was often near them, as pastime. If in feeding them, she gave a bit of the skin of a banana to the little ones, the mother Nanny would

put her nose between the lady's hand and the kid's mouth, and then push the kid's mouth away—if she gave them the *meat* of the banana, there was no poking in of the mother's nose, but they might eat in peace. What could be plainer, if spoken? At one time the kids persisted in eating something of this kind, when she lifted each one upon her horns, and gave them a toss of six or eight feet away from it, and there they lay, looking at it, and opening and shutting the mouth, as we would say, *smacking* the lips, but not attempting to return to the forbidden repast. Was not that plain talk? and a beautiful lesson of obedience?

After a time the cook of the ship caught up one of the kids, when the mother was not looking. He held it in such a way that it could not make any cry to attract her attention; he then carried it away, killed, and dressed it for dinner. By-and-by Nanny was seen to be walking and searching, peering into this and that place, making frequently a moaning noise, plainly looking for her missing little one. This she continued for two or three days. After a time the remaining kid was taken sick. The mother stood or laid down close by it for many hours, looking intently upon its sufferings. When it was in the last agonies of death, as all could see who were looking on, she walked quietly away, and in her own little house on deck laid herself calmly down, as much as to say, "It is all over."

She made no such moaning sounds, as she did in the case of the other kid; and never once went around, as if she was searching for it. Poor Nanny was lonesome, indeed. Captain Wilmer brought her back, and one day Dick was rejoiced, for the kind Captain had told him if he would drive to the city harbor, where his ship was lying, he would make him a present of poor Nanny. Glad was she to get among the green grass and the soft summer dews again. LAURA ELMER.

WHAT SAITH THE FOUNTAIN?

WHAT saith the fountain,
Hid in the glade,
Where the tall mountain
Throweth its shade?

"Deep in my waters, reflected serene,
All the soft beauty of heaven is seen;
Thus let thy bosom, from wild passions free,
Ever the mirror of purity be."

What saith the streamlet,
Flowing so bright,
Clear as a beamlet,
Of silvery light?

"Morning and evening still floating along,
Upward forever ascendeth my song;
Be thou contented, what'er may befall,
Cheerful in knowing that God is o'er all."

What saith the river,
Majestic in flow,
Moving forever
Calmly and slow?

"Over my surface the great vessels glide,
Ocean-ward borne by my strong heaving tide;
Toil on, my brother, life vanisheth fast,
Labor unwearied, rest cometh at last."

What saith the ocean,
Boundless as night,
Ceaseless in motion,
Resistless in might?

"Fountain to streamlet, streamlet to river,
All in my bosom commingle forever;
Morning to noontide, noontide to night,
Soon will eternity veil thee from sight."

OLD SABAEL,

THE INDIAN OF A CENTURY.

WHEN a traveler leaves Lake George and goes up north, he finds the country very hilly and rough, the population few and scattered, and everything having an air of wildness. Following the lordly Hudson upward, he arrives at a point where the townships are called No. 12, 13, 14, etc., instead of having names, and where the road stops.

Beyond this, and far into the wilderness, the enterprising lumberman has penetrated, and all along the river are seen scattered saw-logs, whose birthplace was far up among the wilds, and which were left the last spring—the true log-driving season—on their way down to the place where the saw-mill is ready to destroy their shape forever. At one place, far, far up the Hudson, we found a nest of magnificent logs, which were stranded there the last spring by the sudden fall of the water. They completely choked up the river, piled up and wedged up from four to eight feet high, completely filling the river, and that for more than a mile in length. From the point where the road seems to stop is a path about fifteen or twenty miles through the woods to Indian Lake, and through this, summer or winter, it is the best way to walk, having your luggage carried on a sled by oxen. This we found the best way even in summer. The miles are marked on trees, but they seem fearfully long. At the end of this terribly rough path you come to Indian Lake—a long, wild, and not a very pleasant lake—emptying into Indian River, and thence into the Hudson.

Indian Lake received its name from an old Indian who came to it many years ago, bringing an only son, and who have lived there in their rude wigwam up to the present time. The old man's name is Sabael; born on the Penobscot, more than a century ago, and afterward joining the Canada Abenaquis Indians. When, in our last war with Great Britain, the Abenaquis were induced to fight against the United States, he, being a Penobscot, left his tribe, and relinquished the yearly stipend which the Canada Indians receive from the British government, and came off through the wilderness, and settled on this lonely lake. At that time the country was well stocked with moose, beaver, otters, and deer.

The two former are mostly gone, while the deer, the otter, and the bear remain in abundance.

This old Indian was in the battle at Quebec, when Wolfe fell and the city was taken. His father was a kind of chief or brave, and he was his father's cook. He knows that he was then twelve years old. The battle took place in 1759, consequently he must now be a hundred and one years old. He speaks the English language, but not fluently. His son "Lige" (contraction for Elijah) is toward sixty years old. He was our guide in the wilderness, as he was also of Professor Emmons, when making his geological survey of the State—a faithful, good-hearted Indian, kind, gentle, and true—a real Indian, however. They keep a pretty black horse, for which they have, and can have, no possible use, and four hungry dogs, of which Wam-pa-ye-tah (Whitefoot) seemed to be the favorite. We asked old Sabael if he could see. "Me shoot so better as my son;" *i. e.*, he could still beat his son with the gun. He is straight, and a powerful man; unable to read or write; a poor, ignorant Catholic in religion, and his knowledge is bounded by his experience in hunting. Even now he will take his canoe, and gun, and traps, and go off alone, six weeks at a time, on a hunting expedition. I asked him if he was never afraid while thus alone. His answer was: "Me sometimes 'fraid of Chepi (ghosts), and once 'fraid bear. Me go into great cave—all dark—no gun—creep in and look round, and great bear stand right up on his hind legs and growl at me. Then my flesh feel cold—say nothing—creep back slow—get out quick as can. Then me set birch-bark fire, throw him in, see bear, point in gun and shoot. Bear growl and stop, and then dead."

"But are you never afraid of the panthers which are in this wilderness?"

"No, me no 'fraid; government no more belong to beast."

"I don't understand you, Sabael."

"Me tell you what Indian say" (*i. e.*, an Indian tradition). "Once time, long ago, wild beasts all come together to make government. When get there, lion say, 'I be government; I strongest.' Then all beasts say nothing; all 'fraid. Then wolf say, 'I know one stronger than you.' 'Who he?' say lion. 'His name man, and he stronger as you,' say wolf. 'Me don't 'fraid of him; be government still. Let me see him.' 'Come 'long with me,' say wolf. So wolf lead him 'way through woods, long way, and tell him to sit down by this path, and by-by see man coming 'long. So lion sit down great while, and then see little child coming, and he speak out, 'You man?' 'No; shall be one day.' Then see old man coming on staff very slow, and he cry out, 'You man?' 'No; was once; ain't now; never shall be again.' By-and-by see one riding on horse, look like devil, and lion speak out, 'You man?' 'Yes.' 'You government?' 'Yes.' 'No, no; me government.' So lion spring at him, and man take one hees ribs (sword) and strike him, and make him bleed. Then he spit at him (pistol), and wound him bad. Lion very sick, creep back to woods; no government any more. Men government ever since, and me never 'fraid to be all alone in the woods."

The wigwam of Sabael is about as uncomfortable as a dwelling could well be; the furniture a few deer-skins, a pot, spider, frying-pan, and the like. No floor, no table, chair, or bed; but there, on the bare ground, he sits, eats, and sleeps, in summer

and in winter. He told us he had discovered two silver mines (probably micaceous rocks), but he could not find them. Last year he spent more than a month in trying to find one of them, but to no purpose. He hopes yet to do so, and thinks they will yield him thousands of dollars. What would the human heart do without something to hope for? He says he first discovered the valuable iron mine at Keeseville, and sold the knowledge of it to a white man for a bushel of corn and a dollar in money. He is a bigoted Catholic, though he has not seen a priest for many years. He has a string of beads, which a priest gave him many years ago, and which he superstitiously regards as possessing great virtue.

"What use are they, Sabael?"

"'Spose me out on lake, wind blow hard, lake all too high for canoe; me drop one bead into lake, all calm and still in a moment. 'Spose me in woods, thunder bang strike tree, me 'fraid; hang these upon limb of tree, thunder all go 'way, no hurt me. 'Spose woods full of Chepi (ghosts), take these beads out, all Chepi run 'way."

And yet he dared not say he had ever seen any such miracle performed by using his beads. His son is a Protestant, so far as he has any religious views, and, when he is out of the reach of ardent spirits, is a charming man. But neither has the power to resist on this point, when tempted.

Poor old Sabael! I had heard much of him, but never expected to see him—a forest tree more than a century old. He will soon be no more. But of what use is such a life, or scores of such, to the world or to the possessor? How poor a creature is man, though he live to be one hundred years old, if he lives not under the light, the hopes, the motives, and the influences of the Gospel! With these, the little child may die a hundred years old, and without them, the man of a century of years is less than a child.

TO MY FATHER,

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF HIS WEDDING-DAY, MAY, 1851.

Dear father, it is thy bridal day!
It comes in the flowery month of May,
It comes with the gentle breezes of spring,
With the birds and flowers she loves to bring.

Here are some beautiful spring flowers,
Which I gathered among the leafy bowers;
Here is a darling blue violet,
That grew by the sparkling rivulet.

Here is the graceful little snow-flower,
Which looks so pretty in Flora's bower;
And also a tiny golden crest,
That I should like to put in your vest.

Full fourteen years have passed away,
Since Cupid, in his merry play,
Aimed at you with his little dart,
And aiming right, he pierced your heart.

And then you asked mamma's consent,
And blushingly she gave assent;
And you were soon made man and wife,
To be united through your life.

My dear papa, you do not know
How much I love, I love you so;
And dear mamma, I love her too—
I dearly love both her and you.

Once Eddie said to his mamma,
"Mamma, I want to see papa."
And mamma said, "My darling boy,
I hope you soon will have that joy."

Dear father, take these flowers from me,
And let them a love-token be;
But now I must bid you a sweet good-bye,
Till I have more time, and again I will try.

BLUE-EYED MINNIE.

PALACE OF ALLAHABAD.

INDIA, THREE CENTURIES AGO, AND NOW.

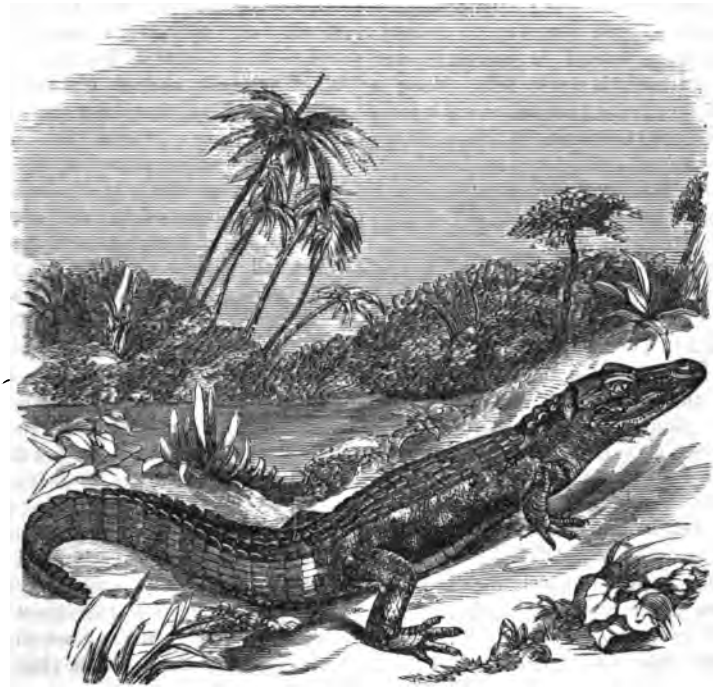
IN 1556, Akber, the son of Humayun, succeeded to the throne of the Mogul Empire, at thirteen years of age. He was a young man of great promise, handsome in person, courteous in manners, and gifted with all those princely qualities that are sure to render a monarch popular. He was skilled in all manly exercises, and courageous even to madness. Tiger-hunting, always dangerous, as well as exciting, was his favorite sport, in the pursuit of which he would often get entirely away from his attendants, and encounter single-handed the enraged object of the chase. Behram, a Turkish nobleman, who was regent during the minority of Akber, was rather too independent and imperious to suit the young monarch, and he resolved to displace him. Being out on a hunt, and having separated himself from his party, he put spurs to his horse, galloped off to Delhi, took possession of the palace, and issued a proclamation, declaring his intention, from that moment, to assume the reins of government.

The haughty regent revolted from so sudden a loss of power, collected a body of troops, and attempted to make himself master. Being defeated, he humbled himself, sought and obtained pardon, and, with the royal consent, undertook, as a penance, a pilgrimage to Mecca, which he never reached, being assassinated on the way by an Afghan chief, in revenge for the death of his father, who had fallen in battle with the Moguls.

The empire of Delhi was too limited for the ambition of Akber, and he formed the grand design of uniting all India under one vast monarchy. In this he was finally successful. His conquests were rapid and extensive, while his government was wise, liberal, beneficent.

His favorite residence was at Futtehpur Sikri, a town which he built for himself, on the banks of the Jumna, in the province of Agra, about 100 miles south of Delhi, where his spacious palace of white marble, and a magnificent mosque near it, are still standing, in good preservation. This palace, one of the finest edifices in Asia, is in the form of a crescent, and stands on the edge of the river, with a terrace in front, reaching to the water. Here, during the flourishing period of the empire, pleasure-boats, barges, yachts, etc., were in constant motion up and down, and music and revelry made up the scene. Bishop Heber says of the ornaments, carving, and mosaic of some of the rooms of these palaces, that "they are equal, or superior, to anything which is described as found in the Alhambra. One suite of rooms, devoted to the ladies, is lined with small mirrors, in fantastic frames. A cascade of water, also surrounded with mirrors, is made to gush from a recess at the upper end, and marble channels, beautifully inlaid with cornelians, agates, and jaspers, convey the stream to every side of the apartment."

Akber had another magnificent palace at Allahabad, at the confluence of the Jumna and the Ganges, about 200 miles east from Agra. The walls and citadels of Agra and Allahabad were ornamented in Indian style, with turrets, domes, and battlements; and each gateway was a stately edifice, that would have formed a noble entrance to a royal palace. Allahabad,



CROCODILE.

now so well known as an important British military station, is a very ancient city, and derives a peculiar sanctity, in the eyes of the natives, from its position at the junction of two sacred rivers. It is much frequented by pilgrims, who come there to bathe in the sacred spot, where the waters meet.

With all the romantic beauty and luxuriant wealth of the Eastern realms, they are subject to many and very serious inconveniences. Besides the extreme heat, and the danger to life and health from fevers, plagues, and pestilences, they are much infested with savage wild beasts, and ugly and venomous reptiles, from which the temperate regions are comparatively free. Lions, tigers, hyenas, serpents, crocodiles, and many others, equally dangerous and disagreeable, abound. Traveling, except in company, and well armed, is never safe. Many a pilgrim has been missed, many a child lost sight of forever, for whose disappearance the only account has been, that a lion or a tiger met him, or a crocodile swallowed him.

LETTER FROM THE COUNTRY.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Shall I tell you of a ride through a Canadian forest? Not much to tell, you may think, yet it was replete with interest, as everything in God's world is, if we will but *observe*. I saw most of the varieties of forest trees, which o'ershadow the Middle and Northern States, and noticed with delight the varied shades of green which clothe them all in beauteous garments—the dark evergreens crowning each hill, while the deciduous climbed the slopes. As the wind parted the foliage, rays of golden sunlight fell on many pleasant flower-gardens. Yes, here in the forest, all untended, grew the evenly-marked beds of different families of plants, without dividing line of path or fence. No one but the bee sipped the nectar, and the loving breeze alone sought the sweet fragrance.

No hand kept the weeds away, and yet no lady's flower-beds were freer from them. "I dwell among mine own kindred," said each little company. The delicate Phlox chose the largest spaces, and empurpled whole gardens of its own. Then the fragrant mandrake, with its pure white blossom, seated, like one of you, dear ones, this June day, beneath a parasol of leaves.

These are the most fairylike gardens of all. At night, each little green tent is drawn close to shelter its one fair inhabitant, and at noon, broad unfurled, to keep her from the sun's too ardent gaze.

This interesting plant we do not have on Long Island, except by cultivation. It comes out of the ground, like the top of a closed parasol, and day by day rises and opens till it stands on its stalk for a handle, about a foot high. Next year, two of these folded umbrellas shoot up, and unite on one handle. A small drooping bud nestles close beneath the embracing leaves, on a tiny stem of its own. Well do the twain leaves protect their lovely offspring, and well is their care repaid by the lifting up of the fair face of four white petals encircling a golden center, whence the hidden mysteries of fragrance proceed. The precious germ is now the object of care to the whole plant. Each night the lily petals close over it (just as mother folds the covering over her

slumbering darling), and then the large leaves, in regular arrangement, close, closely to the stalk.

In due time the fig-shaped fruit is formed, and hangs golden on the stem, very fragrant, not unlike guava. If you have seen it many a time, and if I have not told the story truly, pray send Mr. Merry word.

In riding along I came to a place of rocks, and there, plenteous beds of the red coral columbine nodded a welcome.

How bright and cheerful, in their wild grace, do they salute you from the rock crevices, waving ever!

I am almost through with the flowers, but must mention my wild trilium gardens. I think I never saw these blossoms so large, quite covering the palm of a lady's hand. They were of all colors, too—from purest white, through all the shades of pink, to dark maroon and purple. Some were sweetly variegated. Do you know this flower? A stalk with three large leaves, then a calyx of three smaller green leaves of the same shape, and the flower three petals, formed like the leaves. *More* than a trinity of beauteous stamens, of color corresponding to the petals, completes the flower.

The wild azalia, with cinnamon perfume, completes the class of blossoms for this time.

Now, I want to tell you of a little squirrel, who, hearing the neighing of our noisy horse, came out on a tree branch, and sprang on the telegraph wire, scampering along for dear life (no doubt glad of this near way home), thinking what a hungry set of passengers we were, and that he had better be home, taking care of his nut-cakes. If we had got into his pantry, I am afraid his little ones would have gone supperless to bed. At any rate, he would have had a brush with us, for we were near Ravenous Swamp by, this time, and could not have gone away peaceably had we the opportunity of munching.

How high would the little squirrel lift his feet should the electric sparks crackle beneath him? I wonder if any one's love message was lost by his making the wire a pathway?

DETROIT, *June 21st*, 1858. S. C. S.

WILSON, THE ORNITHOLOGIST.

ALEXANDER WILSON was born in Paisley, Scotland. He was brought up to the trade of a weaver, but afterward preferred that of a peddler — selling muslins and other wares. He wrote some poems, which he published without success. When about twenty-seven years of age, he came to America, where he was weaver, peddler, and schoolmaster; but a love of ornithology led him to give up teaching, and he wandered over America, collecting specimens of birds. In 1808 appeared his first volume of American Ornithology, and he continued collecting and publishing, traversing swamps and forests, in quest of rare birds, and undergoing the greatest privations and fatigues, till he had committed the eighth volume to the press. He sank under his severe labors on the 23d of August, in 1813, and was interred with public honors at Philadelphia.

NANKIN COTTON. — The yellowish-brown color of Chinese nankin is the natural tint of the cotton, and is not given by dyeing. The name is from the city of Nankin, where it was manufactured.

LITTLE ROVER.

He had such white, pearly teeth,
Cased within a fitting sheath—
Glossy hair, both dark and light,
Eyes as jetty black as night;
Silky ears, which heard each sound
Made above, below, around;
Feet which pattered everywhere—
On the carpet, on the stair,
In the woods, 'mong flowers fair,
In the garden, o'er the clover,
Passed like sunlight Little Rover,
Chasing shadows dark away
With his mimicry and play.
Many a romp and many a game,
Called by some fantastic name,
Had we with the birds and bees,
Underneath the woodland trees—
Many a race along the stream,
Flowing like a child's calm dream,
In the days long since gone by,
Had my little dog and I.
Never more will Rover rove
In the garden or the grove;
Never more will he obey
My command to go or stay;
Never more will his swift feet
Patter o'er the lane or street;
Never more will his dark eyes
Sparkle with a glad surprise,
In the morning, when we meet.
For his eyes have lost their brightness,
And his feet their fairy lightness;
And his heart has ceased to beat,
And he lieth in a grave
Where the grass and flowers wave—
In a little sheltered nook,
Near the shelving, sandy shore
Of a little babbling brook,
Where we wandered oft before,
In the happy days of yore.

Mattie Bell.

West Union, Ohio.

THE LITTLE ONE'S PRAYER.

A little child knelt near the broken lattice. Casting a glance at the sleeping form of her father, she clasped her wan hands, and murmured:

"Oh, God, make father leave his evil ways—make him my own dear father once again! Make mother's sad looks go away, and make her old smile come back; but thy will be done."

Just then the mother entered the room; and taking her husband by the arm, she said:

"Hearken to Minnie; she's praying."

"Oh, God, make father love me as once he did; and make him forsake his bad ways!" murmured the little one again.

"Oh, Paul—husband!" cried the mother; "by our past joys and sorrows, by our marriage vows, our wedded love, blight not the life of our little one! Oh, let us all be happy again!"

The conscience-stricken man bowed his head and wept. Then, clasping his hands, he said:

"With God's help, you will never be made to sorrow on my account again."

And he kept his vow.

COURTING IN THE ARBOR.

OLD TIMES AND NEW.

"GIVE me the good old times," exclaimed my grandfather, "and you are welcome to all your modern improvements. I tell you what, your fore-fathers and fore-mothers understood the true art of living and being happy. Those olden times were more juicy and fragrant, the olden customs more genial and hearty, the social intercourse more piquant, spicy, and romantic than anything that you know of in this artificial age. You don't begin to have the genuine unadulterated frolic and fun that your grandfathers and grandmothers had in those days, when they rose with the lark, and retired with the robin.

"Well do I remember when I popped the question to your grandmother. She was the belle of the village, the jewel of all the country round. Her father was a judge, and the richest man

in the county. I called on her about three o'clock in the afternoon, and found her spinning in the arbor. She welcomed me cordially, but did not suspend her work. She was dressed neatly and well, in garments of her own making. She had spun and woven the whole material, as my mother and sisters had done that of my own dress. I had arranged my toilet with great care, had my queue dressed in excellent style, and looked, as you see, altogether *comme il faut.* Your grandmother was just enough of a coquette and a tease, to test a lover's diplomacy, and make the courtship spicy and interesting. I shall not tell you all the particulars—but, 'all's well that ends well,' and nothing in this world ever ended better than that."

He would have run on some time longer, but, just then, I was in the mood for asking questions, so I begged him to tell me how they managed to weave large pieces of cloth by hand. Whereupon he made me a little sketch of his father-in-law's kitchen, just as it was when he used to go there court-

GRANDMOTHER AT THE LOOM.

ORIENTAL WEAVING.

ing the Judge's daughter—the Judge, with his pipe, on one side of the great fire-place, his wife near him, busy with her knitting, while the daughter was at the loom, weaving. The old spinning-wheel stood in the corner behind her.

"There," said he, showing me the picture he had drawn, "imagine me, just stepping in at the door, on the opposite side. What I said, and how she answered me, I shall keep to myself. But how she managed her loom, I will tell. She sat, with one foot upon a *treadle*, by bearing down upon which, an opening was made between the threads of the warp, throwing one half of them up, and the other half down, so that the shuttle could pass between them. She then pushed the shuttle through, and caught it in on the other side. By moving the treadle again, the order of the threads in the warp was reversed, so that those threads which were up before were down now, and the shuttle was then thrown back."

"Stop a moment, dear grandpa, if you please," said I. "I don't know what you mean by *warp* and *shuttle*, and all these strange words you have been using."

"Oh!" he replied, "I forgot that you are a child, and know nothing of the good old times. The threads which make the length of the cloth are called the *warp*. They are stretched evenly across the loom, and wound round a beam, which revolves as the loom works, and lets off just as much, each turn, as is wanted. The threads that run across are called the *filling*, which is contained in the *shuttle*, and unwound as the shuttle passes back and forth through the warp."

"STITCH, STITCH, STITCH."

"Dear me," I exclaimed, "I am glad I was not grandmother, to be obliged to do such hard work as that."

"So am I, my dear," said grandpa, with a smile, that was so funny, I could not help laughing.

"But," he added, "what would you think of making cloth on such as that which the women of India formerly used. I suppose your grandmother could make five yards, or perhaps more, while they made one."

"Yes, dear grandpa," said I, "but *our* factories are much better. They can make a hundred, or, perhaps, a thousand, while grandmother would make one."

"Ah, you rogue!" he replied, "you have got me there, and so we will turn the subject; that is to say, I will come round on your side. You will laugh, and have a right to, when I tell you I have just been buying a sewing-machine for your Aunt Mary. She sits too constantly at her needle, and is wearing herself out with doing all the work for her large family. I am going to set some of the girls at work, and let your aunt have a little rest. I shall send her off, for a few weeks, to Uncle Henry's, where she can grow young again, and when she comes back, she shall find all the sewing for the winter done up, as if by magic."

He then took me into his room, and made me sit down to the machine, while he explained its mechanism and operation. In a few moments I became quite expert, so that I could sew at the rate of nearly a yard in a minute.

It was some time before he could make me understand how a stitch could be made by a needle, which did not go *through* the cloth, but I understand it now, and am fully satisfied that it is the very best thing in the world to lessen woman's toil, and save the health and the lives of thousands.

The machine which grandpa had bought was *Wheeler & Wilson's*, he having examined all kinds, and approved this as the best. I should like to have the young Merry girls, who no doubt are all industrious, and have a great deal of sewing to do, understand

THE SEWING-MACHINE.

how this machine works, and what kind of a stitch it makes; and I hope they will all have one to do their work for them, so that they can have more time for reading, exercise, and pleasure.

The stitch, as seen in the diagram, is formed with two threads, one working always above the cloth, and the other below it. The needle, with the eye near the point, carries the upper thread down to the lower side of the cloth, where it is immediately taken and in-

DIAGRAM OF THE STICH.

terlocked with the lower one. The needle, flying rapidly back, draws the stitch tight. Thus, you see, the stitch is formed in the middle of the cloth, and the work looks the same on both sides. The work goes off like magic. Only think of it—one thousand stitches in a minute—a whole shirt, or a pair of sheets, finished in an hour, and a new skirt, or a plain dress, made up in the leisure of a morning, so that it can be worn in the afternoon. The entire spring and fall work of a family may be done up in one rainy week, and not an hour lost for out-of-door exercise and health. And then, don't mention it aloud, because the boys will laugh, the machines work so beautifully, so like magic, that the young men, and even some old ones, are infatuated to take all the sewing into their own hands. I know of one man who recently made several night-gowns, three or four pairs of pants, and two skirts, all in one afternoon, and then, like Alexander of old, cried out for more.

If we could make use, in this way, of some of those brainless fops, who make fashionable calls in the morning, or waste all our best evenings with their nonsense, it would be a very economical and sensible reform. Some of our country friends employ goats, or sheep, to keep the churn going. Why should not city folks employ their brother dandies to turn their sewing-machines?

MARGARET.

VEGETABLE IVORY.—This ivory-nut is the fruit of a tree found on the banks of the Magdalena, in Columbia, and is called by the natives Tagua, or Cabeza de Negro (negro's head), in allusion to the figure of the nut. The fruit contains an insipid fluid, which becomes almost as hard as ivory. Of it the Indians make little toys, which are whiter than ivory, and as hard, but will soften if put under water, and become again hard and white, when dried.

THE FOUR-CENT MAN.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.

A PILGRIM is supposed to attend to his own business, and not to be disposed to notice every odd thing that comes in his way. Thousands of people were constantly passing and repassing, of whom I took no note at all. Some were beggars, and some were peddlers of cigars, cakes, nuts, or matches. There was one very notable character, however, of whom I could not help taking notice. He has become one of the "institutions" of the Great Metropolis, and he forces himself upon the notice of every pil-

grim, whether he will or not. Even the deaf can hardly avoid hearing him; and the blind, if they do not see him, must always know when he is near. He is called "the four-cent man." For some years he has made it his sole business to peddle paper and envelopes in the street, having but one price, *four cents*, for the wares he offers. From morning till night, day after day, in heat and cold, and in all weathers, he marches slowly along the sidewalk, with his samples well arranged before him, calling out, in a clear, distinct voice, with a full, slow utterance: "Twelve—sheets—of—writing paper—for *four—cents*." "Twenty-five—self-sealing—envelopes—for *four—cents*." "Twelve—sheets—of note paper—for *four—cents*." He speaks so loud and so distinct, that he can be heard in almost any room of the buildings, for some distance around, and no one finds any difficulty in understanding exactly what he has to sell, and how much he expects to get for it.

Ellen. How can he afford to sell so cheap, Uncle? We have to pay a cent apiece, when we buy envelopes.

There are two reasons why he sells so cheap, my dear. In the first place, he has no rent to pay, no clerks, no fire and lights. He does all his business in the street, and by daylight, and does it all himself. In the second place, he buys cheap, and sells large quantities. His business is very prosperous. He never varies his prices, and never loses anything by credit. His custom is all cash.

Kate. Are not the people of the city sometimes annoyed by these constant outcries in the streets? You know how the newsboys in Cincinnati disturbed us, as we were going to church, on Sunday.

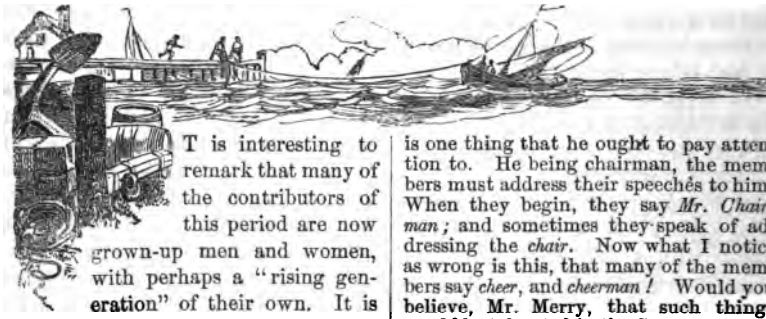
Yes, they are, as a class, considered as a kind of nuisance. The Sunday papers are particularly so; and in some of the cities, they are not allowed thus to disturb the quiet of the holy day. The outcries would not be so annoying, if they were only intelligible. For the most part, you can not guess what they say, unless you have a chance to see what they have to sell. This "four-cent man" is teaching them a lesson, by which it is hoped they will profit. He ought to be regarded as one of the reformers of the day. When he is gone, they should erect a statue to his memory, at some prominent corner, to remind all peddlers, as they pass, of the value of plain dealing and plain speaking.

But there is, it seems, one objection to this plain-speaking *four-cent man*. His full clear voice and plain words command attention, and often as he passes, every one *must* hear. This sometimes disturbs the thoughts and interrupts the business of men who are easily distracted, and whose business requires very close and quiet attention. In such cases, they have sometimes requested him to change his tone, or to remove to some other street, and have even paid him the amount of an ordinary day's earnings, to keep still for a day, while some important consultation was in progress. A very short time since, I noticed him, as if some new idea had seized him, moving quietly along, and saying, in a sort of undertone, which yet was very distinct and clear, "Envelopes and paper, selling off cheap." This he continued till 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and then took up his old strain, in the same clear, full voice, "Twelve—sheets—of writing paper—for *four*—cents." He had been hired to "spare the ears of the public" till that time, and he faithfully kept his part of the contract.

RETROSPECTUM;

OR, THE CHAT IN BY-GONE DAYS.

BY WILLIE H. COLEMAN.



IT is interesting to remark that many of the contributors of this period are now grown-up men and women, with perhaps a "rising generation" of their own. It is not at all improbable that the papas and mammas of some of our present correspondents have "chatted" themselves in days gone by, and I trust, if there be any such, that the fact will be made known.

1843.—There is nothing worthy of note in this part of the Chat, unless it be a letter in the July number, signed by six individuals. In these days of "annexation," I may observe that the "Medallion," edited by "Uncle Christopher," was merged in the MUSEUM about this time.

1844.—In the opening number, James Norton gives an interesting account of his visit to Washington, with some very pungent boy-criticisms on things there. Speaking of the House of Representatives, he says:

"There are about two hundred and thirty members; and what strikes me as very odd is, that they sit with their hats on. If they were boys, they would have to take their hats off; for boys are expected to observe good manners, but men, and members of Congress, I suppose, may do as they please. The Speaker is Mr. Jones, of Virginia, a man of dark complexion and plain appearance. He is also a little lame. Yet he seems to be a mild and good man. But there is one thing that he ought to pay attention to. He being chairman, the members must address their speeches to him. When they begin, they say *Mr. Chairman;* and sometimes they speak of addressing the *chair*. Now what I notice as wrong is this, that many of the members say *cheer*, and *cheerman!* Would you believe, Mr. Merry, that such things would be tolerated in the Congress of the United States? Why, any schoolboy would get a striped jacket for talking through his nose, and murdering the English tongue in this fashion; but I suppose members of Congress may do as they please."

The shoe might fit later dignitaries, perhaps.

The little buds of Chat which we have met hitherto, burst into full bloom in May. Shall I be believed when I say, that one letter, from "Constant Reader," is *three columns and a quarter long?* Such is the fact. *Hatchets* were not an "institution" in those days. Neither was there such a sharp contest of wits, such a hitting and slapping on all sides, as we *occasionally* see at present. There was room and time for a cosy, quiet chat, and no one thought of "crossing pens" with a fellow-writer. Have we improved? The letter referred to gives a pleasing description of Springfield and its lions.

Even at this early period, Mr. Merry seems to have been suspected of *manufacturing* his Chat, as he takes occasion to refute the charge. The following paragraph foreshadows "Merry's Book of Puzzles:"

"We are particularly well supplied with puzzles—enough, indeed, to get our brains, and those of our readers too, into a snarl—if we were to publish them all. There seems to be a great love for these things, and abundance of talent to produce them; why don't somebody set up a Magazine entirely devoted to them? It might be called 'THE UNIVERSAL PUZZLER, *or the Puzzler Puzzled*, consisting of puzzles, original and select, foreign and domestic, and embracing the most celebrated puzzles of ancient and modern puzzlers—edited by Peter Puzzle, Esq., aided by all the little Puzzles!' If any one is disposed to start the work, we give him the title gratis."

Many of the remaining letters in this volume contain pleasant descriptions of cities and villages, and frequently give much information. Politics—as at the present day—"crop out" here and there.

1845.—Henry B—— gives a short account of his travels in Europe, in January; but there is nothing of special moment for several succeeding numbers. There are many things which I might note down, which, however, would be of little interest to the general reader. In the Puzzle department there is little variety; enigmas and charades being the chief element. "Adventures of a Snow-Flake," by a young writer, appear in the June Chat; too long, unfortunately, to insert here.

Mr. Merry jokes D. W. H. about the Taunton River, that was so weak as not to be able to *run down hill*. Charles P. C. describes a tournament in Virginia, and Stephen B. F. gives a string of anecdotes relating to the old heathen philosophers. F. B. writes a long, gossipy letter on matters and things, chiefly in vindication of the Mississippi River, and the wearing of whiskers. I extract several paragraphs:

"Although this is a more newly-settled country, I doubt if you have anything equal to the Mississippi; and it is a most fortunate circumstance that it happens to run *right by* so many large towns; it is certainly a great advantage. It is the most tearing-downest river, certainly, that I ever saw. Somebody said once, that 'the Western rivers were frozen over one half of the year, and dried up the other.' He must have been a *monstrous little* man, to make such a remark, and *powerful weak* too, for it is not the fact; so far from it, the fact is quite the reverse! . . . My father likes the MUSEUM very much. I never heard him say a word of disapprobation, except in regard to the article on 'whiskers.' He thought that might just as well have been omitted; *some* folks might consider it personal. My father wears whiskers; but that of course has nothing to do with the propriety of publishing that article. He would have thought just the same about it, but *might not* have said anything. To be candid with you, my mother could not see much wit in it, and spoke rather disparagingly of it. I may observe that I have heard my mother speak rather admiringly of my father's whiskers—but that's neither here nor there."

Several pretty songs enliven this Chat.

July opens with an amusing letter, dated "Steamer Bois d'Arc, Red River," giving an account of the haps and mishaps of a voyage on that crooked stream. Here is a "specimen brick:"

"We have just made our escape from a '*raft*,' which had detained us twenty hours. This *raft* was formed by the *drift*, or the numerous trees, logs, and sticks, which, in floating down the stream, had lodged against a large tree, prostrated across the channel by the force of a hurricane, which passed through this region the day before we arrived. For many miles along the river, the course of the storm is marked by its havoc among the forest trees, some torn out by the roots, some twisted and broken to shivers above the ground, some stripped of their limbs; and the tall, naked stumps, which had been left standing in the cleared fields of the planters, were strewn over the cultivated ground, while the foliage

seemed cut to pieces, and the growing crops beaten down, by the hail.

"We found the river, twenty-four hours after the tempest, clogged up for the distance of fifty or sixty rods. The tree being cut off, the raft moved; but the main part soon stopped. A little more work then would doubtless have loosened the whole; but our 'Captain Smoker,' not wishing to lose time, attempting to *smoke* the steamer through, drove her like a wedge into the mass; but failing, backed up and tried again, repeating this operation several times, and reminding one of the combats of *certain quadrupeds* common in your country. The last time, taking a good start, the steamer made a desperate push, but was brought up, where she was snugly held till morning. In the evening, the 'Maid of Kentucky' came up to our stern, where, of course, she had to lie by. This morning, after some ineffectual efforts to relieve ourselves by hauling out the logs with the windlass, and after the 'South-Western' had, with much labor, succeeded in clearing away another raft a short distance below us, she came up to our bow, and making fast to hers one large 'hawser,' backed away till she broke it, then gave us her new one, and finally pulled us, raft and all, out of a 'mighty tight place.'"

It makes one quite envy the "Chatters" of those days, to see the ample space allowed them. Letters of one, two, three, and even *four* columns, are very common. O, for a like privilege, Uncle Hiram! There are quite a number of stories and biographies scattered through the Chat of this volume. May I venture to remark, *en passant*, that the talent displayed in the Chat of this time, seems of a somewhat *higher* order than at present. *Postscriptum* by Mr. Merry (will answer for present writers as well):

"J. L. D., of Boston, has sent us a second letter, which we can not insert, *because it is badly written*. We wish all our young correspondents to understand that we publish *only such letters as are neatly written* and *such as are post-paid*. Our object in this department of the MUSEUM, is to improve our little friends, as well in penmanship as in letter-writing; and we can not therefore encourage them when they send us communications which display a want of neatness or care. J. L. D.'s excuse, that he has a bad pen, is as bad as no excuse, because he could surely get a good pen."

T. P. suggests a new pastime, which is, to take some long word, like *emigration*, or *philanthropist*, and see how many other words can be made of the letters in the same. He says he has made forty-five from the latter word. In Dec., several correspondents detail their success with this word. One has made sixty, one seventy, one a hundred; No. O., Jr., one hundred and sixty-five; and J. J., more than two hundred words. The latter proposes *cosmopolite*.

This amusement was revived in 1854, but not carried on long. Who will start it again?

Thus endeth 1845:

"Good-bye, good friends and true,
Good-bye, Black Eyes and Blue,
But come, come again!
Come, one and all,
Come on, boys and girls,
Come great, and come small!
Old Parley and Merry
Will be glad to see you—very!"

[To be continued.]

PLANTS are seldom motionless. The wind wafts the seed of the dandelion and other plants. The waves bear the nut of the cocoa-palm. Man has carried the apple, the pear, the apricot, and the peach from Asia to America. Some plants would seem to attach themselves to particular races. The common plantain is called by the North American Indians, "the white man's footsteps."

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

HIS is very warm weather, let me tell you, young folks, one and all, if you do not know it, and you must keep as cool as possible. Don't be in a hurry to speak. Don't look or speak daggers. Let this be a feast of roses and music.

$\frac{1}{2}\,\frac{1}{0}\,\frac{1}{0}\,\frac{1}{0}\,\frac{1}{0}$.—"Keep cool!" Oh, yes, it's all very nice to *talk* of keeping cool, but the question is, how that is to be accomplished! Sitting in an *ice-house* would indeed make one beautifully cool, but indulging in such a dangerous luxury, if carried only a "leetle wee bit" too far, might, in the range of possible events, bring on "fever'nager," which shaking inconvenience would cause too much exercise for weather in which the thermometer marks 96° in the shade.

W. H. COLEMAN.—Cr-r-r-a-a-ck!—fizz!—pop!—bang!—"The day we celebrate"—bang!—"our nation's birthday"—fiz-z-z-z!—whis-s-s-h!—"Bunker Hill, and spirit of '76"—bang!—crack!—"the Star-Spangled Banner, and long may it wave!"—pop!—fizz!—"American eagle, and long may *he* wave!"—s-s-spuk!—"over the land of the free and the home of the brave?"—bang!—bang!—bang!—"Hail Columbia, happy land, with Yankee Doodle hand in hand"—boom!—"now and forever, one and inseparable"—siz-z-z-z!—boom!—"who fought, bled, and died in freedom's cause—E Pluribus Unum forever!—bang!—who-o-o-s-s-s-sh!—pop!—pop!—pop!—crack!—who-o-s-s-s sh!—fiz-z-z-z z-z!—s-s-s-spuk!—whis-s-s-sh!—bang!—crack!—whiz-z-z-z-z!—boom!—who-o-s-s-s-sh!—siz-z-z-z! fiz-z-z!—s-s-spuk!—who-o-o-o-s-s-s-sh!—BANG!!!!!!!

MARIA TO H. H.—May I intrude *once* more? Who turns the grindstone, when you sharpen the "hatchet?" I will not stay long *this* time, to make up for my last, for fear you would wish my visit to be like angels'—few and far between.

Your affectionate niece,

MARIA.

H. H.—The grindstone turns itself.

TEMA.—You want to know what I think of "the hatchet," do you? Well, wait a little while. I am coming your way about the first of July, and I think contact with *you* Northern ice-bergs will have sufficiently cooled me by the time I reach your office; so venture a reply, without disgrace to my Kentucky blood.

I mean you shall remember that visit, Mr. Merry. That is if—Is Kentucky money current in Yankee land?

Don't you advise me to make some distinction between my *T* and *Y*?

H. H.—Tema, there are good reasons why,
You should distinguish T from Y.
T(ea)s, black or green, the wise (y's) despise,
And you can never *tease* the *wise*,
Because they know too much, you see,
To make their Y look like a T.

CLIO.—Welcome, thrice welcome, Uncle Frank, after your long absence. How naturally your cheery face beams among us once more! If every "Merry cousin" feels as merry as myself at your return, there will be a general rejoicing at this meeting. Stand back, children! Haven't you better manners than to crowd so? I hope Uncle Frank has the protecting arms of the Easy Chair about him; but even in that he can't endure your *crushing* efforts to shake hands with him.

W. H. C. called "she" "he," in speaking of "Clio." It so happens that "he" is a girl. Don't tell him, however; let him find out for himself.

EMMIE M. J.—Here I am again, after an absence of two months, during which time there has been quite a stir in the

Chat. Who is the cause of all this bustle? Ah! I see: beware Willie, I have made you run once by calling you a "Candle;" and now I am going to make you retreat again, if I can, by calling you a "mischief-maker." Have you been after that kiss, yet, Willie? How did it taste? Has any one heard from Nip yet?

OLIVER ONLEY.—Please let the Bay State speak once more. Where are all our Yankee cousins? They must look out. I see the West is in the field, armed and equipped. I am glad that *Virginian* has got so much pluck. Mass. and Virginia! Adams and Jefferson! *Hurrah!* Please, if they get the wire across, send my love to Nip. Love to all the 20,000.

Now please don't think, my dear Aunt Sue,
That I have quite forgotten *you*.

C. F. W.—Laura, I fully agree with you *now*, but I won't if you desert. When Black-Eyes and Nip come back, I am afraid Fleta and Bess will have to catch it—that is, provided they ever do return.

BLACK-EYES.—Who says I'm "put out?" Who tells of "putting on mourning" for me? "Who says I am gone?" Just hark, too, to that guesser down in the corner, claiming to be a half Yankee. Why *I* claim that honor for myself, and I shall refuse to own him if he don't guess better next time. Just think of *me* being *Cousin* Willie's sister! Those two witches that "had a long talk about me," ought to be reminded that *young* folks sometimes marry. And as for *me*, my age does not far exceed that "great girl of seventeen," who thinks her age excludes her from a circle where I *hope* I may *always* come. But who is this talking so fast? Maria, I *dew* declare!

But, Uncle "Hi," I shan't undertake to "look after" her; I'd be in danger of growing cross-eyed, trying to look two or three ways at one time.

GEORGE W. GURNEA.—Please ask Aunt Sue to write me and tell me her name, so that I can write to her. I live in Hudson, McLean Co., Ill.

Aunt Sue.—My name, Georgie, is Aunt Sue. Any letter directed to "MERRY'S MUSEUM," New York, will reach me.

BLACK AND SHINY.—Please admit me as one of your 20,000 nieces. I know Aunt Sue; I used to live near her in the country. Through her I became familiar with the "Monthly Cabinet;" she gave me two copies of it. I should laugh if I should see this letter in the MUSEUM. Give my love to Aunt Sue, and all the numerous nephews and nieces around the table.

R. M.—Now let us hear you laugh.

MENDON BOY (*soliloquizing*).—Permit me to open the door softly and walk in. I see so many, thinks I to myself they won't want me here, so I'll go out; but just as I go to turn round—hark! methinks I hear Uncle Frank say, Come in, my little friend; you needn't be afraid, we will give you a hearty welcome; and sure enough! I do get a hearty welcome. Fleta is quite a poetess. Bess is getting pretty saucy; she must excuse me for using that word, for I didn't know what else to say. I am about coming down with that break-out disease, the measles; so look out you don't catch it, whoever has not had it.

JAMES.—I want you to ask Aunt Sue if I may write to her. I have a little brother at home, the greatest little scapegrace you ever saw; but I'd better look at home when I talk of scapegraces, and pick the mote out of my own eye. I want to know if you think it is wrong to dance. Good-bye. A kiss for Aunt Sue, if she will receive it.

Judge Merry.—It is no more wrong to dance than to eat. But you may eat too much, and at improper times and places.

Dance away to school, dance along the field,
Dance to any rule that health and pleasure yield.

ADRIAN.—Mr. Alonzo C. Withers, as your welcome, I suppose, extends to me, I am very much obliged to you. Sallie, I shall remember your "word of advice" if Uncle Hiram ever comes this way. I am very sorry indeed to hear that Uncle Frank is sick, but hope he will soon recover and renew his travels.

KNIPPINIPHIDGETTE No. 2, FROM THE LAND OF NOD.—Please don't introduce me, Uncle; I shall get acquainted, I assure you. Bess, I tremble for the state of your brain! You must be somewhat "shattered" to want to *shake* Uncle Hi, and then call him "sweet Uncle." Clio, how could you ask for an *onion* right before us all, Fleta included? and you know poets are *so* sensitive. Girls, all of you, I want to tell you something: don't let's recognize Black-Eyes (Mrs.) as one

of our cousins; she has disgraced the name of our institution by getting married. Of *course* the gentleman can have nothing more to say. Prairie Blossom, you——bless me! there comes the hatchet!

Nip, dear, don't stare, nor mistake me for yourself. I am only taking upon me the responsibility of defending your honorable name while you're away.

Cousin Kate.—A few days ago I was taking advantage of an hour of sunshine (which by the way is almost a minus quantity with us now-a-days) to work in my little garden. As I was giving a little nephew a few rudimentary lessons in gardening, and amusing myself with his rather awkward but still decidedly "cunning" attempts to handle the hoe, Ellen, our maid-of-all-work, passed by me. As she watched *Charlie's* maneuvering with interest, she exclaimed: "Shure, ma'am, what is the prettiest flower in the world?" I thought of the rose, lily, jessamine, violet, and other favorites, but at last answered that I did not know. "Indade, miss," said she, "don't you know, with all the tachin you've had? It's the childer, shure; an't they just like the flowers, so young and pretty, and there's always music about them;" and as she spoke she cast on me a look of profound pity for my ignorance. It *was* a pity, true enough, that Cousin Kate did not think enough to know that children are the sweetest flowers "our Father" ever planted upon earth, when she loves them *every one* (bless their honest little hearts!) better than she does the loveliest flowers. Glad to see you, Uncle Frank! I will forbear shaking hands with you this time, as so many are crowding around, and I would not add to your weariness. One word with "Justitia" before I go. Then you do not really like the idea of admitting an "old maid" to the circle? Well, my dear, it is for you to decide whether I behave as the "little ones" do, or not. In the mean time, I will continue my visits until I receive notice from some of the good uncles or aunties that I am welcome. Will that do, J.?

Fleta.—I appeal to you to give me "the floor" for five minutes. I'll promise to "*halve* out my say" in the smallest space possible.

"Laura," I agree with you that the desertion of so many of our "notables" is shameful! Your cry for "help" is not unheeded; but, alas! a usurper, especially of the throne of such a "Chat-*terror*," as was "B. E.," would have need of a large stock of courage to fill, creditably, the void "departed greatness" has left behind.

"Bess" need not feel worried; I was only slightly "hypofloricodephlogisticated" at the time. I read my dictionary "slantingdicularwise," and fledged the "*poem*" which astonished so many "natives." Perhaps the foregoing explanation may satisfy "Maria's" query.

"Willie H. C." will have his hands full, I "phansy," if he aspires to trace out the course of all the "shars" that have "stot up" since the discovery of the new and brilliant constellation of "the Hatchet." He is fully competent to the task, however. Happy to be of any further service to you, "Justitia." "Adelbert," consider your proffered hand warmly shaken. "Tennessean," respects. Why don't you write?

Your "printer's d——" has put a very classical-looking personage into the fourth line of Puzzle 103, whom I should like to be introduced to. *I* seated a few schoolboy "*tyros*" in the position alluded to. Where are they?

H. H.—They are lost in the flourishes of a too elegant chirography.

UNCLE FRANK'S MONTHLY TABLE-TALK.

While I was away from home, during last winter and spring, a good many letters addressed to me were answered, usually through the medium of the Magazine, by another member of our editorial corps. Now, considering that during the greater portion of this time I was too ill to read a letter, to say nothing of replying to it, is it not a little, a very little unreasonable, that any of my young correspondents should seriously find fault with me, because what they wrote did not come under my notice, and receive my careful attention? I think so; and yet ever so many nieces, and now and then a nephew, have seemed to feel that they had a call

to scold their poor Uncle Frank roundly for his delinquency in the case. Well, of the two, I dislike scolding less than grumbling. I'm glad I never get any grumbling letters. They are always on one side of the fence or the other. They are either very good-natured—when they are the messengers of all manner of fine things for me—or they have in them a few drops of acid, just about the proportion of lemon-juice in a glass of lemonade. The latter are very good of their kind, and I rather like them sometimes, for a change; but then one don't want *too many of them.*

Here is a letter which belongs to the other class, and a very good letter it is, too:

VICKSBURG, MISS., *July* 1, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—I have been from my home in this, the "Hill City," for many months, and on my return, among the many things which I greeted, was a collection of the numbers of the CABINET which had been issued during my absence, and which had been carefully placed away by a little sister, who was not unconscious of my attachment to the writings of Uncle Frank (a favorite name of mine).

Your sickness made me particularly anxious about you, and, be assured, I was very happy to hear from you. when you once more appeared among your nephews and nieces in the last number.

I have often heard and read of the beauty of the scenery on the Hudson, and am not, in any way, skeptical as to the assertion you make concerning it. Nevertheless, I would be delighted to take an excursion on that picturesque stream. I would supply the deficiency in the way of castles, which you mention. They would not, however, be in ruins; still, there would be some *glaring* faults in them—in their being too numerous and unsubstantial—as they would be formed of *air*. The principal object of this letter is to request you to tell us something about West Point and the U. S. Military Academy situated there. Doubtless many of your nephews and nieces would agree with me in such a petition; and hoping you will favor us, I remain respectfully yours, ALBA.

That strikes me as a good suggestion, "Alba." I have just visited West Point, and I will make a pen-and-ink sketch of it for my readers just as soon as I can coax my military ideas into rank and file.

There are a great many charming places on Long Island Sound; but among them all there are none which charms me more than Norwalk, situated about forty miles from New York. Some years ago, before I began to cater for the tastes of the little folks, I resided in Norwalk, and since that time I have been in the habit of visiting it at least once a year. This summer, I spent my Fourth of July there, and enjoyed my visit not a little. The trip is a most delightful one by water. The steamer "Confidence," a very pleasant boat, is on the route, leaving Norwalk in the morning, and returning in the afternoon. Well, I did not intend, when I began this paragraph, to give a sketch of Norwalk (I am not sure but I should tire out your patience if I were to do such a thing; for I could not condense my praises into a very small compass), but simply to relate an accident. While I was on my way home, and very busily engaged reading an entertaining book, a lady approached me, and called my attention to the fort at Throgg's Neck. "Do you think," she asked, "that those *ordinances* have sufficient *calabaree* to carry a ball across to the opposite shore?" I enlightened the lady, of course, as well as I was able; but if she had been a little girl, instead of a full-grown woman, I think I should have cautioned her against using words so big as to choke her. How ridiculous such a person, who is always straining after the hardest words in the dictionary, can make herself, and what a miserable way it is of "showing off!' My dear little girl, if you should ever have any temptation to indulge in words quite out of the sphere of common use, I hope you will first be sure the words are right, before you use them, and then that you will be sensible enough to employ them sparingly. Getting off extraordinary words on ordinary occasions, in relation to ordinary subjects, and in company with ordinary people.

seems to me very much like firing off a twelve-pounder to kill a mischievous rat.

Uncle Frank's address is "Francis C. Woodworth (MERRY'S MUSEUM), New York." At 116 Nassau Street (the office of the MUSEUM AND CABINET) he is also to be found, when in the city, which, it must be confessed, is but seldom. Be particular to put "MERRY'S MUSEUM" on the address.

Answers to Questions in June No.

79. The "still" worm.
80. The captain can order the ship to lay to (2) at any time.
81. The head is on one side, and the tail on the other.
82. A cat has claws at the end of her paws; a document has pauses at the end of its clauses.
83. Be above meddling between man and wife.
84. France, during the Revolution of 1793. The throne overturned—laws trampled under foot—religion cast one side—fire and sword at every corner.
85. Ear-wig.
86. When he *hooks* her dress.
87. B-ear.
88. M-usic.
89. Ho-ax.
90. M-(I)V(I).
91. He won't stick to his letters without licking.
92. Into his seventeenth.
93. From *candidus*, white, from the Roman custom of candidates for office wearing white robes.

ANSWERS RECEIVED FROM:

S. N., Brooklyn—Bessie—Adrian—Charlie B.—Susie—J. R. S.—Hal D.—Geo. B. H.—R. W. Nobody—C. F. W.—Mendon Boy—O. O. (whose last guess is not right)—Emmie—Nat—L. X.—Fritz—Reuben—S. L. R.—Vox—$\frac{1}{2}\frac{1}{0}\frac{1}{0}\frac{1}{0}$—Ned—Rambler—Jonas—Sarah H.—Hans—Tom-tit—Ohio—Lorner—James S. M.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

107. What great poem is like a child's dream? *Susie.*

108. In *twenty* letters I am contained.
My 12, 2, 3, is a possessive pronoun.
My 16, 10, 11, 19, is from the verb *pouvoir*.
My 8, 1, 20, is good to drink.
My 9, 10, 6, 7, is an interrogative pronoun.
My 16, 15, 8, 1, 4, 17, priestess of Apollo at Delphi.
My 19, 17, 14, is always in the ocean.
My 5, 13, 14, 2, 18, is an apartment in a house.
My whole is a famous French *motto*.
New Jersey.

109. I saw a pigeon making bread;
I saw a girl composed of thread;
I saw a towel one mile square;
I saw a meadow in the air;
I saw a rocket walk a mile;
I saw a pony make a file;
I saw a blacksmith in a box;
I saw an orange kill an ox;
I saw a butcher made of steel;
I saw a penknife dance a reel;
I saw a sailor twelve foot high;
I saw a ladder in a pie;
I saw an apple fly away;
I saw a sparrow making hay;
I saw a farmer like a dog;
I saw a puppy mixing grog;
I saw three men who saw these, too,
And will confirm what I tell you.
Geo. B. H.

110. Why is the head of liberty on a cent like a poisonous reptile?
Buckeye Boy.

111. Take 9 and 5 and a pronoun, then
In the masculine gender transpose,
And these, if together combined,
Will an ancient city disclose.
Buckeye Boy.

112. Why is O a sorrowful letter?
Oliver Onley.

113. What city do you find in a wine bottle? *A. Older*

114. What city in a drug store?
A. Older.

115. Arrange *new door* so as to make one word. *Geo. B. H.*

116. Why should you decline marrying a temperance man? *Geo. B. H.*

117. Why is the first chicken of a brood like the foremast of a ship?
Willie H.

118. Why is a loafer like a shade tree?
Willie H.

119. Why is a naughty boy like a locomotive? *F. V. B.*

120. When is corn not corn? *F. V. B*

NOTICES.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, *devoted to Literature, Art, and Politics. Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co.*

THIS able and interesting monthly has now accomplished its first half year, having from the start achieved a brilliant success. This is the more remarkable, as it commenced in a season of great depression, when other magazines were shaking in the wind, or falling before the blast. It is ably sustained by the very best writers in the country. A great variety of talent is employed upon it, and talent of such an order as never fails to command attention. Its politics will suit some classes of readers; its genial humor and sparkling wit will suit all. "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table," who is sometimes irreverently spoken of as the funny little Doctor, has more in him than some regiments of overgrown men, notwithstanding he has let out enough, in the last twenty years, or so, to supply material for fame to half a dozen. What would not the London *Punch* give for such a contributor?

The same fruitful pen is often detected in the poetry of the work, with golden twinklings of Longfellow, and other favorite bards of New England. We do not see how any family that has a taste for the cream of American literature, can dispense with this monthly visitor. To have it come regularly to your parlor is like receiving periodical visits, and holding periodical confabs with Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Tuckerman, Whittier, and a score or two of kindred spirits whose presence and influence would throw a sort of halo about your door—whose gleaming would scarcely be lost before a fresh visit would renew it. If the Atlantic continues to do as well as it has done, we confidently predict that it will be as popular, by-and-by, as MERRY'S MUSEUM, and have young men and maidens, old men and children, watching for it at all the post-offices at every return of the month. The young Merrys will please tell their parents, and their older brothers and sisters, what we have said about it. If they have made a proper use of the "MUSEUM," they will be fully competent to navigate the "Atlantic."

FALL RIVER ROUTE *to Providence and Boston.*

The favorite steamer "Empire State," having been thoroughly remodeled, and put in first-rate order by Samuel Sneeden, the great ship-builder of Greenpoint, is again on the line from New York to Fall River. She is now one of the best and safest boats afloat on our waters.

The Fall River route is a very popular one, as it has less railroading than any other, and affords better opportunity for a full night's sleep on board the boats. The sail up the Bay, from Fall River to Providence, is a rare luxury at this season of the year, and is worth the whole expense of the trip. Try it, you that have leisure for a little quiet enjoyment. Try it with your whole family, that you may know just how perfect it is. Take the *Atlantic Monthly* along with you for your own amusement, and the MUSEUM for your children, and we will answer for it, you will not find a dull moment, or see a sour look on the whole trip, and your health, both physical and mental, will be improved.

AUTUMN.

TIME surely must have sprung a leak,
It runs so fast away;
The month has dwindled to a week,
The week into a day.

Scarce more than yesterday it seems,
Since, 'neath the shimmering moon,
I reveled in the golden dreams
Of flowery, fragrant June.

And now, 'tis autumn. All the trees,
Though looking fresh and green,
Seem grave and thoughtful, as the breeze
Their branches plays between.

As if the sunny smile and song
Which bud and blossom suit,
Were gayer, lighter than belong
To the full ripened fruit.

Or even as if the laden tree
Had felt the weight of care—
The grave responsibility
Of those who treasures bear.

Even the gay and sparkling brook,
That babbled so in spring,
Has something of a sober look,
Is less inclined to sing.

The bounding cataract foams and roars
With the same voice sublime,
But graver, loftier notes it pours
Into the ear of time.

The birds that made the forest ring
With merriment so rare,
In notes subdued and mellow, sing
Of grave domestic care.

Even the poets, as you see,
Grown with the seasons grave,
With cataract, stream, bird, brook, and tree,
Must sober stanzas weave.

The year is not perpetual spring,
Nor life perennial youth;
Time has its place for every thing—
For toil—for fun—for truth.

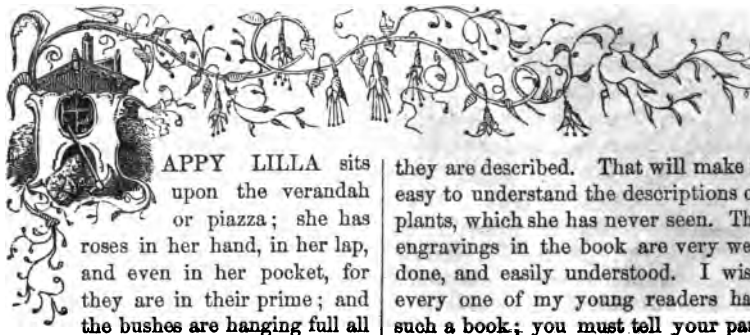
And spring, in all her blooming health,
Is scarcely yet as fair
As autumn, with her ripened wealth,
And calm contented air.

Oh, youth is very, very bright,
And pleasure very sweet,
And beauty lovely as the light,
Whene'er its forms you meet.

But age, though grave, is nobler far,
In wisdom more sublime—
Crowned with the spoils of many a year,
The ripened fruits of time.

A SUMMER STORY.

WHAT LILLA SAW IN THE COUNTRY.



HAPPY LILLA sits upon the verandah or piazza; she has roses in her hand, in her lap, and even in her pocket, for they are in their prime; and the bushes are hanging full all around. By her side is a large jar, filled with laurel flowers, which she gathered in "the Glen" yesterday. She has been carefully examining all the fluted buds, so perfectly formed and colored; and each opened blossom, which is like a cup of pentagon (five-sides) shape, of a delicate rose color, with pencilings and dots of deep crimson, mingled with the polished green leaves, scarcely less beautiful. It is a feast to the eye not to be forgotten. On her lap is lying a bran new book, just published, which she has brought with her from the city, and it is so excellent that my readers must know about it. It is "How Plants Grow"—being a "botany for young people and common schools;" and yet it is written by a learned professor in one of our largest colleges, Dr. Gray, of Harvard, and published by Ivison & Phinney, 321 Broadway, N. Y. It contains an "arrangement and description of common plants, both wild and cultivated, illustrated with 300 wood engravings."

Lilla thinks it is so nice to have this book with these names, that she has always heard, printed right out, where they are described. That will make it easy to understand the descriptions of plants, which she has never seen. The engravings in the book are very well done, and easily understood. I wish every one of my young readers had such a book; you must tell your parents and teachers about it, for I am sure you all want to know about things; and what is more interesting and beautiful than botany? Lilla has been learning about many plants; and her cousins, whom she is visiting, have been turning over the leaves of her book with her, and they all want one too.

Lilla is left by herself now, and she is taking in, at eye and ear, the pleasant sights and sounds which kind Nature is ever giving to those who love her—to those who seek her acquaintance, as did Lilla. Over the gravel-walk of the house park, a great cork-tree casts its thick shade. The foliage of this tree is very peculiar; the leaves grow in tufts or bunches; otherwise its general appearance is like the elm. Its boughs touch the verandah where Lilla is sitting. Can you believe it, young readers? on the lowest branch is a nest with eggs, and the bird sitting untroubled, while Lilla looks in her very eye. She is astonished when Cousin Eddie tells her it is a thrush. She was delighted with the clear, pure melody of its song, as it sounded and resounded, prolonging itself among the

tall trees of "the Glen;" and it seemed as if the wild, unearthly notes would never come very near a dwelling-house; but so it is. The sweet bird is sitting sober and patient on the eggs, while her mate, on a maple near by, sings and sings, to assure her of his care and love, in tones as clear as a fife. Oh, that liquid song of his sinks into the hearts of many persons besides Lilla.

Upon a large willow, on the bank of the little river which passes close by, only about fifty feet from the dining-room windows, is the nest of

THE THRUSH.

an oriole, swinging like a hammock, among green curtains, strung upon golden rods. You all know this beautiful bird is orange and black, in colors—so gay, and yet its song is somewhat plaintive. In this nest the birdies are almost ready to fly—four little oranges with wings.

Lilla has watched the mother carrying food many times; but look! hark! there is a new twittering and hubbub; what *is* the matter? Auntie is clapping her hands at a great rate. Eddie runs for his gun, while Lilla picks up from the grass a fallen fledgeling. Its head is torn and bloody. The parent orioles are chasing a mischievous red squirrel, who would make his dinner of their darling.

We are all shocked by him. Eddie steps softly under the tree with pointed gun, heartily wishing to shoot him to atoms; and he can do it too, for he is a rare shot. Just an instant we catch a glimpse of Master Wicked, as he washes his face away there, where Eddie is *not* looking—"Here, here, Ed"—but squirrel is gone this time. Many voices are raised against him; but little he cares.

But what should he do? says auntie; no nuts, no acorns now; and he looks healthy, as though he would relish an egg with a pretty speckled shell, or a wee birdie, so tender — barbarian that he is, and flourishing his bushy tail so grandly. The vote that Minnie proposes is, that he should fast, rather than eat tiny orioles. The bereaved birds are becoming quiet, and Lilla walks away where a treat awaits her. Spuz—spuz—sp-z-z-z; look quick; a humming-bird hangs like a great stamen (the botany book will tell and show you what is a stamen) of red, green, and gold, from a honeysuckle flower. Look at the picture! doesn't Nature make beautiful things?

Now Lilla and Minnie examine some pinks by their botany. Here, too, is a mass of pansies, which look so much like human faces, with a human expression; like a family of brothers and sisters, and cousins, when they get their heads together over MERRY'S puzzles and charades, etc. There are

the sober, the funny, the cunning, the sorry, the sour, the grinning, in purple velvet caps, peeping over each other's heads. Lilla sits down and begins a talk with them, of the red and white clover heads, on that plat just beyond, and of the splendid roses which the modest pansy agrees with her in admiring; meekly and heartily, too, praising the dear, sweet lily of the valley, and the magnificent white lily, with its unmatched fragrance and pure beauty; indeed, the gentle, unenvious pansy has a good word for all. No wonder it is such a universal favorite in its own right.

THE HUMMING-BIRD.

But twilight is gathering over all. Ho! here are the fire-flies lighting up, without a sound, the tiny lamps they bear; they must be preparing for some fairy revel on the green, which is starred with white clover bloom; only the "little folk" could get up such an enchanting illumination. You look *here*, and the lamp is over *there;* you look *there*, and it lights up at your shoulder—light, light, light, till at last shrubbery, grass-plat, pathway, hedge, and tree are in a living glimmer.

Lilla becomes excited, and all at once she discovers that the most excellent fairies, "Warm-heart," "Willing-to-be-pleased," "Loving Eye," and "Simple Mind," are skipping and dancing all about her; their breath is sweet odor; music is everywhere, leafy whispers, flowing waters, the twittering of the turtles, the soft screech of the tree-toad, and even the low croak of the frog, are as songs to her; for her heart is full of peaceful joy, and sweet shall be her sleep this night in the country.

LAURA ELMER.

A MUSICAL AND CRITICAL CAT.

MADEMOISELLE DUPUY, of the French opera, whose playing upon the harp was the wonder of Paris, was convinced that she owed her artistic excellence to her *favorite cat.* As soon as she sat down to practice upon the harp, her *cat* assumed an attitude of *intense* attention. At any passage of peculiar beauty, puss went into an ecstasy; and so well measured was this sensibility, according to the excellence of the playing, and the pathos of the composition, that M'lle Dupuy was able to judge of the music by the manifested emotions of her cat. She believed puss an exact prophet, *foretelling* precisely how music would affect an audience. She was grateful accordingly to her *friend*, to whom she thought she owed mainly her artistic success.

THE CAT AN HEIRESS.

In her last illness, at the approach of death, M'lle Dupuy sent for the notary, to make her will. She had accumulated a fortune, and the first item of her will gave *her town house* and *her country house to her cat.* To this she added an annuity, sufficient for the support of the four-legged *musician* during its life. And to make sure that this, her last will and testament, should be fulfilled, she gave several legacies to friends, on the *express* condition that they should see to the fulfillment of her wishes. It was also a condition that they should take turns, during each week, in going to see and keep company with the orphan cat.

The relatives of M'lle Dupuy disputed the will, and a *lawsuit* was the consequence.

Grimalkin *vs.* Dupuys.

But the cat gained the cause, and lived out her days with *genteel* alternation between her elegant town house and the tasteful country house.

IN the Arctic summer, when the sun never sets, the plants make no mistake about the time, when, if it be not night, it ought to be, but regularly as the evening hours approach, and when a midnight sun is several degrees above the horizon, droop their leaves and sleep even as they do in more favored climes.

THE HYENA COMMITTING SUICIDE.

HOPING the young Merrys have been interested in the sketches recently given of the people of South Africa, and the beautiful country in which they live, but which, until very lately, has always been regarded as a desert waste, I wish now to tell of some of the ingenious contrivances by which they get rid of such uncomfortable neighbors as they can not overtake in the chase, or dare not meet in open fight.

One of the most dangerous and disagreeable of these neighbors is the hyena. This animal is of the dog species, fierce, savage, and wholly untamable. He is sometimes called the *tiger-wolf*, as having the ferocity, cruelty, and cunning of both species. As it is exceedingly difficult to approach him near enough to shoot him, the natives employ a *shooting-trap*, or a spring-gun, which is found very effectual. Two young trees, standing near together, are selected, and all the lower branches stripped off. Or, perhaps, two stout posts are firmly set in the ground. To these trees, or posts, as the case may be, a gun is securely lashed, in a position nearly horizontal, the muzzle pointing slightly upward. A strip of wood, about six inches long, is tied to the side of the gun-stock, in such a manner that it will serve as a lever, moving slightly backward and forward, as may be required. A short string connects the lower end of this lever with the trigger of the gun. Another string, attached to the upper end of this lever, is passed through one of the ramrod tubes, and then secured to a lump of flesh, which is pushed down over the muzzle of the gun, concealing it entirely from view. Two lines of hedge, or fence, consisting of thorny bushes, are so laid as to leave but one approach to the trap, and that directly in front of the muzzle of the gun. Along the lane thus formed, bits of tainted flesh, or other offal, are dropped, as a bait, leading to the trap.

When the hyena, his appetite sharpened by the taste of flesh, seizes the larger bait, which he can only do by gaping across the muzzle of the gun, he pulls the trigger, and fires the gun, and thus actually commits suicide, taking the whole dose into his mouth, at one charge.

This contrivance is due to the ingenuity of foreign travelers, who introduced the gun to Africa, and not to the native inhabitants. In what manner they contrived to secure these troublesome customers, without the use of arms, we do not know; but they do often manage to capture and destroy them, and sometimes, when hard pressed with hunger, eat the flesh of the leopard, the hyena, and other beasts of prey. That they have not as much fear of them as Europeans have, would appear from some incidents related by travelers, as well as from the suggestion of the old adage, that "familiarity breeds contempt." On one occasion, a leopard, caught in the act of stealing a goat, was pursued, treed, and wounded. The pursuers, having used up all their powder, stationed themselves at the foot of the tree, the wild and infuriated animal still clinging desperately to the branches, when one of the men proposed to pull him down by the tail. His companions seriously sustained the proposition, and would probably have ventured upon it, if the leopard, exhausted by loss of blood, had not saved them the trouble, by falling lifeless to the ground.

THE DROP-GAME IN AFRICA.

IN a former number of the MUSEUM, the manner of taking the hippopotamus in the water was described, and some of the dangers of the sport alluded to. It is interesting to know that the same kind of sport was practiced centuries ago by the ancient Egyptians. Diodorus tells us, "the hippopotamus is chased by many persons, each armed with iron javelins. As soon as it makes its appearance at the surface of the water they surround it with boats, and, closing in on all sides, wound it with blades furnished with iron barbs, and having hempen ropes fastened to them, in order that when wounded it may be let out, until its strength fails from loss of blood."

This, it will be perceived, is a very good description of the harpoon, and of the manner in which whales are taken in the ocean, as well as hippopotami in the rivers.

There are many drawings, relating to the chase of the hippopotamus, found on the sculptures and monuments of Thebes, which would seem to prove that the ancient Egyptians delighted greatly in this sport. In one of them, a sketch of which is given in Wilkinson's "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians," the chasseur, standing in his boat, is in the act of throwing the spear at the animal, which he has already struck three times, as is shown by the number of ropes he holds in his left hand. One attendant is endeavoring to throw a noose over the head of the wounded monster, while another stands ready, with a fresh blade, to be used by the chasseur if needful.

The inhabitants of Sennaar still follow up the practice of their ancestors, preferring the chase in the river to the open attack on the shore. But most of the natives, who have guns, have adopted the safer and less exciting mode of shooting the hippopotamus when he comes to the surface to breathe. A single shot, well directed, through or under the ear, is fatal. Even this mode of hunting is not without its dangers. If the animal is wounded slightly, and not killed, he often becomes very furious, rushes at the assailant, and if he succeed in overtaking him, crushes him between his monstrous jaws.

The Africans sometimes play rather a savage kind of *drop-game* with the hippopotamus, intending, like the drop-game of more civilized countries, no good to the victim. To a harpoon heavily loaded with stones, is attached a long cord, which is passed over the limb of a tree, directly over the path which the animal is accustomed to take in going to the water. The cord is then brought down by the trunk of the tree, stretched round a peg across the path, and made fast on the other side. His legs being very short, the hippopotamus lifts his feet but little from the ground in walking. Consequently, he never fails to strike the cord, which snaps at a touch. Down comes the harpoon, and settles deep into the back of the surprised and terrified monster, who, bleeding and furious, rushes to the water, where he soon dies. The shaft of the harpoon is sometimes poisoned, which makes the result more sure and speedy.

What a scene of strife and destruction this world is! Man destroys man as well as beast; animals prey upon each other as well as upon man. In the millennium it will not be so.

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A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

MANY years ago, a party of hardy adventurers, while exploring the wild regions between Hudson's Bay and the Arctic Ocean, found themselves suddenly in a position of extreme danger, from which there seemed no possibility of escape. Their canoe had been for some time floating quietly down a beautiful stream, when it suddenly approached a dangerous rapid. The utmost skill and exertion of all the men were required to avoid being drawn into the current. They succeeded, however, in getting around the first point of danger, and had almost reached a quiet eddy, when the stern of their canoe was caught by the rushing stream, which swept them from their course, and carried them down with fearful rapidity toward a tremendous cataract. So sudden and unexpected was this movement, that before they had recovered the full possession of themselves, the stem of the canoe actually overhung the abyss. There seemed, for an instant, no possible escape from total destruction. The Indians on the bank below shouted with frantic gestures, to encourage them; but all their shouting was lost in the roar of the waters. Nerved to almost superhuman effort, the men sprung with their paddles to the exposed side of the canoe, and plied them with desperate energy. For a second or two, the canoe seemed to remain stationary on the brink, as if doubtful whether to make the dreadful leap or not. There was hope in that moment of rest. Soon there was a slight motion upward. Inch by inch, with gigantic effort, the light skiff ascended the furious torrent. In a few moments, the danger was past—the eddy was reached, the canoe moored in a small cove, and the rescued party were all stretched on the bank, some giving thanks for their miraculous deliverance, and some, perhaps, boasting of their great strength and skill, or their never-failing good luck.

THE BAT.

Bat, bat, come under my hat,
And I'll give you a leg of bacon.

I SHOULD like to know if the boys of the present day are in the habit of creeping round, in the dim twilight, peering after the flitting spectre of a bat, and expecting to catch him with *promissory notes*, as I did, when I was a boy. Speak out, young Merrys, and let us know how it is.

The bat is a very singular animal—neither bird, reptile, nor quadruped, but a little of all three. His moral character must be bad, for he loves darkness rather than light. He hides himself during the day, and is seen in the evening twilight, flitting about like an imp of darkness, and seldom resting, unless as blinded by a glare of light, in some house, or church, which he has invaded, he falls to the floor, or crawls away into a corner.

His wings are very large, and as thin as gossamer. They are formed by an extension of skin over the very elongated fingers of the fore legs. This skin stretches back, so as to connect with the hind legs, so that, while flying, he may be said to go "on all fours."

In many respects, the body of the bat, such as we see in the United States, resembles that of the mouse. The skin is of the same color, and the form, except that of the head, is much the same. Its ears are sometimes very long, and its wings often measure from twelve to fifteen inches.

All the fingers are connected and bound by the membrane, which constitutes the wing. The thumb only is left free. This is rather short, and is furnished with a crooked nail, which is of great use in climbing, or making its way on the ground.

The toes of the hind feet are short, and furnished with claws, by which the bat suspends himself from the trees or walls on which he rests during the day. He always sleeps with his head hanging downward.

The bat moves slowly, and with difficulty, when placed on the ground. The wings are then folded up. The

animal rests on his hind feet, and on the claws of his thumbs, by which he crawls, or hitches, rather than walks, pushing first on one side, and then on the other. But he climbs with great agility.

The bat has a remarkable sensitiveness of feeling, so that, even when deprived of sight and hearing, he flies with perfect accuracy and security, finding his way through passages only large enough to admit him without touching the sides, and even avoiding numerous small threads, stretched across the room in various directions, and never touching them, even with his wings.

BY-AND-BY;

OR,

NEVER PUT OFF TILL TO-MORROW WHAT CAN AND SHOULD BE DONE TO-DAY.

THERE's a little mischief-making
Elfin, who is ever nigh,
Thwarting every undertaking,
And his name is By-and-by;
What we ought to do this minute,
"Will be better done," he'll cry,
"If to-morrow we begin it"—
"Put it off," says By-and-by.

Those who heed his treacherous wooing
Will his faithless guidance rue:
What we always put off doing,
Clearly we shall never do;
We shall reach what we endeavor,
If on Now we more rely;
But unto the realms of Never,
Leads the pilot By-and-by.

As the Chinese have no word that will compare with the word "Amen," they say, "*Sin geuen chiing sin*"—"The heart wishes exactly so."

A RESOLUTE WILL MAKES A WAY FOR ITSELF.

JOHN CLARE was an English plowboy. His parents were peasants—his father a helpless cripple. John was desirous aud determined to acquire some learning; but there were no public schools. From his extra labor as a plowboy for eight weeks he earned as many pence as would pay for a month's schooling, and so he learned to read. When he was thirteen years of age, he met with "Thomson's Seasons," and with difficulty hoarded up a shilling to purchase a copy. He started at daybreak, on a spring morning, and walked to the town of Stamford, six or seven miles, to make the purchase. He arrived before the shops were opened, and had to wait some time. Returning with his precious purchase, as he walked through the beautiful scenery of Burghley Park, he composed his first piece of poetry, which he called the "Morning Walk." In 1817 he published a small volume of poems, which were well received. In 1821 he published "The Village Minstrel, and other Poems," and afterward contributed to the annuals and periodicals of England, as one of her accepted and popular writers.

John Clare is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable cases of patient and persevering talent, existing and enduring in the most forlorn and seemingly hopeless condition, that literature has at any time exhibited.

What might the boys in our land of schools do, if they were as eager for knowledge as he was, and as willing to make exertions to obtain it? and how can we sufficiently appreciate that glorious system of education which puts it in the power of every boy to become a scholar, a statesman, a President, or still better, a useful man?

MOUNTAINS OF JERUSALEM AND SAMARIA.

OLIVET, or the Mount of Olives, is on the east of Jerusalem; so near that from its summit every street and almost every house in the city may be distinguished. Its name was doubtless derived from the abundance of olive-trees growing on all its slopes, some of which, of remarkable age and size, are yet standing.

Of "the mountains round about Jerusalem," to which so frequent allusion is made in Scripture poetry and prophecy, Olivet is the most distinguished for its locality and beauty, and for the remarkable events which have transpired upon and around it. It is about 700 feet in height. Viewed from the heights and towers of the city, it has a gently waving outline, and appears to have three summits of nearly equal elevation. On the top of the center one is a church, erected some centuries ago, by the Romanists, on the spot, as they pretend, whence our Saviour ascended into heaven. The Bible tells us (Luke xxiv. 50), that the ascension took place near Bethany, which is on the eastern side of the mountain, and more than a mile from the site of this church.

THE MOUNT OF OLIVES.

From this central portion of Olivet the views on every side are commanding and beautiful. On the west is the Holy City—the city of the Great King—the theater of the most wonderful histories the world has ever known—whose past is a record of unequaled prosperity and glory, and unequaled suffering and shame, and whose future is a vision of magnificent though mysterious hope. On the east is the beautiful plain of Jordan, with the mountains beyond, even to Nebo, where Moses went up to die. On the southeast lies the dismal Dead Sea, with the mountains of Moab on the other side, rising peak above peak, in lofty majesty. On the south the rich valleys and fertile plains of Bethlehem Judah. On the north the portions of Benjamin and Ephraim, to Shiloh, and the mountains of Samaria.

On the western slope of Olivet is Gethsemane, a garden, or, more probably, an olive grove, laid out in walks, and furnished with fountains, affording shade and seclusion to those who resorted thither. Between this and the city flows the northern branch of the brook Kedron, which passes through the valley of Jehoshaphat, to the south

of Bethany, and finds its way to the Dead Sea.

Distinguished among the mountains of Samaria are Ebal and Gerizim. They stand very near together, and in the valley between them was the old city of Shechem, called Sychem in the New Testament: "Now Jacob's well was there" —not only was, but is now, *to this day*—an object of just curiosity, as the place where Jesus talked with the woman of Samaria.

EBAL AND GERIZIM.

Ebal and Gerizim are about the same height as Olivet, between seven and eight hundred feet. The first mention made of them is in the book of Deuteronomy, chap. xxvii., where Joshua is commanded to gather all the people of Israel around their bases and read to them the law of God, with its promises of blessing to the obedient, and its threatened curses upon the disobedient.

This Joshua did, as recorded in the eighth chapter of the book called by his name. He built an altar to the Lord in Mount Ebal, an altar of whole stones, over which no man had lifted up any iron, and he wrote upon the stones a copy of the law of Moses; and all Israel, their elders, their officers and judges, stood on this side of the ark, and on that side, before the priests, the Levites, that bore the ark of the covenant, half of them over against Mount Gerizim, and half of them over against Mount Ebal—and he read all the words of the law, the blessings and the cursings. The curses he put upon Mount Ebal, and the blessings upon Mount Gerizim. And as the Levites upon Ebal pronounced, in solemn tones, the curse, all the people, with deep humility and fear, responded, AMEN. And then, as those on Gerizim proclaimed the promises, so rich and full, and precious, they doubtless lifted up their voices with song and shouting, making the valley ring and the mountains echo with their long and loud AMEN.

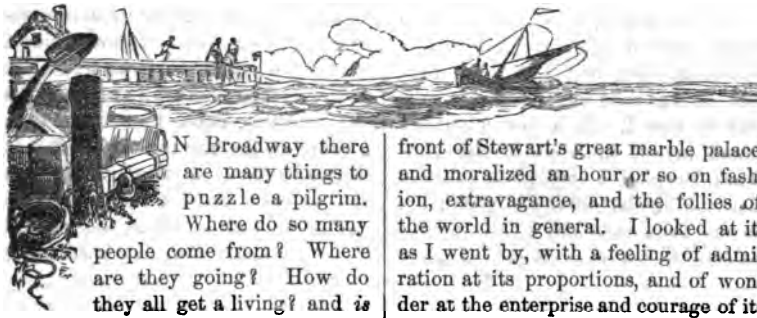
In consequence of this solemnity, which made the spot peculiarly holy, the Samaritans built their temple on Mount Gerizim, which explains the remark of the woman at the well, when she said to Jesus, "Our fathers worshiped in this mountain."

INFANCY.

As the infant begins to discriminate between the objects around, it soon discovers one countenance that ever smiles upon it with peculiar benignity. When it wakes from its sleep, there is one watchful form ever bent over its cradle. If startled by some unhappy dream, a guardian angel seems ever ready to soothe its fears. If cold, that ministering spirit brings warmth; if hungry, she feeds it; if happy, she caresses it. In joy or sorrow, in weal or woe, she is the first object of its thoughts. Her presence is its heaven. The mother is the deity of infancy.

FLAX grows more in the night than in the day, and more in cloudy, wet weather than in sunshine.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.



IN Broadway there are many things to puzzle a pilgrim. Where do so many people come from? Where are they going? How do they all get a living? and *is it possible* that they all find a home at night?

Look, now, at this poor, blind cripple, led by a child, and begging his way down, and then begging his way up; and then at these organ-grinders, rending the air with a kind of shrieking music, about as melodious and agreeable as that of a pig in the act of being stuck. Here, on the corner, is a shriveled-up old woman, somewhere between sixty and eighty years of age, who looks as if her life had been one long agony. She sits, from morning till night, day after day, on that same stone, with a small basket of peanuts, the whole value of which can not exceed fifty cents. Her gains, if she sell out her stock every day, can not be more than fifteen or twenty cents. God help her! I suppose she is more thankful for that than these fashionable ladies are for their silks and satins, and the fine carriage they ride in.

Just observe the carriages, as they pass, or stand in waiting by the sidewalk. Some of them are quite plain, but many of them are very stylish and showy, highly plated or gilded, with coachman and footman in gaudy liveries.

Some pilgrims would have paused in front of Stewart's great marble palace, and moralized an hour or so on fashion, extravagance, and the follies of the world in general. I looked at it, as I went by, with a feeling of admiration at its proportions, and of wonder at the enterprise and courage of its builder. I can not say, moreover, that I did not admire the fine equipages that stood all along the street in front of it, and the fine ladies, old and young, who were going in and out, in two ceaseless processions. There are worse ways of spending money than this, and there is something of human love and parental affection mingled with the pride, and something of refined taste, with the mere love of display, here exhibited. So I passed on, not quite sure, to say the least, that there was not a lurking emotion of envy even in my old heart, or at least an entire willingness, if I could have the chance, to ride in a carriage, and see my wife and daughters, and all my large family handsomely dressed. But I passed on, leaving the fashionable world to please itself in its own way, and the poor, miserable, starving, begging world to creep on as best it could. My sympathies, just then, were turned in a new direction. One of my fellow-travelers, who had never rode in a carriage in his life, slipped and fell on the pavement, and came so near being run over and crushed, that I could not hold back from trying to help him. He had two more legs than I had, but he could manage to stand, for all that, on the slippery pavement, and—

Elsie. Oh! Uncle. it was a horse, wasn't it?

Yes, it was a horse, an omnibus horse—but a fellow-creature and a fellow-traveler, and I felt for him. But he was soon up, and on his way, and so was I. In a few minutes I found myself in front of the New York Hospital, a very plain substantial building, but, after all, much more to my taste than any of the marble palaces which commerce and pride have reared, above and below it, on the same great thoroughfare.

NEW YORK CITY HOSPITAL.

The Hospital stands back some hundred feet from Broadway, with an avenue, ninety feet wide, leading to it. It has ample ground for its accommodation, covering nearly an entire block. When it was erected, it was quite out of town; and those who selected the site, probably never thought of such a thing as the city overtaking it. It is now so far down, that both fashion and business have made prodigious strides beyond it. It is the general hospital of the city. It is liberally endowed, and embraces every provision for the best and most effective care of those who require its attention.

The society for the erection of this Hospital was organized in 1771, and received its charter from the Earl of Dunmore, then Governor of the Province. Having received liberal aid from the Legislature, the building was commenced in 1773. In 1775, when nearly completed, it was destroyed by fire. Further aid being promptly rendered by the Legislature, it was recommenced in less than a month. But the good work was again delayed, or for the time defeated, by the breaking out of the Revolutionary War. The city being in possession of the British, the Hospital was occupied as barracks for English and Hessian troop soldiers.

It was not until January, 1791, that the place was opened, under its own proper officers, for the reception of patients. From that time, it has gone steadily on in its work of mercy, relieving thousands of patients, and adding greatly to the comfort of numbers, whose cases were past all human relief

LILLIE.

BY ADELBERT OLDER.

Yonder, in the flowery meadow,
Where the sunbeams creep,
Through the old oak's leafy shadow,
Lillie lies asleep.

In her hair are roses twining,
With a careless grace,
And the golden sun is shining
Brightly on her face.

And the bee sips from the bosom
Of the flow'rets gay,
Scarcely fairer than *our* blossom,
Six years old to-day.

Six years, with their pain and pleasure,
Swift have passed away,
Since first God gave us this treasure,
Six years old to-day.

Angels there their watch are keeping,
Where, 'mid flowerets gay,
Little Lillie lies a-sleeping,
Six years old to-day.

Le Roy, Ill., *June 15th*, 1858.

LITTLE FLORA.

My own darling kitty,
I'll name you "Pettine,"
So sweet and so pretty
A kit ne'er was seen.

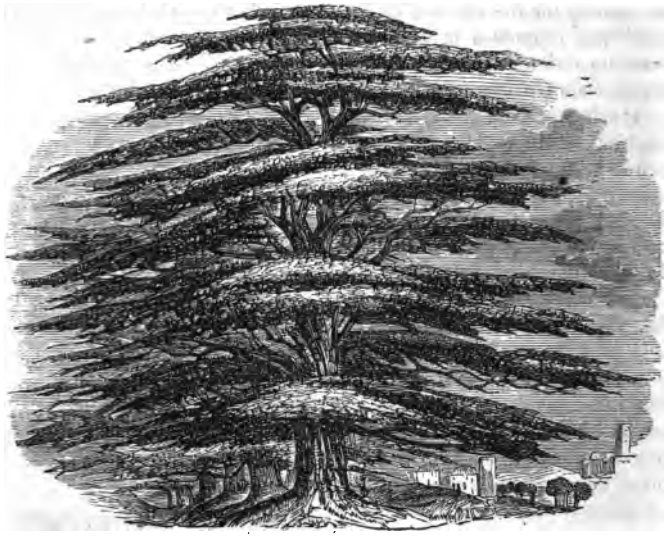
This nice little saucer
Our dear mamma gave;
Only look, little kitty,
What a time you'll have.

But don't be ill-mannered—
You stick up your tail,
As I've seen naughty kitties,
Who *stole* from the pail.

You mustn't be greedy—
Take time to be nice,
And keep all your roughness
To breakfast on mice.

But here on my table,
With gilt saucer, too,
Pettine, let me see now
The best you can do.

Laura Elmer.



ENORMOUS TREES.

THERE are some very large trees in the world. Travelers tell us of some in South America which grow to an astonishing size. But the largest trees of which we have any account, so far as I know, are found in California. When I first heard the stories about these trees, I found it very difficult to believe them. The only way in which I could give one of these stories any credit, was to try and set somebody else to believe half the story, and I would believe the other half, by which means I managed to get the whole story believed. But it is now too late in the day to show any such skepticism. We have overwhelming evidence, enough to satisfy every one, that these trees are probably by far the largest trees in the world. Think of a tree taller by one hundred feet than the spire of Trinity Church, in New York, which is almost three hundred feet in height, and larger than a great proportion of city dwelling houses!

The tree which attains this immense growth is an evergreen. Its botanical name is *Sequoia gigantea*. It bears a cone, like the pine and the fir. I think it is found only on the Sierra Nevada Mountains. One of these trees was cut down a few years since, and the trunk, near the ground, was accurately measured. It was found to be thirty-one feet in diameter, which is about ninety feet in circumference, and its height was more than three hundred feet. Five men were employed for twenty-two days in felling it. On the stump, which has been smoothed off, there have been large dancing parties. Now a printing-office stands upon it, from which a newspaper, called the "*Big Tree Bulletin*," is published. In the same grove with this remarkable tree, there are ten others, each of which measures thirty feet in diameter, and eighty-two between fifteen and thirty feet.

One of the trees, which has been

blown down, is nearly forty feet in diameter, and at least four hundred feet in height.

The annual rings of the tree which had been felled were counted, and its age was estimated at upward of two thousand years. It was living when Rome was in its glory, when the nation from which we sprung was in a savage state, and when our Saviour came into the world. What a Methuselah of a tree! And yet it has neighbors, of a greater age still, and which were large and flourishing long before the formation of the Christian Church. The trunks of these trees rise almost perpendicular, without any diminution of size, more than a hundred feet, without a single limb.

UNCLE FRANK.

A WORD OR TWO MORE ABOUT GIGANTIC TREES.

BARON HUMBOLDT gives an account of a certain *Baobab* tree, in Africa, which he regarded as the oldest specimen of organic life in the world. Adanson, a distinguished botanist, by a very ingenious calculation, ascertained its age to be 5,150 years. If this calculation be correct, that tree began to grow before Adam died. This species of tree, though larger in circumference than any other, is far inferior to the pine and many other trees in height. Some have been seen with a trunk ninety feet in circumference, and only twelve feet high. It bears a flower of the same gigantic proportions as the tree. Such colossal masses of timber might be hollowed out into a dwelling of respectable dimensions, which should be all of one piece, without nail or crack.

One of the most celebrated trees described by modern travelers is the *Great Dragon Tree* of Teneriffe. During the month of August, a reddish liquor flows from this tree which, on exposure to the air, becomes dry and brittle. This is called *dragon's blood* by the apothecaries, and hence the name of the tree. Humboldt describes the tree as fifty to sixty feet high, and forty-five feet in circumference. It still bore, every year, both leaves and fruit. The trunk was divided into a great number of branches, rising in the form of a candelabrum. These were terminated by tufts of leaves, like the *Yukka* of Mexico. This giant trunk was laid prostrate by a tornado, in 1822.

Cypresses, of gigantic dimensions, are found in Mexico. At Atlexo there is one which measures seventy-six feet in girth. Another, at Chapultepec, is said to be one hundred and seventeen feet ten inches round. If this be correct, it is larger and older than the *Baobab* of Africa, and may be regarded as having witnessed almost the entire history of the world.

Pliny tells of a plane-tree in Lycia, which had a hollow trunk, capacious enough to accommodate the Consul Licinius, and eighteen followers, with lodging for the night. It was seventy-five feet in circumference, and its summit resembled a young forest.

Strabo mentions a Persian cypress, so large that it required five men to span it. He supposed it to be two thousand five hundred years old.

UNCLE HIRAM.

PUSH a stone from the hill, and how soon will it go
From the top where it stood to the valley below!
Thus the gamester goes on, inclosed in the snare,
To folly, guilt, ruin, remorse, and [despair.

SOMEBODY NOT PLEASED WITH HIS NAME.

THERE lived, many long years ago, a man called Somebody, and there was nothing which he disliked so much as this name. "All the misfortunes I have met with in the world are entirely owing to my name," he was wont to say; "and if I could but get a rich estate by so doing, I would part with it directly; for there always must be Somebody for people to scold when they are in a bad temper—Somebody whom they can laugh at or persecute.

"There is not even a children's party where Somebody is not teased or annoyed. They are sure to make a laughing-stock of Somebody. Somebody always comes badly off, when fruit and cakes are divided; and when the children have grown up into sensible people, it is not much better. Go to a tea-party, and see if Somebody is not pulled over the coals a little, if Somebody is not blamed, or if some evil is not spoken of him.

"Is there any hard work to be done, and no one has any inclination to set about it, Somebody must do it. Is anything broken in the house, Somebody must have done it. Does anything come to light which ought to have been kept a secret, Somebody must have let it out; and if any foolish prank is set on foot, Somebody is sure to be the sufferer."

And therefore, as Somebody was exposed to so much injustice, and had to bear so much that was disagreeable, he took quite a dislike to his name, and determined to give another to his only child—a beautiful, lively boy—hoping that he might not experience the same annoyance. "He shall be called Nobody," said he. "He will not be much talked about, and people will leave him to himself. Nobody is safe from slanderers. Proud people are polite to Nobody; and I have always heard that the stingy are generous to Nobody."

And so Somebody's child was christened Nobody—a very lucky idea, as it seemed, for not long afterward dear "Nobody" was spoken of on all sides, and the child seemed in a fair way to make his fortune in the world. His father, however, did not live to see it. One day the funeral bell tolled, and people said, carelessly, Somebody is dead. Nobody followed the coffin; Nobody wept very bitterly—so is it almost always when the poor and unfortunate die!

And now the child was quite alone. He went away from the churchyard, and along the high road, without exactly knowing what would become of him. At length he came to a beautiful garden, in which fountains, stone statues, an aviary, and a tame ape were to be seen; but before the garden was a cast-iron gate, with black rails, having a bar, fastened tightly, drawn in front.

"Who is allowed to come in here?" asked the child, of a brisk little gardener-boy, who happened to pass by with a basketful of beautiful melons.

"Nobody," answered he, which reply gave our little boy no small delight.

Without allowing himself much time for reflection, he climbed nimbly over the iron-gate rails, and jumped down, without hurting himself, into the deep, white sand. Who now could be better off than he?

Nobody might walk on the green velvet turf; Nobody might break off a flower if he wished—at least so it was stated, in large letters, upon the boards which were erected in various parts of the garden; so he made himself very comfortable, and laid himself down in the cool shade, under a tree, close by the splashing fountains, while he refreshed himself with a few oranges, which he had gathered as he passed through a forcing-house. "I have free entrance everywhere here," thought he; "and all seems made for me, as it were. I will not be squeamish; I wish I could see the kind owner of this garden, and thank him for his goodness."

When he had rested sufficiently, and had quenched his thirst with the beautiful juicy fruit, the child rose up once more, and wandered still farther and farther into the garden. With every step he discovered fresh beauties; the flowers at length became less numerous, and he reached a wide, open square, in which stood a castle—not so very spacious, perhaps, but so splendid, that the poor boy's eyes, heavy with weeping, were opened quite widely to look at it.

He had never till then seen so handsome a window, or so wide a balcony. Flowers and climbing-plants covered the latter, above which a canopy of purple silk was extended. And wonderingly he gazed at the elaborately carved columns which, apparently, supported the beautiful edifice. A pair of chattering parrots were swinging to and fró, in their metal rings, among the flowers, and called out with hoarse voices, "Who is there?" "Who are you?"

The little fellow took his cap off quickly, looking very red and frightened, and answered, "Pray forgive my having come in here; I do not wish to disturb you, and will go away again. My name is Nobody, and I am Somebody's son."

Having modestly answered the parrots, the little boy determined upon retracing his steps, only that he first wished to know to whom this wonderful castle belonged. He next discovered, at the entrance, a smart-looking little man, seated in a kind of glass-case, seriously occupied in turning over the leaves of a book in which were written the names of all visitors to the castle. And there, indeed, he might sit and wait for a long while, without having much to write in it, for the barred gate was a hindrance to every one.

To this little man, who was very gaily and neatly dressed, and still wore the old-fashioned powdered *queue*, our young gentleman commenced bowing and scraping all the way as he advanced toward him; and then, with becoming deference, addressed him with, "Be so good as to tell me who lives in this beautiful castle?"

"Nobody!" answered the little man, with a contemptuous glance at the diminutive questioner, whose poverty-stricken garments were certainly not very suitable in the vicinity of such a wonderful castle. And having given this short, unfriendly answer, went on with his book as seriously as if he had the weightiest affairs to settle.

"So, then, I am to live here," thought our little one in much astonishment. "Well, I can make myself very happy, although I should cer-

tainly like to know who it is who is so kindly disposed toward me."

And with this he passed quietly by the doorkeeper's glass lodge, without causing him to look up from his book, and ascended the broad marble steps, upon each side of which stood beautiful statues as large as life. Thinking that they were a number of men and women also living in the spacious castle, he took off his hat to every one as he passed, and felt very angry that they did not acknowledge his politeness. He next entered a splendid saloon, the floor of which was smooth and polished as a mirror, and our friend soon began to slide about right and left.

Being afraid of falling, he seated himself in a softly-padded rocking-chair; but scarcely had he sat down than it began to swing backward and forward, so that the poor child was almost sea-sick, and seized hold of a cord hanging down the side of the wall. All at once the clear sound of a bell rang through the room, and servants with bewildered faces rushed in from the three doors, breathlessly inquiring "who had rung the bell?"

As soon as they caught sight of the equally astonished boy in his shabby clothes, whose chair was still rocking backward and forward, with a face looking green, yellow, and all colors, they all rushed angrily upon him, and threatened to beat him out of the castle for disturbing their repose.

"What do you want with me, then?" asked the little one, frankly. "I am to live in this castle, and have therefore a right to be here. Only just ask the porter—he will tell you so. I am called Nobody, and you may as well bring me something to eat, for I am hungry."

The attendants ran down to inquire if they were really to wait upon Nobody, and if the cook was to cook for Nobody.

"Of course," said the little man, with great dignity. "So long as you are in this castle you will serve Nobody as your gracious master, and the cook shall cook for Nobody. Whoever acts in opposition to this command will be dismissed on the spot."

So the servants went back shaking their heads, and were now as humble and subservient to the little fellow as they had before been rude and angry. First of all he made them help him out of the rocking-chair, and then they brought him the most dainty dishes they could find; for the porter had told them, you know, that they were to serve Nobody as their gracious master; and none of them wished to disobey this order, for fear of losing a good place.

Their master rarely came to the castle more than once in the course of years. "There must be something singular about this child," they said to each other, and treated the little visitor as if he had been a prince. He ate well, drank well, and finished with sleeping well in his silken bed.

The next morning the servants brought him a tailor, who inquired most deferentially whether he might make him some new clothes. He was very glad to give him permission, and allowed Master Threadpaper to measure him as much as he liked for coat and frock-coat, waistcoat, and trowsers, and dressing-gown.

It was not very long before he brought with him a whole stock of clothes from his warehouse, all of so fine a quality, and so beautiful, that our hero scarcely recognized himself when he looked at himself in the mirror.

But next came a bad moment for the lucky one, for Master Threadpaper

seemed to expect payment. "Nobody has money now—Nobody will pay me," said he, turning to the servants; but the little one heard it well, and all at once the lofty and spacious saloon became too small for him. "Oh, if I were but once away from here!" thought he; and before any one in the castle had noticed it, he had crept down the wide marble steps, past the doorkeeper, who, not recognizing the well-dressed boy, politely took off his hat to him, and inquired his name, which he entered in his book with the utmost gravity.

Meanwhile the little one stole cautiously through the garden, over the iron gate, and, thanks to his tolerably swift feet, was soon at a distance from the wonderful castle. No sooner did he feel safe, than he began to reflect upon what he should do next. "Ah," thought he, "if that tailor had never made his appearance, I might have remained in that lovely castle for the rest of my life!"

Having reached a strange village, he paused outside the second house, and listened:

"M-o-u-s-e — mouse; h-o-u-s-e — house!" was echoed through the open windows from a room full of children.

"Eh! that must be a school," thought the boy; and it occurred to him that his father had often said that everybody must go to school who meant to be of any use in the world. So he took heart, and went in. He tapped modestly at the door, and the schoolmaster sent a child to see who it was, and what was wanted.

"Mr. Schoolmaster, Nobody is outside," was the answer brought back.

"Well, then, sit down quietly in your place," said the master, and continued teaching the little ones upon the phonetic system.

Our young friend, meanwhile, stood outside in the passage, waiting and waiting.

At last the child who had returned to his form, where the master bade him, ventured to say, "With your leave, teacher, Nobody wishes to come to school."

The schoolmaster was one of the hasty kind; and as he put quite another construction upon the child's words to what had been intended, he let his birch-rod fall with tolerable weight upon the back and shoulders of the little speaker.

Our little one outside in the passage lost almost all desire for a visit to the school, and yet he would have been glad to learn something; so he took courage, went into the school-room, represented his wish to the master, and told him his name.

"Well, we will try for once how we can get on together," answered the schoolmaster, with some kindness; "just sit down below upon that form, and give all your attention to what is going on at first."

The boy did as he was ordered, and looked at the great picture-alphabet with all attention, but without understanding anything about it. It did not last very long, for the children began pelting each other with unripe fruit, and laughing, as soon as the schoolmaster had turned his back upon them.

He came angrily to the table where the culprits were sitting.

"Who has been throwing fruit? Who has been laughing?" asked he sternly, with a threatening frown.

"Nobody!" exclaimed six or eight voices with one mouth; and the schoolmaster, without more ado, seized our frightened little one by the ears, and shook him severely, as he pushed him somewhat roughly out of the room.

"That was soon settled," thought the maligned one, as he dried his eyes, and slunk away sadly.

He came to a heap of rubbish, where several children were playing. He sat down, and joined them in building cellars and vaults, steps and fountains. They were all very merry and happy together, when an ugly old woman suddenly came hobbling out of the neighboring cottage before which the children were playing, with a crutch in her hand, and calling out as she drew near—"Only just wait, you naughty children, you shall not mess about with that sand for nothing. I will teach you to play before other people's doors."

So saying, she stopped, swinging her crutch right before the children, who would gladly have run out of her way.

"Ah! Mother Hartmaan, we will not play any more on your dust-heap—we beg of you to beat Nobody."

The poor little fellow did not know why it was that these children with whom he had just been playing so merrily had begged the old woman to beat him. He was ready to cry at their great unkindness; and more sadly than ever he went on his road through the village in which he had been so badly treated.

In the fields beyond he laid himself down, under a thorn-hedge, tired and hungry, but without the courage to speak to any one, or beg for anything; so he sat under the great branches, and wept bitterly.

A great many people were busy in the fields, hay-making; they sang and joked, and were very merry over their work, without noticing the child. All at once, along the high road, came a horseman with slackened rein. He dismounted, and coming into the meadow where the people were singing, he held his horse while inquiring if they had chanced to find a pocket-book on the road.

"I lost it an hour ago, somewhere about here, and there are some very important papers in it."

"Nobody had seen a pocket-book, Nobody had picked it up," the honest country people declared, and leaving their work, set about helping the rider to look for it.

Our little friend under the hawthorn thought that they were searching for him, and crept eagerly into the ditch till they could no longer see him. He did not know how he should produce the pocket-book, however gladly he would have done so.

It was already getting dark, and his tired feet could scarcely bear him from the spot. At last he reached a lonely farm-house, where he intended begging a piece of bread and a night's lodging. As he tremblingly stepped into the farm-yard, he heard an angry dispute from the ground-floor of the dwelling. It was a woman's voice entreating:

"Do not go to the public-house again, my dear husband; things are bad enough without that. We have so many debts, and you gamble away our last penny at the card-table. Do but think of me and your children!"

The husband answered, angrily:

"I make no promises, and will put up with no reproaches. Nobody will help me! Nobody will pay my debts!"

Our little one waited no longer. He ran away as fast as he could, farther and farther, till he came to a dark wood—to the birds and squirrels, to the cockchafers and tree-frogs, who did not know his name. There he sits to-day—ever—no longer daring to come among men. You have only to go some day and look; you will find Nobody there!

RETROSPECTUM;

OR, THE CHAT IN BY-GONE DAYS.

BY WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

1846.—"'DEAR, dear, what can the matter be?' Is it owing to the cheap postage law, or is it that the approach of winter gives leisure for scribbling, or is it that Old Merry is growing more a favorite with the young world, that our letter-box is full to overflowing?" So exclaims Uncle Robert in the February number, and he may well do so, judging from the lengthy Chat before us. Three letters in this number fill five columns. A well-written description of Wyoming is given by N. A. W. The word-puzzle increases in interest. J. M. P. sends 144 words from philanthropist, in addition to those given by J. J., and also 195 from cosmopolite. He is beaten, however, on the latter word by M. W., who makes 250. Mr. Merry being away, we have no more "chatting times" until May, when thirty-three correspondents are disposed of in a column. I have looked in vain among these for any familiar names. Fanny E. P. leads off next month with this compliment to the MUSEUM:

"Winter furnishes leisure time for scribbling, and the cheap postage fills your letter-box with it. Ink-makers are heels over head in business; the geese hardly have time to furnish themselves with full-grown wings before they are robbed of them to scribble with, and the paper-mills are rumbling almost night and day to supply the wants that are daily increasing. But they will have mercy on the geese, and accordingly keep other factories busy to supply *steel pens* for the scribbler. Now, Mr. Merry, do you know that you cause a good share of this business to flourish so by your juvenile familiarity? And they may 'thank their stars' that there *is* such a person, for if you should happen to be unable to continue your invaluable MUSEUM, by some sudden occurrence, how astonishingly quick would the people, hired in pen, ink, and paper factories be 'out of business,' and one half of the establishments freeze up! Those hard puzzles would stay at home, and what could we have for amusement at a winter's fireside? Nothing equal to the MUSEUM!"

Succeeding this is a touching poem, suggested by the death of a beautiful and promising young girl, a subscriber to the MUSEUM.

Sam Acres, Maine, describes the Wyoming valley in a somewhat humorous manner; his letter is a good appendix to a before-mentioned epistle from the same place. A. P. chats pleasantly of Louisiana scenery; and C. B. has a clever parody on a well-known poem by Hood.

I leave this volume with reluctance. As I turned its leaves, Memory drew aside the curtain from a picture which has long hung forgotten in her gallery. It was a cosy fireside scene, with a young lad absorbed in a modest volume—MERRY'S MUSEUM for 1846. Bright and new in its trim black and gold dress it lay before him; and as he ran his delighted eyes for the first time from page to page, he felt a thrill of joy pass through him at the possession of such a treasure. Dost smile, grown-up reader? Ah, with all thy wisdom, thou canst never more enjoy those simple pleasures of childhood, which—like the colors on a butterfly's wings, that a brush of the finger may destroy, but can not renew—are destroyed by contact with the world, and never come again. That volume lies before me now; the gilded back is worn and faded; the boards peep

through the ragged muslin, and the leaves are soiled and dingy; but I would not part with it for a hundred times its value. I could not sell the sweet remembrances that are photographed on every page.

1847.—Uncle Robert is away in Europe this year, so we have no chatting times.

1848.—Merry and May return together; the resumption of the Chat is announced; and in June the social meeting once more convenes. The Chat is thrown into the form of a dialogue between Mr. Merry, and Susan, Jane, Anne, Peter, Ben, etc., who express their opinions of the MUSEUM, and suggest various improvements. The "dialogue form" is continued for some time.

A large-typed article in the July number states that Peter Parley and Robert Merry will hereafter work together for the little folks, and many good things are promised to come. I wonder whether Nippinifidget is acquainted with the writer of the following?

"FIDGETY VALE, *June* 17, 1848.

"MR. MERRY:—I find that sometimes you do print the letters of little folks, and sometimes you don't. I wrote you one containing sixteen pages, more than six months ago, and I have looked with trembling anxiety into every new number since, in the hope of seeing it inserted. You may guess how I have been disappointed, and this has distressed me the more that I find you have printed a great many letters from other persons in the mean time Now, Mr. Merry, it does appear to me that this needs explanation. I wait your reply with impatience.

"DIANA PITCHFORK."

Miss Pitchfork had forgotten to pay her postage.

The "Dialogue" in August is between Merry and John, and a funny one it is too. Mr. Merry is terribly annoyed by a mosquito biting his wooden leg, and philosophizes thereon. Peter Parley comes in during the conversation, and adds his mite. J. S. sends this political squib.

"You seem never to say anything about politics. This is very strange, for everybody else is talking about who is to be President, Cass or Taylor. The boys in the streets are discussing the matter, and the other day I heard an argument upon the subject between two colored 'gemmen' which I have tried to put into rhyme. Here it is, and I give it, on account of the importance of the conclusion, the title of

THE QUESTION SETTLED.

Cuff Loco said to Cuffy Whig,
'Your Taylor, I allow, is great,
But Cass, they say 's a *grater!*'
'Poh!' Cuffy said, 'you talk too big;
Cass is no more than just first-rate,
While Taylor, he's *first-rater!*'

[To be continued.]

ING AND IN.

GENERAL P—— was proverbial for misplacing *ing*. He was also a very polite and friendly man. "Good-morning, general," said we, as we passed the garden, where he was busily engaged in pulling up weeds one morning in May, before the sun was up. "Good *mornin*," replied the general; "I have been *workin* in the *garding* a little, this *mornin*, and I declare it made my fingers so cold, I had to put my *mittings* on."

How many of our young friends can say that they never drop the *g* where it should be sounded, or use it where it should not?

YOUR friend who hails you Tom, or Jack,
And shows, by thumping on your back,
His sense of your great merit,
Is such a friend, as you have need
Be very much his friend indeed
To pardon or to bear it.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WELL, we have had our summer vacation, and be assured, we have made the most of it. We have made a flying trip among the *Chatterers* of the West. How many of our 20,000 nephews and nieces we have seen, we can not tell, having left off counting before we had half finished our jaunt. But we have seen enough to make us long, more than ever, to see them all. Will not some good genius devise a plan, a practicable one, for bringing them all together—at Merrymeeting Bay, or some other convenient and appropriate place?

Bidding a reluctant farewell to home, and the loved ones there, and taking a very solemn but affectionate leave of our sanctum, we started, with a modest carpet-bag in hand, for the Great West.

We had heard so much of the mountain scenery of Pennsylvania, that we resolved to go that way, and see for ourself. At Philadelphia, we took the Pennsylvania Central Road to Pittsburgh; and our high anticipations were more than realized. This, as many of our young friends know, is one of the longest lines of railroad in the United States, being 357 miles in length. We are free to say, too, that it is one of the best conducted and safest, as well the most interesting, with respect to the variety, beauty, and sublimity of the scenery, to which it introduces the traveler. It was very thoroughly and expensively built. One great advantage it has over many other roads is, that the track is *ballasted*, a word which we must stop to explain, for the benefit of some of our little friends.

You know that, when a railroad is to be constructed, they first survey the whole line, and decide just where it is to run. They then make the ground level, by digging down the high places, and filling up the low ones. This ground, so leveled, is called the *track*. Sometimes they lay the *sleepers*, or cross-pieces, in the clay or sand of this track, stretch the rails upon them, and fill in with gravel, sand, or loam, as they find most convenient. When you travel over such a road, in a dry season, you are very often exceedingly annoyed with dust, which is raised by the rapid motion and constant jar of the trains. Sometimes they fill in the whole space between the rails with small stones, and this is called *ballasting*. On such a road there is little or no dust, and the whole structure is more solid and durable, and the motion upon it more uniform and easy. Those who often travel on dusty roads can hardly realize what a luxury it is to be free from it. Besides the comfort of breathing freely, you have a much better chance to view and enjoy the scenery on the route. And this consideration is more important on the Pennsylvania Central than almost anywhere else, for scarcely anywhere else is the scenery so fine.

Most of our family know that the State of Pennsylvania can boast of some very respectable mountains. Two ridges, the Blue Ridge and the Alleghany, traverse the entire breadth of the State, from north to south, extending through Virginia, North Carolina, and West Tennessee, into Georgia and Alabama. The

Pennsylvania Central is obliged to cross these mountains, and a gigantic business of climbing and descending it is. A railroad can not be carried up a very steep elevation, as the weight overcomes the friction, by which the driving-wheels are made to hold on to the rails, so that they slip round and round, without going ahead. The elevation must be overcome gradually, by zigzag courses, along the slopes. This makes the road pursue its winding among the mountains.

The scenery all through this region is surpassingly fine. Magnificent mountains, looking solemnly toward heaven, yet clothed to their very feet in fresh and youthful robes of green; craggy and precipitous rocks, rising in fearful grandeur on one side, while far below, on the other, stretches, in flowery beauty, the teeming valley, a glassy lake nestling in its bosom, or a silver stream wandering, in a sort of dreamy bewilderment, through its sweetest and brightest borders, overhung in all its course with flowering shrubs, or "tall, o'ershadowing trees."

At Harrisburgh, the bridge across the Susquehanna is more than half a mile in length, forty feet wide, and fifty feet above the water. We should like to take all our family to this spot, and show them the views it opens. If any of the young Merrys, who reside near it, have the faculty of using the pencil, we hope they will send us some sketches. The iron-horse would not wait for us to catch them.

While descending the western slope of the mountain, we took a post with the engineer, the better to see the prospect ahead, and were well repaid for our pains. In the space of seven miles, the road crosses the Juniata (a brilliant little branch of the Susquehanna) twelve times, as if in mere sport, like a frisky boy, wishing to see what strange feats he can perform.

Perhaps some of you may think that a road like this must be more dangerous than others. But it has not proved so. No serious accident has yet occurred on this road. The management is as nearly perfect as it can be. Men are stationed at short intervals, through its entire length, to watch every part of the road, and guard against everything that could cause a disaster.

The conductors on this road are very pleasant, gentlemanly, and attentive to the comfort and wishes of the passengers. As this kind of courtesy costs but little, and leaves so good an impression, we could not help wondering that there was not more of it on all our roads.

From Pittsburgh, we took the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, which, with the Pennsylvania Central, make a direct route to the Great West, shorter and better, all things considered, than any other. We passed through a very pleasant portion of Ohio, stopping at several places, and finding everywhere a cordial welcome from all branches of the Merry family. Some very pleasant *Days* we enjoyed at Canton, not soon to be forgotten. We made acquaintance with bright eyes, blue eyes, and *black eyes*—not *the* "Black Eyes" whom the Chatterers are accustomed to meet, and to greet, in our monthly gatherings.

We had, it is true, here and there, our share of the hard knocks, which are a part of our inheritance in life. But, without the bitter, we should hardly know how to enjoy the sweet. Never mind the hard knocks, boys. "Heart within and God o'erhead," always so conduct, that, when you lie down at night, you will have no regrets for the day that is past.

We could say much of our reception and enjoyment at Mansfield, Massilon, and other "bright particular spots," but we must hurry on, or we shall never reach "the West." This road passes through Fort Wayne, Ind., an enterprising city of about 10,000 inhabitants, and many other places of interest in Ohio and Indiana. But we must not do *all* the talking, while so many tongues around are aching to do their part. So, if you

will consider us as safely arrived at Chicago, we will tell you the rest at our next meeting.

MADISON, *July* 18, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I have taken your MUSEUM four years, and hope to continue to do so for some time. I was afraid I should have to discontinue it this year, as it is such hard times, but mother said I might take it if I wished; and so I inclose the money for another year. I love to read over the story of holidays at Uncle Hiram's, and wish you would give us some more of the same kind.

Give my love to all the cousins, Aunt Sue, and Uncle Hiram, and accept a great deal yourself from your affectionate niece, BLANCHE L. DELAPLAINE.

Thank you, Blanche, for your kind letter, and your mother, not only for her kindness to you, but for her polite attentions to us when at Madison the other day. We regretted very much that you could not be seen, and hope you have entirely recovered from your illness.

GREEN BAY.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I hope the MUSEUM will be published as long as I live, and a little longer. I think "Fleta Forrester" and "Bess" are much alike. Please introduce me to both of them.

"Brevity is the soul of wit," Uncle Hiram says, and so, with much love to all, I sign myself your affectionate niece,

MAY-FLOWER.

A May flower in the upper regions of Wisconsin! Who would have thought it? It was, no doubt, the sunshine of a warm, merry heart that nursed it into life.

VICKSBURG, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Won't you let in another correspondent from sweet old "Massissip'?" Mr. Merry, if you ever come down the river, you must not fail to stop here, at the "Hill City." We'll be so glad to see you. Come, and brother and I will take you to see the old castle, or "the folly," as it is called, and we will go to "Prospect Hill," and to the court-house, where we can get a pretty good view of the town, and to Gurella's picture gallery to get a good view of "big muddy." And we will take you to the *True Southern* office and introduce you to one of the best editors and most gentlemanly men in all Mississippi, etc., etc., etc. Please say to "Miss Fleta" that we never should judge people before we see them. I don't think she ever saw a Southerner.

My love to "the cousins," particularly those nearest me. Ever yours,

"SMILE OF THE GREAT SPIRIT."

When we get a free card to the "Father of Waters," depend upon it we will bask in your "smile."

NEW YORK, *May* 20, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—May I send in my card and introduce myself, as one of the 20,000 cousins? If so, accept a greeting for yourself, the other Uncles, Aunt Sue, and the cousins, one and all.

May I ask why so many of my learned cousins use the phrase "nom de plume" instead of "nom de guerre," and which of the two is considered the more correct?

How can any one think of mistaking dear "Aunt Sue" for "Fanny Fern?" "Did you ever!" I know her name and whereabouts very well, but the secret "is in my memory locked," and she herself shall keep the key of it. Yours,

FLIB.

"Nom de guerre" has the honor of a place in Webster's Dictionary, which "nom de plume" has not. The former may therefore be considered legitimate, and the latter, a mere *nom de plume*—all feathers.

LE ROY.

DEAR MUSEUM:—Will you give me a seat among the Merrys? I will occupy but little space.

Aunt Sue, if it were of any use to quarrel with an editor, I should certainly get angry. "Poor old fellow," indeed! Yours is, to say the least, a very *questionable* kind of sympathy. There, now, it's out, and I feel better. I am ready to "kiss and be friends again." * * *

Uncles, when are we to have another prize offered? Don't you think it would be a good plan to offer a prize for a puzzle which nobody could solve within a given time? Your Western nephew,

ADELBERT OLDER.

A Prize Puzzle, for the coming year, is one of the things intended. We hope to produce one, which shall not only try all

the wits in the family, to their utmost, but reward them well for the trial. Will any one suggest a good one?

NORWALK, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE:—Can you possibly admit another nephew to your table? It is pretty well crowded, I know, but I will sit in somebody's lap, if I can not do better.

I have taken the CABINET about five years, and like it very much. If you should ever pass through our little town, will you honor us with a call, and make our house your home?

Please introduce me to all my cousins, particularly to the one in whose lap I am to sit. Where is that hatchet?—it seems to have vanished on my appearance.

Yours truly, TELEGRAM.

"Telegrams," fortunately for us all, are necessarily short, otherwise, even the lightning could not have crowded this in.

BELOIT, WIS., *Aug.* 9, 1858.

DEAR EDITORIAL CORPS:—Never was MUSEUM more gladly hailed at our home than the last. One reason was, that we had, a few days previous, received a call from one of our Merry Uncles, and although he spent a couple of hours with us, and we chatted away as fast as possible, a thousand questions (no extravagant hyperbole, either) were left unasked.

Uncle Frank, very glad to greet you again, after so long an absence. We were very sorry to be deprived of your presence in the parlor, but have *not a word* of censure to offer. May you soon be restored to perfect health, and Heaven's choicest blessing be enjoyed abundantly.

So, Mr. Onley fears for the Yankees, as "the West is in the field." Doubtless he has heard that "a Western man is a Yankee enlarged," and if not any way interested in the matter, perhaps I might say, and *Western girls*, too.

And Fleta, Bess, Willie H. C., Mrs. B. E., Nip (O, dear! the number of brilliant stars in our constellation is so great, I can not name all—please do not any one feel slighted), will you allow me to join your group? Though I will not promise such witty, spicy letters, I will strive to be very orderly, and contribute my mite to the feast of love and merriment.

I see the "hatchet" is raised—but, dear Uncle Hiram, I really meant no harm. I am surprised to see how long I have chatted. Please, *do* forgive me this once, and I will strive to keep more "within bounds" next time. LILA.

We found your letter awaiting our return. Our stop at Beloit was among the pleasantest of our Western trip. We can testify to the "large" hearts of the Western people, and shall most certainly include the "Western girls," especially those who are monthly visitors at our table. Come again, Lila dear. We shall always remember your quiet home, while your Merry voice is heard in the Chat.

Willie wishes to know whether the August number was "lost in the fog," or had "run aground," it reached him so late. Neither, Master Willie, only the man at the *stern* was away from his post when we "weighed anchor." Please excuse us this time. He is at the helm again, and we hope to be "on time" hereafter.

Clara N. W.—Thank you for your kind remembrance. And so you thought you had not "courage enough to come around the table?" Why, here you are, Clara, just as cosily seated in the corner as any around the circle. Never fail to write because you can not write "nice enough." You can, and so say we to all.

Kitty, of Harpersville, comes purring along in from school, as happy as can be. Come in, puss, take the cricket by the side of Clara, and purr away.

UNCLE FRANK'S MONTHLY TABLE-TALK.

YOU can't begin to imagine what a change comes over our city when the long, hot days of summer arrive. There is a general *stampede* for the country. It is the season to which thousands of families are looking forward with pleasure all the year—the season when father, and mother, and Billy, and Susy, and dear little Josey, the baby, are all to go away from the heat, and dust, and noise

of this great Babel of a city, and ramble in the woods and green fields, and eat fresh fruit and vegetables, and have a nice time generally. So the great metropolis begins, after the first of August, to wear the appearance of quite a sober, and dignified, and rational city. People don't crowd each other so much on Broadway. The solitary dealer in stocks down in Wall Street—for some remain behind—don't look half so much excited as he did several weeks ago. Whole blocks of houses in the upper part of the town are deserted. The occupants of the houses have gone in search of green grass and oak groves; they have closely barred their doors, and carefully closed their window-blinds, and the houses look as if they were forsaken, as they are. The ministers nearly all have a vacation; they stop fishing for men a month or two, and turn their attention to trout and pickerel. Many of the churches are closed. Strangers sometimes have to wander about the city for miles, at this this season of the year, before they can find an open house of worship.

You call for the amount of "that little bill." The man who owes you is in the country. You climb three flights of stairs to see an editor about "that last piece of poetry." The editor is in the country. You want to consult your doctor; you are getting bilious; the doctor is in the country. You have a troublesome tooth; you muster courage sufficient to keep you at your post anywhere on the field of Waterloo, and determine that you'll have that tooth out. You go to the dentist. Alas! that so much courage should be wasted—the dentist has gone to the country.

At length you get out of all manner of patience, and start for the country yourself. Well, it is a good habit of the New Yorkers, this, of dispersing themselves all over the country for many miles around. I wish none of them ever did any more foolish things than this. It is a good thing to be familiar with the country, and to become a warm admirer of the works of God. It does one's heart good to have it beat in sympathy with the birds, and the brooks, and the meadows, and the hills. It must be so if the heart is not as cold as an iceberg, and as hard as flint; for

"God made the country, and man made the town."

It is exceedingly pleasant to receive such letters as the following. A single one of this stamp goes very far toward repaying an editor for half a dozen scoldings. As to the latter, though, Uncle Frank certainly has not much reason to complain. Since the commencement of my labors as a writer for the young, I have almost uniformly been encouraged, rather than discouraged, by those who have some claim to be regarded as critics. I have been praised rather than blamed, and often—perhaps too often—caressed and flattered, instead of having been treated with coldness and indifference. Verily Uncle Frank's readers, first and last, have made a great many drafts on his gratitude for the kind words that have been said to him and of him. But I must not keep you any longer from "Clara's" letter.

NORWALK, OHIO, *July* 25, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—How many hearts throughout all our wide land beat more joyfully when they saw the news that your health had decidedly improved. I'm sure mine did; and I'm just benevolent enough to believe that others besides myself are "loyal and true." When I heard that you were ill, and *from home*, I felt that I would love dearly to be with you and help make your weary hours pass more pleasantly. I asked our Father to give you kind friends, who should make it *home* for you wherever you were; and now I thank Him that he has answered all our prayers. How grateful your sister must have been that she could be with you in your hour of need! Now, Uncle Frank, won't you give her one good, hearty kiss for me? She is a *real good* auntie, I know, and I move that she have a vote of thanks from the whole two hundred thousand.

Your little niece,

CLARA GREY

Answers to Questions in July No.

94. They can not stand without a stick.
95. D & Y=D(and)y.
96. It is always ground.
97. P-r-ice.
98. Newspaper.
99. Because 8 scruples make a dram.
100. C-h-air.
101. Obadiah, when he hid his (profits) in a cave.
102. When, for murder, they bring in a verdict for *man's-laughter*.
103. A-pen-ine.
104. It is quite easy to catch cold.
105. Henrietta (Henry ate her).
106. One is a fac-simile—the other a sick family.
107. He is let out at night, and taken in in the morning.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY:

L. S. T.—Bess—Sam—Susie—J. R.—Allen—Nod—M. L. W.—James T. O.—Kitty—Oliver Onley—Semper Olph—Elma—Wayland—Charlie Pennington—Mamie—Dot—S. P. Q. R.—Salter—Romeo—Fritz—L. N. S.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

121. What is the difference between a short 6 and a long 9?
Oliver Onley.

122. Why is it dangerous to go into the woods in spring? *Laura.*

123. What is it that most men have that all boys wish for, which has hands, but no feet, which runs, but can't walk? *C. L. W.*

124. What four words read the same backward as forward? *C. L. W.*

125. What word of three syllables that contains the whole twenty-six letters? *C. L. W.*

126. Why is the letter (G) like the sun?
C. L. W.

127. Why is the soul like a thing of no consequence? *Bess.*

128. What's that which every living man hath seen,
But never more will see again, I ween? *Bess.*

129. What is that, which, the fewer there are to guard it, the safer it is?
Bess.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

130. I am composed of twenty-two letters.
My 21, 20, 19, 19, 22 is a town in Austria.
My 19, 20, 17, 17, 4 is a river in Prussia.
My 19, 12, 2, 8 is a town in a peninsula of Europe.
My 13, 18, 18, 3, 14 is a town in North Carolina.
My 17, 20, 19, 2, 6, 1, 20, 19, 19 is a town in Arkansas.
My 8, 5, 19, 20, 17 is a town in New York.
My 17, 2, 8, 10, 20, 4, 9 is a town in France.
My 19, 7, 2, 3, 15 is a town in France.
My whole is a celebrated maxim.
R. W. Nobody.

131. Complete, I'm a very bright color, you know,
Beheaded, as black as a carrion crow;
Curtail me, fair cousins, but give back my *head*,
And I'm a small weapon, sharp-pointed, instead.
Buckeye Boy.

132. My *first's* a portion of your brain,
And is within your head;
And many who my *second* drank
Are sleeping with the dead.
My third is what all men must do,
If they would maidens wed;
My *whole's* an ancient English fight—
A scene of carnage dread.
Buckeye Boy.

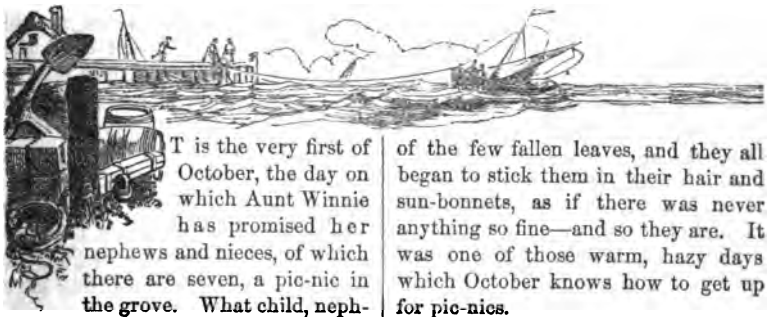
133. My *first* is glowing brightly
Beneath the summer sun;
Its wayward course as lightly
And joyfully doth run;
To bathe within its cooling depths,
The boys consider fun.

A troop of merry children
Have left their noisy play,
But still their hearts are cheerful,
And their faces blithe and gay,
As they gather my fair *second*
Along the woody way.

My *whole*, a lovely flower,
Floats on the streamlet fair;
It flings a fragrance round it
Upon the summer air;
More beautiful to me it seems
Than rubies rich and rare.
S. Wilson.

AUNT WINNIE'S PIC-NIC.

AUNT WINNIE'S PIC-NIC.



IT is the very first of October, the day on which Aunt Winnie has promised her nephews and nieces, of which there are seven, a pic-nic in the grove. What child, nephew, or niece, or neither, but what dotes on a pic-nic? Even those who live all the time in the country are on tip-toe if you mention pic-nic; and what must it be to those who have lived among the close walls of a city. Part of these children came from Bella City to the village of Greenia, to visit Aunt Winnie, who delights in good boys and girls. Part of the children are little cousins who live in Villetta, a small town next beyond, and who came to the pic-nic by Auntie's express invitation—in all, four boys and three girls. The selected grove has many maples, which the country children all know change their leaves in the early fall to the most beautiful gay colors.

Mary and Kitty Lane, who came from the city bricks and mortar, are half wild with delight. "O is that tree so full of flowers?—pick us some, Eddy," they both scream out. "O there is one as red as a dahlia—and there is one half crimson and half green—and one there is as yellow as an orange—and there are leaves, when the sun shines on them, that are the very color of the garnets in mamma's bracelet."

Soon, however, little Loo, who knew every whit about it, picked up some of the few fallen leaves, and they all began to stick them in their hair and sun-bonnets, as if there was never anything so fine—and so they are. It was one of those warm, hazy days which October knows how to get up for pic-nics.

Auntie had been at work for a week, making nice things and nicknacks, and she fully expected to be as happy as the children; for she was an unselfish, good-hearted lady, and having a competency (which means, *just enough*) of the world's goods, she took her own indulgence in such simple, sweet ways as this, which she has made up for the day. Her man, Fritz, is good natured, and likes to help carry out her plans, and he brings the wagon to the door, and loads in the dainties with the greatest care—he knows Aunt Winnie is very particular to have all things in ship-shape order; no sloppings over of milk-jugs, nor jolting down of jellies, and cracking of saucers.

Joanna, too, her tidy servant girl, who is willing to turn her hand to anything reasonable, is wide awake to-day, for she is to go along, and *help*, and enjoy. One of the boys, little Sammy Green, springs into the wagon with Fritz, who promises to let him hold the reins, for Jed, the work-horse, is very peaceable.

Aunt Winnie puts the remaining six youngsters in her light rockaway, which she can drive herself, as the way is not long, and Bud, the carriage horse, is clever too.

Here they all are (see the picture); the girls have done running after the gay leaves; the table-cloth is spread upon a spot, cleared by Joanna's brush. The spoons and knives are heaped in the center, and Joanna has a pile of plates, ready to place around. She looks up, scared to see the little Frank bringing from the wagon a chicken-pie as big as his body. She sings out:

"Take care, darlint; don't stub your toe on the cloth—O hold fast, till I come and take it;" and so she watches one and another every minute—

"O Della, Della, who did put that great tin pan of grapes and melons on your curly head; you'll drop them all. I shouldn't wonder if those heavy melons did roll overboard, and split as they fell."

Georgie screams out:

"See, Joanna, there's Rover pulling over that basket!" for you may be sure Rover didn't stay at home to-day—no, no—he and Georgie have been chasing the yellow butterflies all about, and it is too bad that he tells tales of the poor dog, because he didn't care to wait for so much setting out of tables like. Then comes Phil, stepping very carefully with *the* great cake—O the beauty, all full of plums, where they mean to put in their thumbs. The iceing and comfits are as white as snow. Fritz has brought water from the spring, and cooled it with the ice which he brought in the wagon. The milk-jug is in the shade. Grasshoppers and crickets, and now and then a lingering bee, all try to make some music. The pewee birds are all around, calling "Phebe, Phebe," so sweetly. While the table is preparing, Kitty takes a new start about the gay leaves, and runs off to gather a whole basketful to carry home, for Aunt Winnie tells her that she can *press* them in the leaves of an old book, and when they are dried she can paste them on white paper, placing three and four or more together in pretty forms, and then varnish them carefully with a camel's hair pencil, and then lay them in a portfolio for entertainment, or place them under a glass in a frame. These are beautiful when taste is used in the mingling of the different colors, and giving all a wreath-like, graceful form.

Now she discovers something else—the pine cones away on the edge of the grove. She thinks they are as beautiful as if they were made of rose-wood, and she fills her pocket with them. She can make something pretty of them, too, with her ingenious fingers. Tipped with gold leaf, which can be procured at the furniture shops, and then varnished, the pine cones make the prettiest card racks. Stick the corner of the visiting card among the scales of the cone. Rover is in full chase after a squirrel, and the boys are shouting, but bushy tail is not to be caught to-day by any dog.

At last the dainties are in readiness; Joanna calls here and there, and brings all the frolicksome stragglers together, and the chicken pie, first course, makes them all think about thanksgiving, and one has a story, and another has a story, of sport and winter, and they laugh and chat as happy as can be.

Now the big cake is cut in slices, and the children say, "O what a good auntie!" and Emmie, who sits at her side, reaches up and gives her a good smack on the cheek. It was a very tidy kiss, too (which is quite important, children), for Joanna didn't forget the napkins, which were used on their chickened lips and fingers. Well, they

are just about starting to pick up and be off, when Joanna calls out, "Wait a bit;" she herself has a surprise for them. What do you think? When they started, she said she would rather walk than ride to the grove; so she took the road past the pretty village church, with its tall steeple, and taking a few of her own pence, she called by the way at a confectioner's, and bought a handful of *mottoes*, for she said it made her feel happy like to hear them read the verses and have such fun; and it was so unexpected, that it seemed about the best of the whole thing.

Very little things often make a great deal of pleasure, when there is a willing disposition. You will be happier for it yourselves, dear young readers, every time you do something to make others happy.

When our little party had finished off the funny mottoes, there was a great time hunting up sun-bonnets, and flats, and hats, and caps. At last they all pile into the rockaway; every child is wishing to go around by the pretty village church, and as it is not quite sundown, Aunt Winnie says "Yes." It is a pretty church, and the sun strikes the gilded vane so high; and just as they reach Auntie's door, the sun drops down in the west, seeming to rest till to-morrow.

LAURA ELMER.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

GENTLE WORDS.

KIND words revive the weary soul,
And cheer its saddest hours,
As dew refreshes drooping leaves,
And brightens fading flowers.

They fall, like sunshine, round the path
Of those who weary roam,
And are the "open sesame"
To every heart and home.

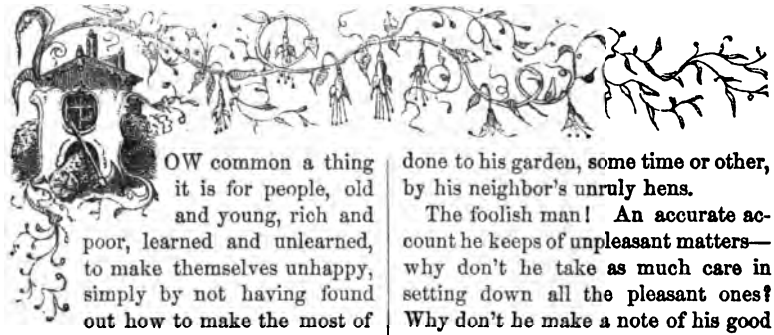
We know the spring will soon appear,
When round us flies the swallow,
So kind words should be harbingers
Of gentle deeds which follow.

Upon the brow of want and care
The joys of life they fling,
And change the soul's dark night
Its winter into spring. [to-day,

Then let your deeds be gentle deeds,
Your words be words of love:
They are the brightest gems which shine
In angels' crowns above.

MATTIE BELL.

THE BRIGHT SIDE AND THE DARK SIDE.



HOW common a thing it is for people, old and young, rich and poor, learned and unlearned, to make themselves unhappy, simply by not having found out how to make the most of the bright side of life! I have seen a little girl in pursuit of raspberries, ramble over a whole field, and while others were filling their baskets, she would complain that the berries were so few and so small that they were not worth picking. That is just the way a great many folks go through life. They scarcely ever enjoy themselves. More than half the time they are unhappy. They fret and worry about this thing, and that thing, and the other thing. Though they are always looking forward to the opening of some new spring of enjoyment, yet the spring is never opened. Now what is the reason they are not happy? Because they throw away the means of happiness which God gives them, and spend their time grumbling over the little ills of life. Ask such a person how he is getting along in the world, and he will tell you, "miserably enough." But probe the matter to the bottom, and you will, just as likely as not, find that his misery consists in his having had the toothache one day last week, in his having lost a hundred dollars by somebody's failure recently, or having been broken of his rest one night within a month by the illness of his little boy, and by the mischief done to his garden, some time or other, by his neighbor's unruly hens.

The foolish man! An accurate account he keeps of unpleasant matters—why don't he take as much care in setting down all the pleasant ones? Why don't he make a note of his good dinners, his kind friends, his perfect health, his pleasant home, the trees, the grass, the flowers, the birds, the brooks, the rivers, all of which God in his mercy gives him, as free as the air, on purpose to make him happy?

Why, it seems to me it is an almost unpardonable sin for a man to treat the bounties of Providence with so little show of interest, and, indeed, with such marked disrespect. The springs of our enjoyment, my young friends, as as much *within* as *without* us.

It matters comparatively little what a person's lot in life is, if he has learned to make the most of his comforts and sources of enjoyment. You sometimes think, I suppose, if you were only in the place of such a boy or such a girl—if your father was only rich, so that he could drive fine horses, and you could have all the nice things you wanted—then you would be as happy as the days are long. Nonsense! While you are indulging in this foolish wish, I should not be at all surprised if there was a boy or girl—both, not unlikely—wishing for just that lot in life in which you are placed. Cultivate a happy spirit. That is the secret of being happy. UNCLE FRANK.

SAMUEL F. B. MORSE,
INVENTOR OF THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

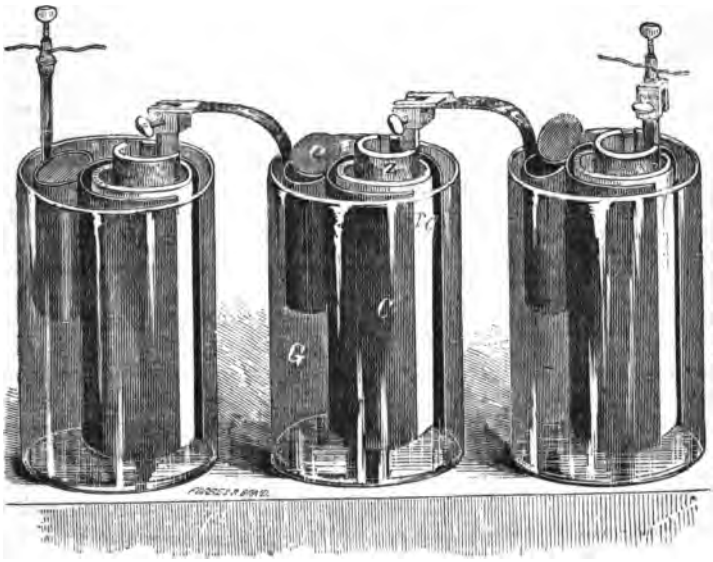
THE telegraph has told its own story everywhere, and I do not suppose that I can surprise any of the Merrys, even in the most retired corner of the land, by telling them that *the cable is laid.* They have all felt the electric joy and wonder which shot through the country, in all directions, when the word came through the air, "the Atlantic cable is landed." Uncle Hiram, seated quietly in the sanctum, started up and shouted, brandishing his hatchet, with an air of triumph, as if he would say, Who but a Yankee could have done that? But he did not say it. He thought rather of the Divine hand and power that had planned and guided it all. Uncle Merry, a thousand miles off, in Illinois, and Uncle Frank, in Connecticut, almost at the same moment received the startling tidings which, for wonder and joy, they could hardly believe; while here and there, in thousands of places all up and down our broad land, our twenty thousand nephews and nieces were catching up the word, as it flew, and catching with it the enthusiasm and joy of their fathers and brothers, and mingling their shouts in the universal jubilee. And now, what is all this noise about? Are not many of us in the condition of a boy, who, after hurrahing and screaming for half an hour or more, with his companions, took advantage of the first pause to ask, "What are we shouting for?"

Let us look at it a moment, and take

a glance at its history. Here is a cable, as it is called, though it is not larger round than your finger, which is now stretched from the shores of Ireland to those of America, a distance of 2,000 miles. The cable is about 2,500 miles in length, 500 miles being required to meet the great depth of the ocean, the unevenness of the bottom, and the action of currents, swaying the cable out of a straight line. Messages are now passing and repassing on this cable, so that persons in London and New York may converse together, as they have done heretofore, in New York and Washington, or any other places in the country. Just think of it—for you must think, and think hard, to take in the full idea—talking across the Atlantic! If any one had undertaken and accomplished a bridge across this mighty abyss, it would have been wonderful, truly. But that, at railroad speed, would have required several days for a passage. This requires but a few minutes. And this is the difference between thought-travel and the tardy movements of the body. And the cable may well be called *the bridge of thought.*

CYRUS WEST FIELD.

The project of constructing a submarine telegraph between England and France, across the Strait of Dover, unsuccessfully attempted in 1850, was again undertaken, and accomplished in 1851. The line or cable at present in use is much more substantial than that formerly employed, and was constructed in the following manner: Four copper wires, known as the 16 wire gauge, each encased in a covering of gutta-percha, of a quarter of an inch in diameter, constituted the first layer. These several lines are twisted and plaited about each other, in spiral convolutions, in the manner of an ordinary cable or rope. The next superincumbent coil to this consisted of hempen yarn, previously saturated in a reservoir of prepared pitch and tallow, and, in its turn, is tightly twisted and compressed, impermeably and by steam power, over the gutta-percha, with its inclosed copper wires. This is overlaid again with a series of hempen yarns, five or six in number, and about an inch in diameter, saturated in the pitch and tallow, with a view of what the workmen call "worming" the gutta-percha. The gutta-percha thus protects the wire, and the hempen yarn in addition acts as a cementitious material to the gutta-percha, which, ultimately, has thrown over it a coat of galvanized wire. This completes the first process, and the manufacture of the rope in the spiral form is for the purpose of giving flexibility. The second process consists in hauling off the cable, so far completed, and passing it on to another wire-rope machine, where the cord is completely covered over with ten galvanized iron wires, each wire being about the thickness of a lead pencil, and known as "No. 1 galvanized wire guage." This galvan-



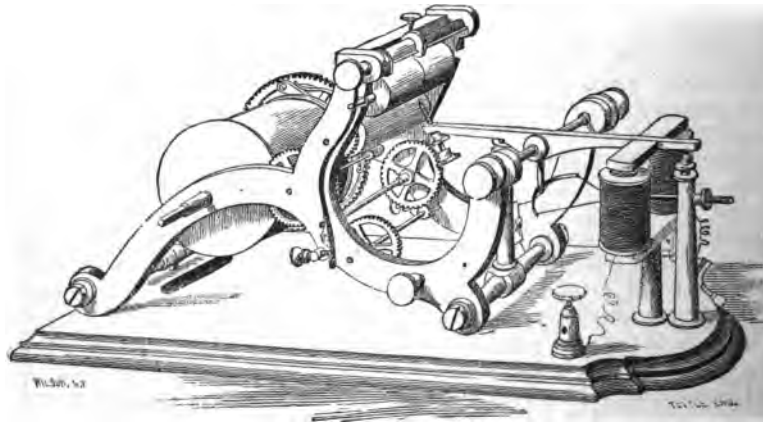
CHESTER'S LOCAL BATTERY.

ized iron sheathing is to protect and preserve the interior layers from the action of the sea, and the weight is considered to be sufficient to sink the cable.

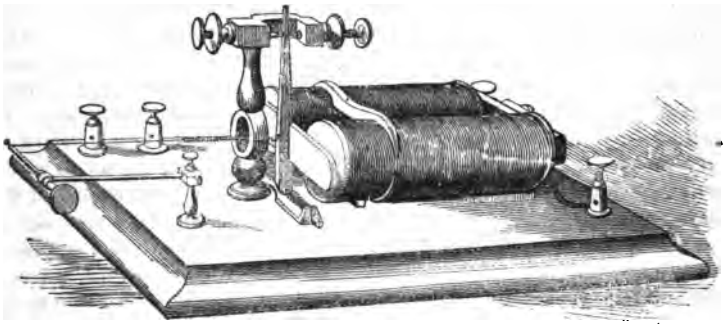
In undertaking the Atlantic telegraph about 3,000 miles of cable were made, one half of which was placed on board the Agamemnon, a British war steamer, and one half on board the Niagara, an American war steamer. These vessels met in the middle of the ocean. The two cables were joined carefully, and the middle part dropped into the sea. The vessels then parted, one making for the coast of Ireland, the other for the coast of Newfoundland, each paying out its cable, as it went, with great care, so that the two were all the while bound together, and often sending messages to each other. On the first trial the cable broke, and the enterprise was abandoned for a whole year. A new cable was made and a new effort undertaken in the early part of this summer. Here again the cable broke, when some 400 miles had been paid out. This was very discouraging, and almost everybody gave up all hope of seeing the great work accomplished at all. But through the indomitable courage and perseverance of Mr. Field, the two vessels came together again, spliced the cable, and started boldly, but cautiously, on another trial. And this trial was successful — a perfect triumph—a marvel—a miracle—for the hand of God was certainly in it. Mr. Field no doubt learned, when a boy, that useful lesson we have so often taught you—"try, try again." And here is the result. But who knows—who can guess what will be its full effect?

Who is this Mr. Field, you ask, of whom so much is said, and whom the world delights to honor? I will tell. He is the son of a very worthy New England clergyman, and was born in Haddam, Conn., in 1815. His business has been first that of a paper manufacturer, at Westfield, Mass., and afterward of a commission paper merchant, in New York. Sometimes he was successful, and sometimes not so. But he was never disheartened. "Try, try again," was his motto, and he finally succeeded. He became rich.

Some five or six years ago he seemed



MORSE'S RECORDING REGISTER.



MORSE'S RECEIVING MAGNET.

to have conceived the purpose of constructing the ocean telegraph, and at once threw into its consummation all his native enthusiasm, all his acquired knowledge of men and things, all his energy and perseverance, and all his pecuniary means.

There seems to be no divided honor in this enterprise—no possibility of question as to the author of the great achievement of modern civilization. Hundreds may have dreamed and suggested the idea, but Mr. Field was the first to set seriously at work for its realization, and the first to accomplish it. Fortunate is he in having completed his own work.

This great scheme was planned in March, 1854, Mr. Field, his brother, Mr. Morse, and a few other friends being present. The two Fields and Mr. Chandler White went immediately to Newfoundland, and obtained an act of incorporation, with a grant of fifty square miles of land. Out of these arrangements has grown that magnificent enterprise, whose successful accomplishment has astonished the world.

If all the myths of the old poets were realized to-morrow, not one of them would stand a chance with the hard, practical realities of the electric telegraph. The boldest story-teller of Rome or Greece never dreamed of annihilating time and space, even for the express purpose of making two lovers happy; and the most extravagant metamorphose ever imagined by Ovid might have been readily believed a century ago by the sternest philosopher of the age, if he could first have been made to swallow and accredit the prophecy that his descendants could walk down to Cornhill and receive a reply to a message to Paris in a minute. The celebrated Hibernian bird which contrived to exist in the flesh in two places at once must have encountered difficulties to which the magnetic current is a stranger, and, except that ornithological phenomenon, of which no specimens at present exist, there is certainly in art or in nature nothing more wonderful than this mastery, which man, by the aid of a few plates of metal, some acid and wire, has obtained over the subtle fluid, the effects of which are as patent and striking as its source is mysterious. The electric flash, the type of all that is swift and destructive in the elements, is here chained to the car of commerce, or wielded by curiosity or caprice. The message flies "ere one can say 'it lightens.'" The electric

fire is bottled up in little wooden cases with brass knockers and screws, or is served out at will from oblong jars under the counter, moulding itself into the inflections of every language, and adapting itself to the exigencies of every thought, and beating that old, but remarkably fast, person, Old Time, hollow, whenever the race is long enough. There are some dissatisfied people who wish they had been born a little later; they want to see the full development, they say, of the twin giants, steam and electricity.

It is privilege enough for us to live in an age when science, having ceased to be empirical and impious, devotes itself to the practical wants of man, and, astonished at its success, confesses still how little it knows of its future, without our grudging to those who may come after, the fruits of its more matured enterprise and experiment.

And now, having said so much about the cable and the telegraph, it seems necessary to explain, in a few words, how it operates. Some of the Merrys understand it already. To others it is, probably, a great mystery still.

You all know that Dr. Franklin, by flying a kite near a thunder-cloud, and decoying down the lightning through the string, made the great discovery, that lightning is only the play of electricity. When it was thus found that man could handle lightning, and control it, it was immediately attempted to see to what use it could be turned. Dr. Franklin suggested the idea that messages might be sent by it from place to place. Many experiments were made, for many years, in different parts of the world. The Electric Telegraph was felt to be a possibility. Steinheil, a German, was probably the first person who succeeded in using one on a small scale. But Samuel F. B. Morse, of New York, was the first to complete the work, and put it in operation for practical purposes. This great achievement is not yet twenty years old, and now the whole earth is being covered with a network of wire.

In working the telegraph, the first thing is a *battery*. This consists of two or more jars, or cups, which are filled with a weak acid. Into each of these jars, or cups, a pair of metallic plates, one being platina and the other zinc, are dipped, all the plates being connected together by a rod at the top. The action of the acid on these plates immediately produces a galvanic current, which passes out through the rod, and acts upon and through any wire to which it may be attached. The galvanic or electric current thus obtained is conveyed to the "recording register," when it is so controlled by this ingenious mechanical contrivance, that it is made to write at the other end of the wire, no matter how far off, any message which the operator chooses to send.

The laying of the cable was celebrated with great splendor in New York, on the 1st of September. It would be impossible even to begin to describe it here. The torch-light procession, the fireworks, and the various and splendid decorations of the buildings, public and private, would occupy more than a full number of the MUSEUM. We had a fine opportunity to see the procession and fireworks, from the windows of Meade Brothers, Daguerreotypists, No. 233 Broadway, which were tastefully decorated and illuminated. Prominent in front was a globe, encircled by a coil of the Atlantic cable—prophetic of what may yet be done.

OCTOBER AND I.

As I watched the gate, last eve,
Feeling rather sober,
Not e'en saying "By your leave,"
In walked grave October.

Calm and cool, her words were few,
Spinning, spinning, spinning,
As if her month was almost through,
Not just now beginning.

Take it coolly," then said I;
"What's the use of fretting?
Time for labor by-and-by—
Give this hour to chatting."

"Not a moment," she replies;
"I must still be working.
Always with these By-and-bys
There is mischief lurking."

"Do but see," I answered here,
Scarce restraining laughter,
"We've done our work up for the year—
What would you be after?

"We have tried the sweating brow,
Harvesting and haying;
We have done our tasks, and now
Give us time for playing.

She, with genial smile, retorts,
"Would you have true pleasure?
Seek it not in idle sports,
But in active leisure.

"Spinning, weaving, that's the way—
Studying and thinking;
Doing something every day,
All sweet fountains drinking."

"Wisely said," responded I,
Still my theme pursuing;
"But when fields are bare and dry,
What can we be doing?"

"Doing? doing? Look about;
See what needs repairing—
How your work is giving out,
Breaking, crumbling, wearing.

"Give your next year's work a lift,
Keep a look-out steady,
For the better half of thrift
Lies in getting ready.

"Soon you'll have your apple-bees,
Nutting, husking, hunting—
A life of gay activities,
Toil with sport confronting.

"So you'll find your pleasures fill
All the days of autumn;
Fun with labor blending still,
Just as nature taught 'em."

H. H.

THE GARDEN.

"MAMMA," said little Ella to her mother one day, "may I go into the garden?"

"Whose garden?" asked her mother.

"The gardener's," replied Ella.

"Yes, child, if you will walk carefully up and down the paths, and not meddle with the flowers."

"What does meddle mean, mamma?" asked Ella; "does it mean *touch* or *take*?"

"It means both," answered her mother; "if you touch a flower you meddle with it, and no one can take a flower without meddling with it."

"Yes, mamma, but why may I not take *one* rose, or pick *one* small bud? The gardener has so many hundreds of them. He does not pick them all himself. When the wind blows, the leaves of some of the roses blow all about, and fall to the ground. Can't I pick one, mamma?"

"What does the Bible say, Ella?" asked her mother.

"Nothing about picking roses," answered Ella. "Something about stealing, mamma; do you mean that? 'Thou shalt not steal.'"

Her mother looked very serious, and called Ella close to her.

"Ella, look at me—whose garden is that?"

"The gardener's."

"Whose rose-bushes and roses are those?"

"The gardener's, mamma."

"Then listen, Ella; you say those rose-bushes and roses are the gardener's. They belong to him, and he

can do as he pleases with his own. Now, if you go and pick his flowers, what do you do?"

"I steal, mamma; I take what does not belong to me."

"You are right now, Ella, and you may go, and try not to even touch what does not belong to you."

Little Ella, then five years old, and, like many other children, very fond of flowers, went with her nurse into the garden.

As she walked slowly up and down the paths, she bent forward and smelled of the pinks and roses, while she clasped her little hands behind her, and said aloud to herself:

"I must not touch what does not belong to me."

The gardener soon learned not to be afraid that little Ella's feet and hands would do harm to his choicest flowers, and to feel that even a little child, if obedient to good teaching, can bring "on earth peace, good will towards men."

SPECIMEN OF DR. JOHNSON'S WIT.

A PROMINENT butcher of London, who was as lean in person as he was weak in understanding, being one day in a bookseller's shop, took up a volume of Churchill's Poems, and, by way of showing his taste, and making himself conspicuous, read the following line aloud:

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

Then, turning to Dr. Johnson, said,

"What do you think of that, sir?"

"Rank nonsense," replied the doctor. "It is an assertion without a proof, and you might, with as much propriety, say—

"Who slays fat oxen should himself be fat."

"THE NEAREST WAY IN THE SUMMER TIME."

AWAY, away to the dim, dark woods,
To the hidden glens where the shadows lie;
To the depths of the leafy solitudes,
Where the boughs hang thick and sweet silence broods,
And the river courses swiftly by.

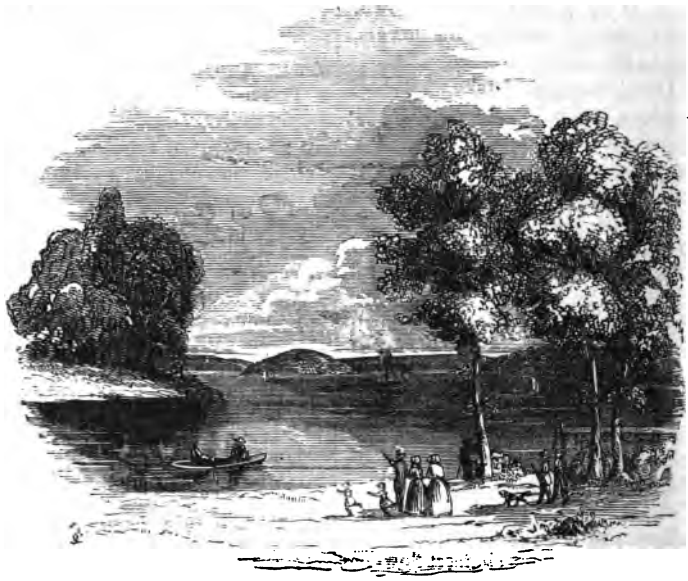
Away, away, through the shaded nook,
Where the clear spring leaps with a ringing chime
From its native rocks, and the violets look
At their mirrored forms in the noisy brook.
'Tis "the nearest way in the summer time."

Turn back, turn back to the forest lane,
From the heat and dust of the open road,
Where the trees the glittering dew-drops rain.
Oh, come and hark to the witching strain
That floods the woods in the birds' abode.

Come, wade the bed of the winding creek;
What though its breast may not be spanned!
On the other bank the flowers we'll seek;
And we'll make the glad-voiced echoes speak.
We need no bridge but its pebbled sand.

We'll wander down on its grassy brink;
Or we'll watch the teams as the bank they climb,
And the weary horses stop to drink,
Or cool their limbs. Ah, I know *they* think
'Tis "the nearest way in the summer time."

FLETA FORRESTER.



THE CAMALOTE,

A MARVEL OF TROPICAL VEGETATION.

I WONDER who knows what a camalote is, or who of our young friends ever saw a locomotive island, with its forests, its flowers, its fruits, its inhabitants, floating away for miles on the bosom of a river or a sea.

Such a sight was seen in April last, in South America, on the great river La Plata. There was an unusual freshet, such as had not been known for nearly twenty years. The Parana overflowed its banks for miles, and appeared more like a vast inland sea than a river. The effect of this freshet on the La Plata, at Buenos Ayres, was such as had never been witnessed before. Wharves and buildings were submerged, and whole streets overflowed. It was feared, for a time, that the entire city would be swallowed up by the river.

Early in the morning of the 8th of April, a rumor was circulated about the city that *something* was seen coming down from the Parana. The people crowded their *miradores*, and the *playa* of the river, and anxiously gazed up stream. Far away up in the north was seen a dense black mass, which slowly and steadily advanced like a fleet of war-boats. Everybody was alarmed. It was at the moment that a probable invasion by Urquiza was in everybody's mouth. "If it should be Urquiza!" said the frightened people, "what is to be done?" The National Guard hurriedly repaired to their armories and donned their warlike apparel; the drums were beat to arms, and the artillery wheeled out into the Plaza. The young ladies, who are proverbially brave, exhorted their brothers and lovers to meet the enemy with stout hearts and steady aim. The old

women put forth ejaculatory prayers for the success of the provincial arms. Meanwhile, all who could crowded the beach, and gazed at the approaching flotilla. Slowly it approached, and towards noon it was near enough to allay the fears of the excited populace. It was an invasion, not of Urquiza's hordes, but of *Camalotes*, from the tropical regions of the Parana and Paraguay. As soon as this was generally known, the crowd increased, and all who could obtain boats embarked as fast as oars and sails could propel them, and advanced to meet the strange visitant. Hours afterwards they returned, loaded with prizes from up the river. Flowers, fruits, wild beasts, all rewarded the enterprise of the hunters, who were well satisfied with their day's work.

Perhaps you do not know what a camalote is. It is a gigantic water-lily which grows in abundance on the tropical banks of the Upper Parana and Paraguay rivers. Its leaves are large, and of a bright rich green. The under sides of the leaves are divided into innumerable little compartments and divisions, as accurately marked as if laid out with mathematical precision —the root is a hollow bulb of thin material, filled with air, and depending from which are long bunches of fine fibers, that cling to whatever comes in contact with them. The freshets loosen this camalote from its bed, and it floats down with the current in large masses, carrying with it everything that it may meet with on the surface. Sometimes these masses are half a mile in diameter, in ordinary times, and they generally lodge upon some island in the river, or upon some sand bank, which they soon convert into an island; so that very little camalote ever passes the mouth of the Parana Guaza into the Rio de la Plata.

This year the freshet is so heavy that the great mass of camalote was carried beyond the sand-bars and little islands above here, for they are all overflowed. It found a free course to the broad Plata, and I can assure you that its visit here is appreciated. The whole surface of our roads for miles is covered with camalote, and resembles a great meadow, gently moving with the tide. The green of this fine field is variegated with flowers of all the most brilliant hues and of the most exquisite fragrance. Wild orange trees and lemon trees in full flower and fruit; bushes of every size; palm trees of a dozen varieties, and trees of other kinds grow flourishingly on the waters of our harbor, side by side with ships, barks, and brigs. The spectacle is brilliantly beautiful. The tropical vegetation, which is spread out all over the river, is so enticing that it draws thousands to visit it every day. But, like all fictitious beauties, this charming prospect has its hidden dangers. Among the beautiful flowers lurk thousands of venomous reptiles from Paraguay. Little snakes of the most beautiful and variegated skins, and the most fatal bite, are constantly met with; the children, who have amused themselves hunting these treacherous "varmints," have several times been bitten, and one has died. The other day a number of young lions and jackals were discovered; foxes and prairie dogs, in any quantity, have landed here, and day before yesterday a superb pair of tigers made their appearance. Palermo, so long the residence of "the tiger Rosas," has now its own royal beast from Paraguay roaming through its willow groves; the people there are frightened half

out of their wits at the wild beasts. The foxes have eaten all their chickens; the jackals and lions have made sad havoc with the sheep; snakes and venomous reptiles of every kind, hitherto unknown in this peaceful province, overrun all the gardens and meadows. It is too bad in these hard times that the poor people must buy boots to protect their limbs and feet from their poisoned fangs. But, worse than all, now the tigers have landed, the timid country people are afraid to venture out of their ranches at night. General Hornes, while waiting for Urquiza to come down, is to have a grand tiger hunt in Palermo in a few days, in which a thousand mounted soldiers will join. It will be sport worth seeing.

But enough of camalotes, and the wonders they bring us. If you could see the strange spectacle, however, you would not wonder that the camalote invasion occupied the minds and tongues of everybody in Buenos Ayres for a week.

A CHAPTER OF GREAT THINGS.

ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL, in Rome, is the largest church in the world. Its architect was the famous sculptor Michael Angelo. Its height is 464 feet. It was begun in the reign of Julius II., in 1506, and was completed in 1784—taking a period of two hundred and seventy-eight years for its erection. In less than that time, by many years, the United States have been changed from a wilderness to a country whose cities rival those of the "Old World" in population and wealth, science and art.

The largest clock in the world is in Strasburg Cathedral, in France. It is 100 feet high, 30 feet wide, and about 15 feet deep. It was built in the year 1571, and has performed its allotted duties almost ever since.

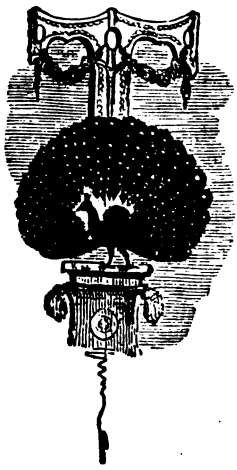
The greatest bell in the world was cast by order of the Empress Anne of Russia, at Moscow, in 1730. It is some twenty-one feet high, twenty-two feet in diameter, and weighs some four hundred thousand pounds. In 1737, the tower in which it was hung was burnt, and the bell in falling was partly broken. There it lay amid the ruins of the fallen tower for a century, until Czar Nicholas removed it from the rubbish, and placed it on a pedestal in a conspicuous position, so that all might see the "Great Bell." It is now used for a chapel, and is highly venerated by the people.

The tallest structure formed by man is the Great Pyramid, which stands near the city of Memphis, in Egypt. It is supposed to have been built by order of the tyrant Cheops, king of Egypt. It is about 516 feet high, and its base covers an area of eleven acres. Three hundred and sixty thousand men were engaged for thirty years in its erection. BUCKEYE BOY.

The longest cable in the world is that of the Atlantic Telegraph, being little short of twenty-five hundred miles. It would only require ten such cables to girdle the entire earth.

The largest ship in the world, since that built by Noah, is the Leviathan, or Great Eastern, now lying in the Thames, below London. Her length is 695 feet, breadth 83, depth 58. She has three kinds of motive power—sails, paddle wheels, and screws. The diameter of the paddle wheels is 56 feet; of the propeller, 24 feet. She has ten boilers. The power of her wheel engines is 1,200 horses; of her screw engines, 1,800. Tonnage, 22,500.

STICKS WITH TWO ENDS.



WO ends!—Why, Major, what in the world do you mean? We should like to know if every stick has not two ends, at least!"

Every stick has two ends, to be sure.—I found out that, I believe, before I knew a single letter of the alphabet. Even the Chinese have noticed the same fact, and, indeed, have made it the warp of a proverb. They are in the habit of saying, I am told, "As long as there are two ends to a stick, there will be two men to take hold of them." Could a proverb have more truth rolled up in it? If there are two sides to every question, are there not always two people ready to take them? What, pray, is your own experience on the subject? Have you not usually found that when you grasped a stick at one end, somebody would pop up and seize it at the other end? that when you ventured a statement, argument, opinion, though ever so modestly and temperately, some one would suddenly appear in opposition? Not, of course, that all should think alike. People have a right to differ in opinion, if they want to, or if they see cause to differ. More than that; there are cases in which it is our solemn duty to hold opinions different from others, and boldly to maintain them, too. When truths clear to reason and sacred to faith are impudently assailed, we may be required to assert and defend them; and, in regard to matters of less consequence, it may be well to declare ourselves freely, and in a manner fitted to confound as well as to refute. It is very proper sometimes to slap conceit and impertinence on the mouth. When a man, without any apparent reason, assumes the swell and strut of an old gobbler, and talks as if his own were a little the wisest head in seven counties, even forbearance itself would seem to say, let his loftiness be brought down in some way. If he has no more sense than to prate his foolishness on all occasions; no better manners than to thrust under everybody's nose any stick he may have taken up, it may be doing him a kindness to snatch it from him and rap him over the knuckles. Still, we are not in all cases to answer a fool according to his folly. It is better sometimes to let him blab to his heart's content. Too weak, too conceited, too perverse to be reasoned with, you might as well save your breath for something else; and, at times, you may take a similar course with those who are not fools. Although you know you are on the right side of a question, just as well as you know where your nose stands, yet to speak would avail with them no more than to be silent. They are stiff-necked, and can not bear opposition. Hold in, therefore, though nigh to bursting for the want of vent. You ought, too, to hold in for another reason. A spirit of contradiction is a bad spirit. If a man had seven devils in him, I doubt whether this would not be as bad as the worst of them. To be contrary is to be like a hedge-hog with his spikes

sticking out all around. You do not wish, of course, to appear so unamiable. There is not the least need of it, either. If a friend asserts that the moon is a great cheese, hung out in the rays of the sun to dry, can't you quietly let him enjoy his opinion? If he happens to mention that John Jones died on the sixteenth of last December, is there any need of your maintaining that he died on the seventeenth of last November. If he remarks that to-day is very cold, need you say, and pertinaciously stick to it, that yesterday was ten degrees colder than to-day? What do such contradictions amount to, I should like to know? In some cases, at least, they amount to pretty clear proof that you have none too much modesty, and none too much prudence and wisdom; and, in some cases, do they not lead to angry disputes? Be careful, therefore, how you contradict. Don't be any more captious than you can help. Say nothing, I beseech you, that will be likely to open a war of words. It is bad business to go to war on one's own account, but it is worse business to enter into the battles of others. All quarrels have two sides, as certainly as all sticks have two ends. People are apt, therefore, to arrange themselves some on one side, some on the other. But why meddle with that which is none of your business? If two fools are pulling at the opposite ends of a stick, let them pull to their heart's content. Why, don't you know that to meddle with strife that don't belong to you is to take a dog by the ears? The truth is, we all have matters enough of our own to attend to.

Let us, then, just hold on to our own sticks, and let other people's alone.

THE OLD MAJOR.

A LITTLE WHILE.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the blooming and the fading,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the shining and the fading,
Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the rising and the setting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the calming and the fretting,
Beyond remembering and forgetting,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

Beyond the parting and the meeting,
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse o' fever-beating,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest, and home!
Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

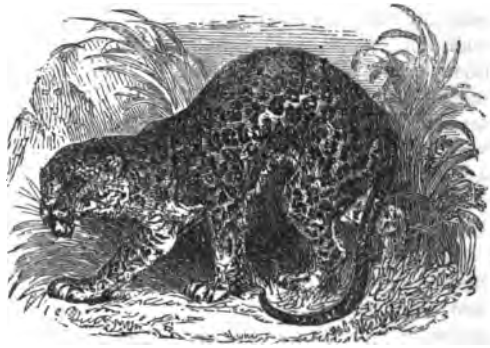
REV. DR. BONAR.

GOD made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species.

THE LEOPARD.

HAVE you ever seen a wild leopard? Probably not, and very probably you would not like to see him very near, unless he was chained or caged. His appearance in the wild state is exceedingly beautiful, his motions in the highest degree easy and graceful, and his agility in bounding among the rocks and woods quite amazing. He usually shuns a conflict with a man, but, when driven to desperation, becomes a truly formidable antagonist.

Two African farmers, returning from hunting the hartebeest (*antilope bubalis*), roused a leopard in a mountain ravine, and immediately gave chase to him. The leopard at first endeavored to escape by clambering up a precipice; but being hotly pressed, and wounded by a musket-ball, he turned upon his pursuers with that frantic ferocity peculiar to this animal on such emergencies, and springing on the man who had fired at him, tore him from his horse to the ground, biting him at the same time on the shoulder, and tearing one of his cheeks severely with his claws. The other hunter seeing the danger of his comrade, sprang from his horse, and attempted to shoot the leopard through the head; but, whether owing to trepidation, or the fear of wounding his friend, or the quick motions of the animal, he unfortunately missed. The leopard, abandoning his prostrate enemy, darted with redoubled fury upon his second antagonist, and so fierce and sudden was his onset, that before the boor could stab him with his hunting-knife, the savage beast struck him on the head with his claws, and actually tore the scalp over his eyes. In this frightful condition, the hunter grappled with the leopard; and, struggling for life, they rolled together down a steep declivity. All this passed far more rapidly than it can be described in words. Before the man who had been first attacked could start to his feet and seize his gun, they were rolling one over the other down the bank. In a minute or two he had reloaded his gun, and rushed forward to save the life of his friend. But it was too late. The leopard had seized the unfortunate man by the throat, and mangled him so dreadfully, that death was inevitable; and his comrade (himself severely wounded) had only the melancholy satisfaction of completing the destruction of the savage beast, already exhausted with the loss of blood from several deep wounds by the desperate knife of the expiring huntsman.



THE LEOPARD.

The fur of the leopard (*leo-pard*, or spotted lion) is yellow, with ten ranges of black spots, or clusters of spots, on each side. Each spot is made up of a number of smaller spots.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.

WHILE I was inspecting the hospital, a friend, noticing the deep interest I felt in such institutions of mercy, called my attention to another, of a very different kind, which was situated not very far off. It was out of my track, somewhat, but, being an independent pilgrim, and warmly interested in every effort to reclaim the vicious and elevate the degraded, I was easily drawn aside to take a look at the Five Points' Mission House, and House of Industry.

About one minute's walk from Broadway, that renowned thoroughfare of fashion, wealth, and commerce, brought us to this central point of squalid misery and sin, the most filthy and uninviting portion of the great city. An open space of about one acre, formed by the meeting of Little Water, Cross, Anthony, Orange, and Mulberry streets, is called, by way of derision, "Paradise Square." On one side of this open space once stood the "Old Brewery," known to fame as one of the most perfect illustrations of a hell upon earth, which even the purlieus of a Sodom could furnish. This Brewery was erected in 1792, and was occupied in its appropriate vocation for about forty-five years. In 1837 it was rented out as a tenement house, or rookery. From this time it became a moral pest-house, of the darkest and lowest description, and was marked by a shameless wickedness and misery which our young friends would find it difficult to conceive of. One portion of it was christened "The Den of Thieves," a name which would aptly characterize the whole building. Along one side of it ran a narrow, filthy path, scarcely three feet wide, known as "Murderer's Alley." Nothing can be imagined more offensive and disgusting than the condition and aspect of the whole place, as it was eight years ago. Every room, every corner was reeking with filth, crime, and wretchedness. A mission to such a spot would seem more hopeless than to the darkest region of heathendom. But no place is too dark for the light of the Gospel to penetrate, or too desperate for the power of the Gospel to transform.

The spot where that "Old Brewery" stood is now covered by a handsome, substantial building, called the Five Points' Mission House. If it be a triumph of Christianity to convert a theater into a church, what shall we say of such a transformation as this?

"It was the very nest of crime. The worst passions which deform our common human nature had their sowing time and their fruit season there. Young children were there immolated to Moloch, and men and women of ripe years were transplanted thence, to bloom upon the gallows. The foulest

crimes were hatched, fostered, and developed there. There was the home of the assassin, the thief, and the prostitute. Up those curious stairs, and along those winding passages, through nests of chambers, ingeniously contrived to prevent the escape of the victim, or elude the search of his friends, has been borne many an unhappy wretch, who will never be heard of till the morning of the resurrection.

same spirit of Christian enterprise and active humanity which conceived and completed the Mission House. The latter is more strictly a religious institution, but nevertheless cares for the body as well as for the soul. The former is, in its inception and design, an industrial and reformatory enterprise, but does not, by any means, neglect the interests of the immortal soul, nor give them a secondary place.

FIVE POINTS' HOUSE OF INDUSTRY.

The Old Brewery was, at one period of its history, not excelled by any haunt in London or Paris, as the lazar-house and infectious center of crime.

"But where it once stood, a church has been erected, with a house for the preacher, school-rooms for the ignorant, bath-rooms for the dirty, and tenements, clean, wholesome, and inviting, for the homeless."

On the opposite side of the square stands the Five Points' House of Industry, a large, handsome, convenient structure, which has sprung out of the

Mr. Pease, to whom the great work of originating and accomplishing the mission is mainly to be ascribed, is the head and front of this also. In connection with the House of Industry in this city, he has a farm in Westchester County, where he resides, and where he has a large number of children who have been snatched from the very jaws of pollution and death, and placed under the most wholesome training for usefulness and happiness.

At some other time, I will tell you more about this farm, and the good it has done.

RETROSPECTUM;

OR, THE CHAT IN BY-GONE DAYS.

BY WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

1849.—A very ingenious "Rhyming Alphabet of Natural History" opens the volume. Then follows an amusing "Story of a Looking-Glass," by a ten-year-old, and a laughable anecdote from Almira. Peter Parley having been requested to furnish some articles for February, declines on account of the cold weather. Hear him:

"I don't know how it is with you, but it seems to me I never knew it so cold. I see by the Canada papers that they have *heard* the Aurora Borealis there, and I think I heard Jack Frost, last night, as plain as day. It seemed to me, as he came snorting around the corner of the house, pushing and shoving at the windows, and sticking his claws in at the cracks of the doors, that I heard him talking to himself. It positively sounded as if he was swearing; but I suppose this was a mistake. He was in a desperate bad humor, at any rate, for he froze my potatoes, cracked two pitchers, and killed my neighbor's rooster. This latter event was very mysterious, for the poor creature was found in the morning sitting on his roost, as if asleep, but stiff and stark as an icicle. If such things had been done by anybody but Jack Frost, they would have been considered altogether outrage ous; but he seems privileged to do what he pleases, and all the world smiles. Well, what can't be cured must be endured."

There is an abundance of poetry in this month's number. "Subscribers" give us in April an amusing account of their efforts to solve a charade; their perseverance is worthy of imitation.

A voluminous Chat, truly, doth May present—nine pages and over! I call the attention of non-paying subscribers to the following:

"GREAT DISCOVERY!

CURE FOR THE BITE OF MAD DOGS!

MERIDEN, *Jan.* 29, 1848.

"TO THE EDITOR OF THE —— :—*Sir* —Having read in the newspapers that no person was ever known to be bitten by a mad dog who paid punctually for his paper, and wishing to guard against so dangerous a disease as the hydrophobia, I send, inclosed, $2—one to pay my last year's subscription (which I supposed was paid, until I received your bill), and the other to pay for the present volume. Respectfully yours,

** ***

☞ "If any of the subscribers to MERRY'S MUSEUM have not paid their subscriptions, we advise them to do it speedily, and so get insured against hydrophobia!"

C * * * * poetically enumerates the pleasant things in "Merry," and also sends a tribute to Spring.

Sammy Sassafras relates the setting out of an overland expedition to California from his place. There is a letter from *Fanny B. C.* in this number, which I mention, not on account of the letter itself, but because that young lady is a fit companion for Nip, Black-Eyes & Co. This will appear further on. People in those sober days didn't understand the art of "pitching in right and left," as in our favored time, or I doubt not Miss Fanny would have proved a match for any one.

Sammy Sassafras continues his account of the California emigrants in July, and Emma sends the following riddle, which I think was never answered. Won't somebody solve it?

"When you have nothing else to do,
Make some stockings of your shoe."

Here is a letter for hot weather—whew!

"CRATERVILLE, *June* —, 1849.

"MR. MERRY:—I am a blue-eyed, red-headed scriber to MERRY'S MUSEUM. I have rit you three letters, and sent you seven puzzles—some on 'em as long as my arm; and now you haint insarted none

on 'em. This is tew bad! One of the puzzles I put together in a red-hot day, last week, and it makes my ginger rise to think that you won't print it. I paid postige out besides, and that don't help the matter. According to my way of thinking, to write letters, and pay the postige, and not see 'em in print, passes all pashunts. And what makes it wus, is, that you insart other people's letters, and take no notice of mine. I'm for equil rites, Mr. Merry, and hate ojus distinkshuns and privilledges. I speak my mind, and mean no offens; and if you'll insart this, I'll forgive the past. It's the duty of all to be forgivin, and so I bid you good-bye. This is from your friend and well-wisher, J. R——D."

Sammy Sassafras opens his budget again in October. There is a long letter from Paris in the next number, signed Lizzie G——, who, I take the liberty to say, is a chip of the old Peter Parley block. Amusing and instructive is her epistle. As though December were not *cool* enough in itself, the following *unparalleled* letter appears in the MUSEUM for that month. It is an excellent thing to read when the thermometer stands at 90° in the shade.

"DEAR MR. MERRY:—I like the MUSEUM very well, but I am now learning algebra, mathematics, and Latin, and I should like to have you put some of these things in for my edification and amusement. If you would like it, I will send you a puzzle in Latin, to be answered in Greek; it might gratify the more juvenile portion of your readers. I think common puzzles are too easy. Are you not nearly through with Billy Bump? I think it would be much better to fill up the space with logic, conic sections, and numismatics.

"Excuse the liberty I take, Mr. Merry. I doubt not you mean well; and, in fact, before I knew so much, I liked your MUSEUM myself. But I am now thirteen years old, and it is time to put away childish things. I am yours, respectfully, NONPAREIL SMALLCAPS."

Here is a sharp hit from Fanny B. C. To understand it, read every alternate line:

"For a key to the following letter, I refer you to the chapter on secret writing in your August number.

"ONE OF THE BLACK-EYES.

"MY DEAR MR. MERRY:—
I have for a long time desired an opportunity
of writing you a letter, commending you; and
of telling you plainly how little I approve
of any attempt to detract from the merit
of your writings, and your private character,
by hireling criticism and personal malice.
The first I consider as improper and immoral;
for criticism should be impartial and free;
the last, I am very sorry to say, can not be
avoided by the purest life, which might
with propriety held up to the imitation
of gray-haired age, vigorous manhood, and
of the many young readers of this periodical,
who look to you for an example of virtue.
Earnestly hoping you will not be offended at
the honest admiration I have expressed, and
the freedom with which I have spoken,
"I remain your sincere friend,
"FANNY B. C——."

"One of the *Black-Eyes!*" The milk in *that* cocoa-nut is accounted for.

1850.—My little readers will relish the following:

"DEAR ROBERT MERRY:—I am a very little girl, and I can not read or write. This is written for me by my sister Delia. I hear all the children talking about Robert Merry. Now, pray come and see me some day, and I will show you my doll, and my little cooking stove, and my blue glass beads, and all my things. I've got some new red slippers, and I guess mamma will give you a nice piece of pumpkin pie when you come. Good-bye, JANE A."

Merry and Parley have an interesting dialogue in February. I extract a portion:

"*M.* To tell you the truth, friend Peter, I'm a little tired. This work,

work, work—month after month, year after year—makes a dry, rheumatic, old wreck of a man like me, sometimes feel as if he wished he could live without it.

P. Well, then, be idle!—

M. And starve?

P. Yes.

M. But that's not pleasant.

P. No—it is not pleasant, and therefore you will continue to work, work, to the end. So make the best of it. Do as I do; if the blues come and make long faces at me, and say 'what a miserable world this is!' and how 'flat, stale, and unprofitable everything is!'—if they turn my mind upon the pain in my eyes; upon the rheumatic twinges in my joints; upon the gibes and jeers of the rich and haughty, as they see me hobbling along in the street; upon the sarcasms flung at me in the newspapers; upon the saucy letters I get from some people who don't like my writing upon my real insignificance in this busy world, and the consciousness of the contempt which will ere long furnish a slab for my grave—if the blue imps poke all these things into my bosom—as they very often do—why, I open the door and clear out, and put myself in good humor by walking away over the woods, and rocks, and hills.

M. But you can't go into the woods in winter?

P. Well, then the boys and girls come and see me, and they brush away the blues, famously. Let me tell you my secret, Robert. I know of no cure for the heartache like a romp, or a chat, or a dialogue, or, if you please, a serious talk with the Black Eyes and the Blue Eyes. * * * *"

Poor Uncle Merry is in trouble next month. He says:

"It is an old saying, that 'accidents will happen in the best regulated families.' I believe it may be added that the best regulated Museum will sometimes get into a muss. Now here am I, Robert Merry, in that awkward state, which, for want of a better word, we must call *don't-know-what-to-do-ishness*."

In brief, his troubles are these. 1. He wants two pages to finish a chapter of a story, and hasn't got two pages. 2. He has a quantity of letters to publish, and no room for them. 3. His portrait is to be given to his readers by the publishers. He groans dismally over these grievances.

[To be continued.]

THE COMET.

HOW many of the young Merrys have seen the comet? How many have taken the trouble to inquire what it is, and to learn its history?

All along during the month of September it has been visible, morning and evening, when the sky was clear. In the morning, about two hours before sunrise, in the northeast, and in the evening, two hours after sunset, in the northwest quarter of the heavens, almost immediately below the constellation of the Great Bear, commonly known as the Dipper. Comets were once supposed to portend war. We need have no fears of this one, for the Great Bear, Major Ursus of the celestial host, has it already under his foot.

We do not profess to be much acquainted with comets, but those who do, say that this one has not reported presence in our heavens before for more than two hundred years. A very long journey he must have taken into the immeasurable regions of space, and seen many wonderful things which our astronomers, with all their great telescopes, will never be able to see. We hope you will all look at him as he passes along. His train is distinctly visible, and, as a child might say, appears to be about two feet in length. He seems to be moving toward sunset, his train streaming out behind like a torch flaring in the wind. In connection with the superstitious notion that comets have something to do with our wars on earth, one might conceive of this as a flaming cimeter brandished over us by some mighty hand.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

CHICAGO, though a great and very thriving place, has no very inviting aspect to a stranger. The site is very low, being in no place more than ten feet above the level of the Lake. The whole city is now being raised, the streets being filled up with sand from the Lake shore. Some streets are high and some low, and sometimes a portion of a street is higher than another portion, so that, in going along the sidewalk, you go up and down by steps. When the city is finished, it will be much improved.

There are many beautiful edifices in Chicago. Many of the dwellings and stores, and some of the churches, are among the finest in the country.

Our visit to the great West, and its many towns and cities, was necessarily a flying one. We could hardly stop at Chicago, or Milwaukie, long enough to feel at home. At Janesville, Madison, and Beloit we found friends of the Merry family, and had a right good time. It was the first time we had ever set foot in Wisconsin. Our ideas of the vast regions of the West had been raised so high, there was danger of being greatly disappointed. But, we must say, with a distinguished traveler of the olden time, "the half had not been told us." Madison, in particular, struck us with surprise and admiration. The situation is extremely beautiful, scarcely equaled by another place we have visited. On elevated ground, surrounded by those beautiful lakes, it seemed marked by nature for a Queen city. Beautiful residences, fine gardens, with abundance of flowers, meet the eye at every turn, and make the city a kind of fairy-land. And, when one of the little fairies, who reside there, sent in, as a token of welcome, a splendid dish of fine ripe fruit, beautifully set off with flowers, tastefully arranged

THE "FAIRY" GIFT.

by her own hand, we felt quite disposed to stay there, and make it our permanent home.

We were charmed with the view, from the beautiful home of our little friend Blanche, of those bright lakes and surrounding scenery—leaving a trace of light in our memory not soon to be effaced.

We would be glad to speak fully of Beloit and Rockford, and the rich valley of the Rock River, and the many kind friends we found there, but, like the cars which carried us, must hurry, hurry on. We did pause a few lovely days by the way, rode out on the boundless prairie, helped one of our friends to fill his barn with hay, frolicked and chatted with lots of young Merrys, met scores of

them in the Sunday-school, and other good places.

At Rockford and Beloit we had the pleasure of seeing some of the good fruits of the Children's Aid societies of New York and Brooklyn. These societies are doing the same kind of benevolent work as that referred to in Uncle Hiram's Pilgrimage, as done at the Five Points House of Industry by Mr. Pease. They secure good places in the country for children who are orphans, or worse than orphans, and who otherwise would be doomed to a life of beggary and crime in the city. We had the pleasure of meeting many of these children in our trip. We found them well situated, happy, and useful. Some of them have been adopted as children, and have all the advantages and hopes of a good and permanent home. Not one, as far as we could learn, who is not well provided for, and perfectly contented. Feeling a deep interest in this good work, we took special pains to ascertain the facts in each case. The result was such as fully to justify our highest expectations. We inquired of some of them, if they would like to come back with us to the city, and received a most emphatic, No, SIR.

Our stop at Dubuque was very short, but long enough for Master Willie (see his letter in June number) to introduce us to his poultry yard. His noble rooster, poor fellow! had just ceased to breathe, amid a circle of mourning friends.

At Davenport, kind old friends welcomed us, and took us round, to see all the beauties of that thriving city. The bridge over the Mississippi interested us greatly. It was built by the Chicago and Rock Island Railroad Company, and is distinguished as the first effort to drive the flying train over the "father of waters." Other similar works will follow, higher up the river, no doubt. The Chicago, St. Paul, and Fond du Lac Road, which is now the great enterprise of the West, is pressing boldly on, making the shortest and best route from Chicago to Minnesota.

Our ride down the Mississippi River was not so pleasant. We had heard much of the "floating palaces"—of the great "father of waters"—and after trial feel constrained to say that we were disappointed. We much prefer the Bay State line of boats on Long Island Sound for comfort, gentlemanly treatment, and a well-spread table.

At Amboy, Ill., our friend Davis, one of the "large hearts" that Lila speaks of, introduced us to prairie life and prairie hospitality. A rest of several days here quite refitted us for travel, and hurrying on, we made a second visit to Chicago, made a hasty call at Kalamazoo, Jackson, Marshall, Ann Arbor, and thence to Detroit, where a short stay only made us wish to stay longer. Thence through Columbus to Cincinnati, concerning both of which we have much, very much, to say, but no room to say it. Hearing that our Hatchet was getting dull, under the extra hard work it was required to do in our absence, we hastened home with lightning speed, and arrived just in season to assist in the Telegraph celebration. We have been much recruited by this long and stirring jaunt, and shall take an early opportunity to repeat the visit. Pleasant faces, kind greetings, and words of hope and comfort welcomed us at every point, and sent us on our way rejoicing. But, oh! the questions, the countless questions, which poured in upon us from the curious and inquisitive young Merrys—if we could gather them all up, with the answers, what a Chat it would make!

BROOKLYN, *Aug.* 3, 1858.

ROBERT MERRY, ESQ.:—

Dear Uncle, it is really too warm
To sit down quietly and sew,
Although I've a sewing-machine,
Which saves so much labor, you know;
Still I feel more like having a chat
With my nieces, and nephews, and you,
And I think it won't do any harm
If I answer a riddle or two.

First let me shake hands with my friends,
George, *Oliver Onley*, and *James*,
And my kind little neighbor and friend, [names:
With the queerist of all the queer
"*Black and Shiny!*" Now what does that mean?
Some Dinah! Oh, no! now I see,
It refers, in its color and kind,
To the eyes of my friend *Josie B.* (?)
And now for the riddles. I guess
That the *stops* in 109
Would make better sense of the *pome*,
If properly brought into line.
As for "Liberty's head on a cent,"
What else but a *copper head* is it?
And that is a *reptile* from which
I should never desire a visit!
Friend Oliver Onley inquires
Why a sorrowful letter is O?
Because it may always be found,
I suppose, in the center of *woe*.
Upon the same grounds let me ask,
Why O is so happy, my boy?
Because it is always in love,
And always with hope and with joy. [a bottle,
You may sometimes find "*Cork*" in
With the drugs I can't make up my mind;
But I think in a *grocery* store,
That "*Greece*" you'd be likely to find. [*door*"
When the letters composing "*new*
Were judiciously changed or transferred,
I found 'twas no difficult task
To make just exactly "*one word*."
A temperance man mustn't marry?
Oh, no! I suppose *he don't ort ter*,
He surely should not take a wife
When he owns that he can not *sup porter*.
And now you will think it is time
For me to be saying adieu,
So with kind love to all my young friends,
I remain yours sincerely,

AUNT SUE.

HOME.

DEAR UNCLE:—Rap on the table, if you please, and stop the din till I see if there is an empty chair for me. There, I've got one, sure; and now, if you'll let me, I'll add my voice to the clatter.

"Black-Eyes," will you *ever* be too old to take an interest in the "Chat?" *I* hope you never will.

"Fleta," have you been able to talk since you wrote that terrible "disoumfumbobeblation?" There, I had like to never got it spelled. * * *

Well, if there ain't Aunt Sue, at the head of the table, and I hav'n't spoken to her, yet; just wait, Auntie, till I get round there. Cousins, all, did you hear that smack? There comes the hatchet! I must run, or I'll get my head broken.

ELMA.

Glad to see you "home" again, Elma. Always make yourself so here.

CHICAGO, *Aug.* 7, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I wish very much to place my name among your list of nephews, and to state that I am a volunteer in the western army, which Oliver Onley mentions, and bid him rally his party, and look out for shots.

If I ever visit New York, I intend to make a call at your office—it will be worth while to "go to the Museum."

D. H. BURNHAM.

Anna L. Jones, Zanesville.—Always *send* the letters which you write—they are always welcome—and whether you see them in print or not, there will be a seat for you at the table. Write again.

Olivia A. Knox, Hannibal, Mo.—Of course you are "included among our nephews and nieces." We shall certainly give you a call when we go to Missouri.

Clara F. W., of Providence, comes in to bring a kiss for Aunt Sue, and greeting to all the Merry family. We send it along by telegraph, hoping the connection is not broken. We hope to hear from all of our Providence friends often.

Gray-Eyes, Sharon, Pa.—There are many younger than you in the circle of Chatterers. Let us see you again. We have very many pretty letters we would love dearly to publish, but can not for want of room, though they gladden *our* hearts just as much—and we hope none will fail to write us because their letters are not always noticed in the Chat.

Mellie, Logansport, Ind.—Your letter did us a world of good. We should like to call and see you.

T. F. C.—"The Merchant" is welcome.

Milty Robins will consider himself introduced to the "Merry Circle." Shall we hear from you again?

Philomathean.—We are home safely, without any particular bruises—had some narrow escapes, however.

Frank.—Your letter came all right. Direct all letters to "J. N. Stearns & Co., 116 Nassau Street, New York."

Boston Boy.—There is plenty of room. Come right in.

Helen Dudley.—There is room at the table. We have noticed you in your place, though we have not spoken to you before.

AUNT SUE'S BUREAU.

WELL, how do you all do, and how have you all been since I last had the pleasure of shaking hands with you? What have you all been doing, and where have you all been? Who came to New York to see the grand procession? and who has taken home a 4-inch piece of the cable, and communicates more easily with his friends in consequence? I wonder how much of the globe the *Merry cousins* could span, with outstretched arms and united hands!

Here is a letter from my old friend GEORGE F. SLY (four months older now than when he wrote! It wasn't my fault, George; I only received it an hour ago):

CAMERON MILLS, *June* 7, 1858.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I feel better acquainted with you than with my uncles Hiram and Frank, as I wrote to you when I first began to write, and have your portrait in one of my (four bound) volumes of the CABINET. I have been very sick again with erysipelas in the face, and am not well yet. How I wish you could come up here, and see the green fields, and beautiful rivers winding along at the foot of the hill, and I should like you to hear how sweetly my canary-bird sings. Don't let the printer call me a "fly" again, as he did in the May number. But I hear Uncle Hi. whetting his hatchet. Oh, dear! if he should chop me in two, and throw away the pieces!

Yours, etc., GEORGE F. SLY.

If he *should* cut you in half, why would it be more difficult to mend you in hard times than when times were easy? "Give it up," of course. Because in hard times it is difficult to make both ends meet. (Here's where the laugh comes in.) That was a rather funny old woman who said she didn't care about having both ends *meat;* she'd as lief have one end *bread.* I'm *very* sorry you are sick, Georgie.

My new niece SOPHIA is afraid of the dead-letter receptacles of uncles Frank and Hiram. Does she think that Aunt Sue has no dark drawer, no sharp scissors, no all-devouring fire-place? Not a bit afraid—are you, Sophy?

PORT JERVIS, *July* 1, 1858.

DEAR AUNT (may a stranger call you so?) SUE:—Being a new subscriber, I would keep clear of Uncle Frank's "pigeon-hole," and, by all means, dodge that terrible "hatchet." For these reasons I first address you, by solving your "tolerably tough puzzle" in the last MUSEUM. I made out the solution in ten minutes after receiving it. Please introduce me to the almost numberless cousins who form your circle. By the way, can I not have a glimpse at the patriarchal old couple, who are the grandparents of such a numerous tribe of the second generation? I suppose, if admitted, I shall make the 20,001th grandchild, or cousin, or both; but I will wait and see how this is received. Your affectionate niece, SOPHIA,

the Minisink Warbler.

How did ADA find out that I love little children? *Don't* I, though! Don't I draw horses, and cows, and pigs, and chickens for them, and write the names under each, so that there shall be no mistake. And don't I show them how to prick the big letters (on the newspapers) through unto a piece of writing-paper, and then hold it up to the light to "see the pretties;" and don't I cut out paper

umbrellas and allow them to mistake them for brooms, if it suits them better.

(N. B. There is nothing like amusing children, for keeping them out of mischief.)

ANN ARBOR, MICH., *June* 30, 1858.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—You love the little children; so I will tell you about my little brother Eddy. He is but two years of age; a bright, active little fellow, and we think him very cunning. One day he was a long time alone in the parlor. By-and-by he came running out in great haste with his little face red with anxiety, or fear, or some indefinite expression we hardly knew what, and with eyes half filled with tears—"I'll tell pa, now," said he, threateningly, as he passed his mother; "Oo boke it, ma—Oo boke it," and away he went down stairs, intent upon laying the blame of something he had done himself upon his mother. The mother suspecting mischief, entered the room he had left, and there, sure enough, he had broken the spittoon. We all laughed, of course, when Eddy's secret was discovered, but I could not help thinking it a fair exhibition of human nature, at least as far as *my* experience goes, which is only the experience of a dozen years, and of course will go only as far as it is worth with older persons. But I believe that too many of us are ready to cast the blame of our own indiscretion or faults upon others, in order to escape censure. Your niece, ADA.

I hope, after the laughing was over, that you took the naughty little darling on your lap, and gave him a lecture suited to his two-year-old capacities, and told him, next time he broke anything, to say, "*I* did it," like a man!

M. W. ROCKAFELLOW, SOPHIA, GEORGE B HIGBEE, and several others, have solved correctly the hieroglyphic letter.

OGDENSBURG, *Aug.* 28, 1858.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—Please accept my first attempt to write a letter to you. This is the third year I have taken the MUSEUM and CABINET, and I enjoy its reading very much, especially the Monthly Chat, in which I am greatly interested. We have had them for the past ten or fifteen years, but the majority of them were destroyed in the great fire here of October, 1853. It was a sad loss, not only to my brother, but to me, for it afforded us a great deal of pleasure in reading the stories, especially those of "Gilbert Go Ahead," "Balloon Travels," and others. Please introduce me to your circle, and give my love to all the Merry Family, accepting a large share for yourself. I remain your affectionate nephew,

GEORGE B. HIGBEE.

Walk in, LILLIE, you are not a day too old, nor an hour too young.

NEW YORK, *Sept.* 6, 1858.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—I have often wished to write to you, but never before could summon courage enough. My little brother has four bound volumes of the CABINET, which he often reads.

Last month while at Pomfret, Conn., I visited the "Wolf Den," so called in consequence of General Putnam having shot a large wolf there. I crawled into the cave as far as possible, for the purpose of procuring a small stone, to take home with me as a memento of the place. I also saw the spot where General P. was born, and the house where he died. Near the "Den" is a large rock overhanging a glen so deep that to look down it would make you dizzy; it is called Goat's Rock. I trust, if this letter sees the light, that all your little folks will give a hearty welcome to your loving friend,

——— LILLIE

SILVER LAKE, *July* 22.

DEAR AUNT SUSIE:—I am rapping,
Tapping at your CABINET door,
To ask if in the *Merry* circle
There is room for "*just one more.*"

Merry Uncle, introduce me
To my cousins by the score;
Please don't tell me you refuse me,
I am only "*just one more.*"

If a sleigh-ride or a pic-nic
Is "got up" for three or four,
There is room for tens and dozens,
Each one's only "*just one more.*"

Now, Aunt Sue, my dear Aunt Susie,
Do not think this note a bore;
Let me slip into a corner,
Where there's room for "*just one more.*"

MAMIE.

Walk in, MAMIE, take a seat,
Why did you not come before?
Our circle was not quite complete—
We were wanting "*just one more.*"

AUNT SUE.

Answers to Questions in Aug. No.

107. Young's Night Thoughts.

108. Honi soit qui mal y pense.

109. Change the point to the noun in the middle of each line, thus—
"I saw a pigeon; making bread
I saw a girl; etc.

110. It is a copper head.

111. Nine-v-eh.

112. It makes man *moan*.

113. Cork.

114. Cologne.

115. 5 1 3 2 7 6 4
One Word.

116. He might refuse to sup porter (support her).

117. A little in advance of the *main hatch*.

118. We are glad when he leaves.

119. He can not be managed without a switch.

120. When it is ground, or, when it is turned into a crib.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY:

Adrian—C. F. W.—Maia—A. O.—G. W. G.—Edward X.—Mendon Boy—Lot—L. R.—Tom—Anna L. Jones, and twenty others.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

134. Why was Martin Luther like a fat hen? *Susie.*

135. Uncle Hiram wants to know what to do with Bess. Chop off the last three letters of her name. *A. Older.*

136. Why are a P and N like one of the worst of the Roman emperors? *S. L. N.*

CHARADE.

137. Entire on the brow of youth
I fling a saddened gloom,
And often age my impress too
Has carried to the tomb.
Curtail me now, and from the war
There rode in me a conqueror;
While shouts arose from old and young
As flowers round his brow were flung. *Buckeye Boy.*

138. What regal ornament, however richly adorned, is always of the same value?

139. Why is a ball-room like a grist-mill?

140. Which is the left side of an oyster?

141. Divide a dollar into three pieces.

142. I am composed of twenty-two letters.
My 17, 8, 5, 16, 20, 19 is the pointal of a plant.
My 15, 17, 18, 12 is a species of plum.
My 9, 6, 8, 21, 11 is a verse or line in poetry.
My 5, 19, 4, 22 is a weaver's reed.
My 15, 14, 3, 8, 20, 10 is a flat, broad cord of rope yarn.
My 18, 2, 8, 7 what horses are apt to be when not fed well.
My 18, 1 is an interjection.
My whole is an old adage.
W. V., G. F.

143 Why is New York a very dangerous place for young men and women?

CHARADE.

144. My first a tint, not rich or rare,
But simple, soft, and plain,
Boasts not the regal red of rose,
But paints the waving grain.
My next, a useful little word,
But yet so very small,
That if the least you take away,
You take its very all.
My third, another little word,
Calls now for your reflection,
I prithee name it very soon,
For 'tis an interjection.

On prairies vast of far-off West
My whole roams wild and free;
The Indian eats his goodly flesh—
It doth with him agree.
Scoff not, ye epicures of taste,
Sweet seems the wholesome dish
To famished chieftains and their braves—
Pray what more would you wish?
His soft fur maketh garments warm
When snows drift o'er the plain;
Surely the warrior from my whole
His very all doth gain.
Fleta Forrester.

145. I work for my father—a boy in my teens—
And he tells me to plant two small patches of beans.
In the first little patch I must make, by his will,
Three hills in each row, and a row for each hill;
In the second he gives me a puzzle indeed,
For the rows the whole number of hills must exceed;
The number of each is a question for me;
And I, gentle reader, refer it to thee.
Somebody.

THE WOODMAN.

NOVEMBER—THANKSGIVING.

MY birthday comes in the latter part of November, and, as that is the season for the annual Thanksgiving, I get my full share of feasting and fun. Last year, I was invited to pass the season at Uncle Henry's farm, a very beautiful place, about twenty miles from the city, but so retired and quiet, it seems as if it might be a thousand miles away. I was there two weeks, and had a taste of all that is beautiful in the country during the Indian summer. The forests were gorgeous, robed in unusual splendor and variety, and the last notes of the birds, as they prepared to emigrate to milder skies, like the last hues of the trees, ere they shook off their summer ornaments, had a tone of melancholy sweetness, which went to my heart. It was not sad. It was rich and mellow with gladness and hope. I love the country in autumn, more, if possible, than in summer.

But there are some things which I can not understand, and do not like, in the country, or rather in the notions of the plain farmers who reside there.

I do not see why they should be in such a hurry to cut down all the best trees. As I was roaming about in the woods one day, I heard the sound of an axe striking heavily into a solid old trunk, almost as it were rock. On coming nearer, I found a stout old man, whom the neighbors called Rug-

ged Tim, laying his axe vigorously to the roots of a grand old oak, which had withstood the blasts of centuries, and was now stout and enduring for centuries to come.

"Woodman, spare that tree!" I shouted, involuntarily.

The man paused a moment in his work, surveyed me from head to foot, for a moment, and then very coolly inquired, "What for?"

"What for?" I exclaimed. "Let me rather ask, what for do you cut it down? It is a noble old tree, and has stood here so long, and become so much a part of the history and life of the place, it seems to have a right to stand as long as it can."

"Nonsense!" muttered Rugged Tim, with a look and emphasis of inexpressible contempt, and *whack! whack!* shrieked the axe, as he plied it with new vigor, to make up for the time he had lost in talking.

The fact was, the man wanted to make a wagon-road through that part of the farm, and, instead of making a graceful curve, to avoid the tree, the noble old oak must come down, and the road trample straight on over its ruins.

I said no more, but went on my way, wondering much that any man, even Rugged Tim, could have so little common-sense, not to say poetry, in his composition. Tim, on his part, was no doubt exercised with the same feeling of surprise and wonder, that any boy should be suffered to grow up to the age of seventeen, with such defective notions of utility, economy, and order, as I had shown.

The old oak fell, and was cut up into all varieties of lengths, shapes, and sizes—some for butts, some for rails, some for ships' knees, some for axe handles, and some for firewood; and who can guess how widely its several parts are scattered now.

As I strolled on, whistling and singing by turns, I came upon a busy group of men, women, and children, who were gathering sticks in the wood. They seemed to be as merry as they were busy, and to make a mere pastime of that which, to most people, would have been a very disagreeable toil. The whole company, old and young, seemed to be as cheerful and happy as health, love, and contentment could make them.

I wondered almost as much at this as I had done at the cool indifference of the rugged old woodman. I could not understand how they could find so much pleasure in labor of this kind, as they must be very poor, if this was their only means of providing fuel for the winter. I became very much interested in the scene, and soon made acquaintance with the children. And a fine frolic I had with them among the trees, and racing up and down, on the margin of the brook that murmured by.

The children were very gentle and kind to each other, but as merry and frolicsome as little kittens. They could climb fences and trees with wonderful agility. They knew all the trees of the forests, and told me their names. They had two dogs, which kept us company, and added much to our pleasure by their joyous gambols, and by some very amusing tricks, which they had been taught to play. One of them, a great, stout, shaggy fellow, with a beautiful tail, would let the youngest child ride on his back, and seemed to be proud and happy of his burden. The other was an ugly-looking fellow enough, but so full of frolic and fun, and so wild and frantic in his gambols, that he kept us all the

PEASANT LIFE.

while laughing at him, and seemed to enjoy the laugh as much as we did.

In our play, we strolled away a considerable distance down the valley, where we came upon another happy group of children, who were making merry with a family of pet goats. A tiny little kid was laying on the ground, and baby was playing with it, while the mother stood quietly by, as if pleased to have so pretty a playmate for her pet. Another goat, a little older, was skipping away in the distance, and playing shy of so much company. Another, which had been a pet of the children from its infancy, and had been taught by them to perform some wonderful tricks, was gravely sitting on its haunches, and holding out its fore-feet for hands, to the infinite amusement and delight of the children, who clapped their hands, and shouted and laughed, till baby looked up to see what might be the matter, and the mother goat stopped chewing her cud, as if too much confused to ruminate profitably.

Returning to the wood-choppers, I found they had finished their work, and gone into the house. My young companions rushed in, dragging me along with them. I took a seat by the

window, while they clambered up on their father's chair, to tell him what they had seen, and ask him to get some goats for them. While this sport was going on, a little girl from a neighboring cottage came to the door crying, and saying she had lost her rabbit. He had run into a hole, and she could not get him out. Down jumped the children, and up jumped the father, all eager to help their little friend in her trouble. I followed, quite eager to see what could be done in such a case. The good man, as he went out, tore off a few leaves from a huge cabbage growing near the door, and took them along. Coming to the hole which the little girl had pointed, he tore off a few small pieces from one of the cabbage leaves, and dropped into the hole, at the same time strewing a few more around, near its mouth. Very soon, the rabbit made her appearance at the hole. We all kept quite still, as we

THE PET GOAT.

THE HAPPY FAMILY.

were told to, until the rabbit had come quite out, and was busily engaged in disposing of the cabbage. Then, suddenly, but quietly pushing a small strip of board, which he had placed there for the purpose, till it covered the hole, and thus cut off the retreat of the rabbit, he held out the remainder of the cabbage, to coax her to come nearer. She was very shy at first, but soon became more confident, and, in a few minutes, was quietly taken and given to the little girl, who ran away home delighted.

A few days before Thanksgiving, which this year was also my birthday, my uncle very kindly asked me if I would like to invite a few of my city friends to come out and pass the day with me. I thanked him heartily, and told him I had found some very pleasant friends in that neighborhood, whom, with his permission, I would rather invite. I told him they were poor, but so much the more would I like to let them share in the luxuries of his Thanksgiving table. Uncle and aunt both consented very cheerfully, and the wood-chopper's children, and the happy owners of the goat and the rabbit, were all partakers of that bountiful feast. It was the pleasantest Thanksgiving-day and birth-day I had ever known.

A STORY FOR THE GIRLS AND BOYS.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

"O DO tell us a story, Uncle John. You have not told us one since you came back from the mountains."

"A story! poor old Uncle John can't tell much of a story; but as I have been a great traveler in my day, and have seen many wonderful sights, I will tell you about one or two of them.

"I was once riding leisurely along through an almost uninhabited country, and was whistling, singing, or talking to myself, which I often do when I am alone, as it helps me to pass the time pleasantly, and the only inconvenience arising from it is, that becoming so much absorbed with myself, I have occasionally missed my way, gone into a neighbor's house instead of my own, or run afoul of a stranger, and once or twice have just escaped some terrible catastrophe. The story I am about to relate is one in which you must judge whether I had not a very narrow escape.

"Well, as I was saying, once when riding along on horseback, my whole attention being absorbed within myself, it was suddenly attracted to a *monster* just ahead of me. At the first sight of him he was apparently moving, though very slowly, and I was within forty feet of him before he showed any symptoms of recognition. He then suddenly drew up his elongated body, and by the same movement threw himself one quarter round, which was just the position to attack me to the best advantage.

"I suddenly reined up my horse—he not having perceived him, or, if he had, showed no symptoms of alarm. Probably the horse was accustomed to such animals, being a native of the country, and knew that it was not very difficult to run out of their way.

"As the animal made no movement toward me, and knowing that we were far enough from him to be out of his reach, I sat upon my horse and examined him.

"Just at the moment that he faced me in his sudden quarter whirl, he raised two ponderous arms, at the end of which were immense claws. These claws he threw apart just far enough to receive his intended victim. I noticed, also, that he had two prominent and brilliant eyes, on the top of his head. They seemed perfectly round, and without lashes. Another thing was very remarkable, for just ahead of his eyes, and partly on the side of the head, projected two long and slender horns, I should call them, were they not so flexible. These he kept gently moving about his head, while his eyes seemed intently fixed on me. After gazing upon the monster a moment, I put spurs to my horse and left.

"He was probably an amphibious animal, as his body appeared to be covered with scales, and when I first saw him, he was moving toward a large stream of water.

"Now, perhaps, you may have seen this same animal. What was it? can you tell?"

"Was it a crocodile?"

"No."

"A hippopotamus?"

"No."

"Well, Uncle, what could it be? I never can guess, I am sure."

"Why, my little boy, it was a *crawfish*.

FANNY AND HER DEAD CHICKENS.

LITTLE Fannie had a brood of chickens that she attended with great care. At night she was particular to see that they were safely housed from all harm.

One evening she was busily engaged with an interesting story, and when her mother asked her if it was not time to put up her chickens, she said,

"Oh, do wait a little longer, mother, I'm reading such a beautiful book. Wait just a minute."

This she repeated again and again, when her mother reminded her that it was getting late. At length she finished her story, and retired, forgetting her chickens. In the morning she arose, and on looking out of her window, she saw beneath her window, on large sticks, two dead chickens. She had given them the curious names of *Misses Indott* and *Individual*. And there was a placard, in large letters—

"Misses Indott and Individual departed this life early this morning. For the cause of their death, refer to Punctual Fannie."

This little girl, as you see from her appearance, is paying dear for her "Wait just a minute." And how many children bring upon themselves sorrow and trouble by this same habit of "waiting just a minute," instead of doing promptly what they are bidden The untimely death of these poor chickens will teach a lesson to Fannie which she will not soon forget. And will not our young readers learn it, before they are taught it by their own sad experience.—*The Well-Spring.*

THE DEWDROP.

"There is nothing in the earth so small that it may not produce great things."—TUPPER.

A LITTLE dewdrop, years ago,
Lay sparkling in the sky,
Dancing in every gilded beam,
Each cloud that floated by.
Long time it found some fresh delight,
And brightly the hours flew,
But pleasure brought a longing wish
At length for something new.

Upon a cloudlet's silver edge,
One eve the dewdrop lay,
Weary with roving here and there
Merely in useless play;
And with a clear and gushing voice,
In murmurs thus it sang;
The echo through the realm of storms,
As mimic music rang:

"I have wander'd afar through regions wide,
Each skyborn joyance and bliss I have tried,
Each cloudlet I know, be it dark or light,
I've gazed on each star in the calm of night;
For years the bright rainbow has been my home;
I am tired, at length, and would farther roam.
O would I could do some good that should stay
For ages to come when I'm pass'd away!
O were I the light, I could gladden earth
Each morn with a blaze of glorious mirth!
Or a shower! I gayly would frolic down,
And the labors of men with plenty crown!
If a cloud, I would show my silver wing—
But I'm only a little, lonely thing!"

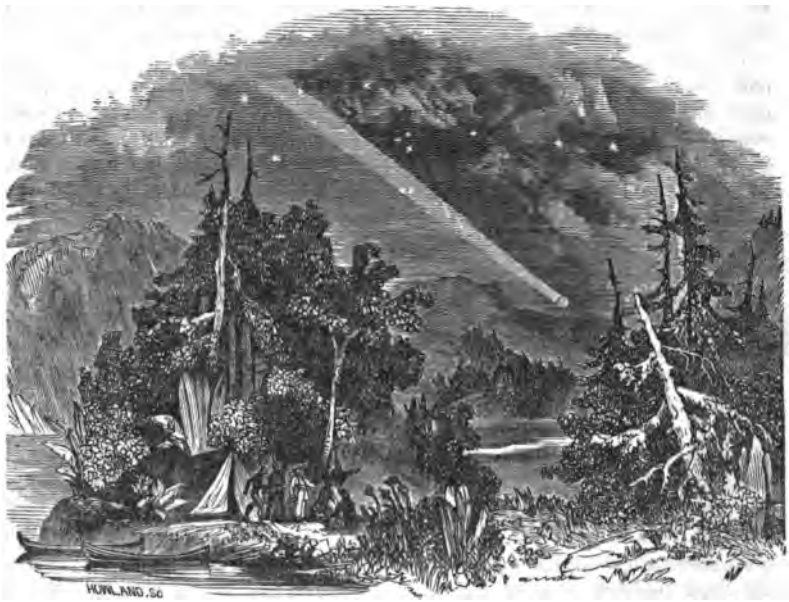
For a time in silent sorrow it lay,
Till o'er its memory beam'd a new ray.

"There must be some work in even my sphere—
Some good I can do; I will not lie here,
But by the next sunbeam to earth I will go,
In faith that the future my mission will show."

Years rolled away; within a grove of stately forest trees,
A kingly cedar rear'd its head to every passing breeze;
The morning light awoke to song bright birds that nestled there;
The setting sunbeams tinged its stem with golden splendor rare;
The happy squirrel found a home amid its branches high,
And feasted gayly on its cones as winter storms moaned by.
A shelter from the summer heat, a covert from the rain,
The grandeur of the moonlight night, the fragrance of the plain,
It stood the glory of the grove, the pride of forest glade;
And youth and beauty sought it oft, and linger'd in its shade.
The dewdrop's wish had been fulfill'd; for when it sank to earth
It woke to life that cedar's germ, and called its beauty forth.
Few knew the tiny influence that spread such blessings round;
Few use aright the small dewdrops that in their lot are found.
O pass not by the little things that make life smoothly roll,
Those gentle thoughts and loving words that sink deep in the soul;
Ye may not know perchance for years how strong their power has been;
But Faith must overleap the Now, and scan the far unseen.
As bread upon the waters cast, as dew on summer field,
Influence shed aright, though small, mighty results will yield. LEILA.

Doubt, of the future ever speaks
With cold foreboding lips,
For to his eyes the Land of Hope
Seems ever in eclipse.

MATTIE BELL.



THE COMET AS SEEN IN 1811.

THE COMET.

SO distinguished a stranger, and so rare a visitor, as the comet, seems to demand a more extended notice than the one column in October. We take leave to introduce him again to all our young friends, as many of them may not be here when he makes his next visit.

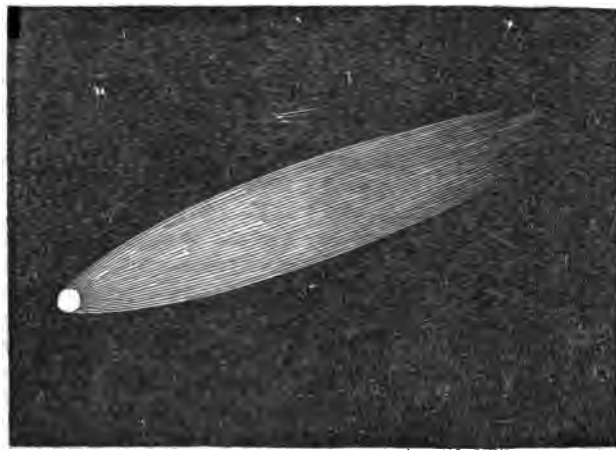
The word comet comes from the Greek *kome*, hair, from the long flowing tail, or train, which generally attends it. Many of the comets which have appeared in our heavens have had no train at all. Some of them have been without any well-defined nucleus, or head, seeming to be mere globular masses of vapor. We do not know how many of these erratic wanderers belong to our system. About 180 different ones have been observed, and their orbits calculated, so that we can predict the times of their return. Thirty of these are so near the sun as never to pass outside the orbit of Mercury. Many others perform their mystic dances among the several planets of our system, passing around and between them, and sometimes so near as to be drawn by the powerful attraction of the planet quite out of their courses. This was very remarkably the case with one which appeared in 1770. It passed so near to Jupiter, that the attraction of the planet became two hundred times greater than that of the sun. This entirely altered the form of its orbit, causing it to wheel toward the earth, so as to become visible to us for the first time. Having escaped from this disturbing force, it flew off into the unknown regions of space, perhaps never to be

seen again on the earth. It had been called "The Lost Comet."

I well remember the comet of 1811, and how many superstitious terrors it gave rise to, in different parts of our country. The war of 1812 was fully believed to be one of its disastrous consequences. It was very large and brilliant, and was visible to the naked eye during three months. It was one of the most remarkable ever seen. The tail, at its greatest elongation, had an extent of 123 millions of miles, and a breadth of 15 millions. Supposing its nucleus to have been placed on the sun, and the tail in the plane of the orbits of the planets, it would have reached over the orbits of Mercury, Venus, and the Earth to that of Mars. Its revolution is estimated at 4,867 years, so that its previous appearance must have been about 600 years before the flood, perhaps the very year that Noah was born.

The comet of 1811 is represented in the cut as it appeared to a European traveling in the wilds of America. He was on a small island in the middle of the Essequibo, the only white man among a large number of Indians. Its appearance struck the natives with mingled surprise and terror. "What can it be?" they exclaimed, with great earnestness. A long silence ensued. Tamanua, a young Wapisiana, of more intelligence than most of his tribe, at length broke the silence. "This is the spirit of the stars," said he; "the dreadful Capishi—famine and pestilence await us." Another of the company called it "a fiery cloud." A third said it was "a sun, casting its light behind."

The comet now visible is called Donati's Comet, because first discovered by Prof. Donati, at Florence, on the 2d of June last. This is the fifth comet which has been discovered since the beginning of this year. Three are now visible, one of them only to the telescope. Donati's comet is now about 87 millions of miles from us. Its tail is 6 millions of miles long, and its velocity about 150,000 miles an hour. Its period is supposed to be 292 years. It appeared and was observed in 1556, and has been called "Charles Fifth's Comet," because he was so alarmed at



its appearance, as to be driven to abdicate his throne, and retire, for the remainder of his life, to a convent. If its present visit should have the same effect upon some of the cruel despots and wicked rulers of our day, leading them to repent of their sins, and behave well for the future, its mission would be a blessed one. Some of you will probably ask, why it did not appear in 1848, if its period is 292 years, and its last appearance was in 1556. The answer is, that, having ventured too near to some of the remote planets of our system, it was drawn out of its course, and delayed ten years in its return. It has been suggested by a very profound Yankee philosopher, that it stayed behind on purpose, so as to witness the completion of the Atlantic Telegraph.

The comet of 1680 was one of the most remarkable on record. In size and velocity it far surpassed any other ever known. While the nucleus was below the horizon, the tail reached the zenith, coruscations attending its whole length, giving a brilliant and fearful aspect. Its average velocity was more than 800,000 miles per hour, being nearly six times as great as that of the comet now seen.

The comet of 1743 was so brilliant as sometimes to be seen at mid-day.

A very remarkable comet appeared in 1843. Its outline was very dim, and its nucleus, or head, could not be seen in this part of the world. It looked like a streak of aurora, or a faint cloud. It traveled with great rapidity, and soon vanished from our sight.

A comet which appeared in January, 1846, was observed to be double, to have two independent nuclei, with separate trains. It reappeared in 1852, the two parts being more distant from each other than before.

The comet of 1853 was one of great brilliancy and beauty. The nucleus was round, as bright as stars of the second magnitude, and was estimated to be as large as our moon. In June, it was 105 millions of miles from the earth, or 10 millions farther off than the sun. In three months, it had come 42 millions of miles nearer to us, when it began to move off as rapidly as it had come, and was soon lost to sight. The time of its complete revolution is not known, but is supposed to be some thousands of years.

CHICKENS.

Little Jeanie's little chickens,
Hear them pe-ep, pe-ep, peep!
Little fingers bring their dinner;
Now they have a golden heap.

In her plump and dimpled fingers
Jeanie takes the downy thing,
Laughs to see him fear, and flutter
Such a funny "make-believe" wing.

"Pretty chick, I'll never hurt you;
See, I bring you meal so nice;"
But the chick would hear no further—
Off he scampered in a trice.

Laura Elmer.

A SPIDER DROWNED OUT.

ONE of my friends, while reclining on a sofa yesterday, had his ear selected by a *down-looking* spider, for a pleasant outpost. The eaves-dropper settled himself within its inner chamber, before my friend was aware of his intent. "Lend me only *one* of your ears," said the considerate intruder. The question arises, what was his object? Did he mean to lure flies into his retreat, or to watch for and seize upon them from his hiding-place?

Possession is ten-tenths of spider-law; and he forthwith arranged (arraignée) his limbs, and folded himself nicely up in his new lodgings, not particularly to the comfort of the rightful owner thereof.

After various unsuccessful attempts to dislodge him, the bright thought of pouring in water was resorted to; and having a whole lake full of that valuable remedy, we spared not, and so floated Mr. Spider from the premises.

He speedily ran off to higher ground for his encampments, the flood being too much for him, and we—generously *let him go*. My friend, Uncle Toby-like, said, the world was wide enough, only, noses and ears must be left unmolested.

ICHNEUMON FLY.

Did you ever, my dear little observers, did you ever notice the plans and ways of this wasp-shaped insect? I never studied about him, and perhaps you can tell me more than I can tell you. I will tell you what *I saw*. I saw these little architects construct many houses of mud just large enough to hold one of themselves. No mason could build smoother, or construct an edifice, piece by piece, so that you could not see the joining. They choose an upright board, or a roof of wood, sheltered from rain, against which to secure these homes for their children. Instead of a house, suppose I call it a

ICHNEUMON FLY.

cradle, for it bears that shape. Within each, at the extreme end, in a smooth little hollow, is placed the infant fly, in the form of an egg. Only one in every separate cradle. I never yet saw twins. Now, the parents go forth spider-hunting. Having captured a good fat one, they put him asleep by magnetism, all their own, and place him carefully by the little egg. Then another and another, until ten are packed in. Ten living spiders, but all lying dormant, fill the nest.

Then the open door at the top is shut tight and sealed with the same mud material of which the cradle is composed.

After many days, a nice young grub

awakes to eat, and there is his food all prepared. He begins at one spider, and by the time he has eaten the ten, he is so stout and well-grown, that he commences to break out of jail, as it were. And he *does* come forth.

When his fly life begins, what a joy it must be! How he spreads his gauzy wings in the sun, and hums his delight. He has all the happiness he is capable of receiving. Watch him, admire his wondrous organization. See that slight thread of connection, through which all the nerves and all the digestive powers exist.

"God is good," is the written word to be read in the life of every living thing.

Will you, my dear young friends, tell me anything of the paper hornet? I have a little true story of their love for their young I will give you, to put into your account of them.

DETROIT. S. C. S.

Our friend S. C. S. accompanied her sketch of this curious fly, with what might be called a "block" of her mud houses. There were four of them, beautifully bedded together, in a mass about as large as a hen's egg. The nests, or cradles, laid side by side, with nice precision, were about an inch and a half long, as thick as a common lead pencil, and rounded at each end. You would suppose it might serve as a coffin for an ordinary caterpillar.

This "block" of houses I placed under a glass, upon the mantel-piece. In a few days, a small hole was perceived at the end of one of the houses. The next day it was slightly larger. In a few days more, a considerable hole was seen, and a beautiful young fly was moving cautiously about under the glass. I took it to the window, to examine it more thoroughly, and was admiring its curious form and movement, not imagining that it had strength to do anything but crawl, when suddenly it stretched its wings, and soared away into the recesses of the grape-arbor, and was seen no more. I can not say I regretted it much, for I have no taste for cages, or confinements of any kind, for bird or animal. But, as I had taken so much care of the creature, and had so much trouble, it would have been considerate and decent for him to have allowed me a few moments more of his company.

A few days after this, another fly came out; but this, by whose carelessness I could not find out, was crushed under the glass, so that I had no chance to learn anything more of the habits of the race than I had already learned from his elder brother. HIRAM H.

A CURIOUS FACT.

WHO ever thought of counting a trillion? No one, you answer. Well, I asked a person the other day, how long he supposed it would take one to do so? After thinking a little, he replied, "About a year."

What is a trillion? You answer, A million times a million. Quickly written and quicker pronounced. But no man is able to count it.

You count 150 a minute; but let us call it 200. An hour will produce 12,000; a day, 288,000; and a year (365 days), 105,120,000. Let us suppose that a person began to count when the world was first created, he would not now, according to our supposed age of the globe, have counted enough. For to count a trillion, he would require 9,512 years, 341 days, 5 hours, and 20 minutes. Allowing the counter 12 hours daily for rest, he would need 19,025 years, 317 days, 10 hours, 40 minutes. OLIVER ONLEY.

THE MAGIC PLUM-PUDDING.

'Twas a Thanksgiving dinner, and I was there—
And didn't we have a good time?
I will not waste words on the generous fare,
Though the turkeys and ducks were prime,
And the apple, the mince, and the pumpkin pies
Would have gladdened your heart and delighted your eyes.

I sat by the side of Uncle Bound,
Aunt Han was opposite him,
Ben, Charley, and Wall, and Andy sat round,
[and Jim,
Kate, Jenny, and Ned, Sue, Hatty, Nell, Willie, and Julia, Frank, Alick, and Joe,
Till the table was crowded as full as could stow.

We all were as happy and busy as bees
[clover,
In a field of ripe buckwheat or
Which jokes, squibs, and puns, like a baffling breeze,
Was fitfully rustling over.
As grave as a priest, Uncle John wouldn't smile,
Though the fun was warm in his heart all the while.

And once in while that fun would break out,
So sudden, so sly, so provoking,
And scatter the mirth in confusion about,
[ing.
To the infinite danger of choking.
Uncle John, looking on, 'mid laughter and clatter,
And innocently asking, "Why, what is the matter?"

When Madge came in with her mammoth plum-pudding,
And oh! what a pudding was there!
The rich luscious plums from the sides all protruding,
So temptingly fragrant and fair—
A shout of approval the table went round,
"The queen of plum-puddings is yours, Aunty Bound."

Ben, flushed with excitement, as if, on that point,
A speech or a toast he'd be after,
But a wink from his Uncle put that out of joint,
By giving him fits of laughter,
Diverting attention, and clearing the coast,
For Uncle himself to put in his toast.

"Shall I give you the pudding, or give
you the cook?"
Said Uncle to Andy and Ned.
The laugh went around, for we knew
by his look
He would catch them, whichever
they said.
"The cook, if you please, sir," said
Andy in haste;
"The pudding," said Ned, "would be
more to my taste."

"The author," said Uncle, "is made
by his book;
By his work must the artist be
known;
The cook makes the pudding—the pud-
ding the cook—
We can not take either alone.
So we'll wed them together, from this
time, concluding
That this shall be known as the—
ma(d)*gic plum-pudding*." H. H.

"MICE BOARDS."

HERE is something for the little Marys and Susies and Nellies who read this nice CABINET of UncleFrank's. There are a great many interesting stories and puzzles for you, to be sure, but children of a smaller as well as a larger growth sometimes desire *practicality!* That is a very long word, I know. Ask mother, or some big brother (provided his head isn't so full of Greek that he does not know), what it means.

Now what I am going to tell you, little ones, is how to make "mice boards!" They are very easy to make, and are pretty to put in your playhouses, or to give to some little girl who may not know how to make one.

Find a piece of pasteboard, or common card, that is smooth and white upon one side; cut it about three inches long, and two wide. Then save some *apple seeds*, the next time you eat apples, and dry them carefully. Sew these, with dark brown thread, upon the pasteboard, in all manner of positions, such as you suppose a flock of mice scampering along would take. Let the thread project from the seed a little way each side, to look like legs; you must sew through each seed twice, of course, to make four legs. Then pass the thread through the seed lengthwise, drawing it close in front, but behind cutting off the thread about one fourth of an inch from the seed—this is the tail. Also to make *smellers*, pass the thread through the end opposite the tail, cutting it off at a short distance, each side. So the mouse will be finished, and ten or fifteen together will look quite cunningly, with their heads all turned toward a bag of grain, which must be sewed to the card, at one end. It may be made of white cloth, stuffed with cotton, and tied at the top, and proportioned to the size of the mice.

Now how many of you will try it? You will like them a great deal better if they are your own work. It will be teaching you, too, one of the hard lessons to be learned in this rough battle with life that you are just entering upon. Teaching you, in a little thing, to *help yourselves*. The little things make the great things. Some day you may be very glad that you learned when you were young to do things for yourselves.

I once knew a little girl, whose mother, when she was eight years of age, presented her with a very beautiful doll. This little girl—Rosanna was her name—resolved that her own fingers should make all the clothes Miss Dolly had. The dolly fared rather poorly at first, but before a great while

Rosanna had learned to make its clothes quite nicely. She even made a dress "with a yoke and a belt." So she kept on, till she was quite able to take care of her own clothes. This was a great help to her mother, for Rosanna had several little brothers, upon whose jackets and stockings many stitches were needed. After the little girl grew up, she lived where there was no need for her to make her own dresses, but she was never sorry that she had learned how so early.

The clock upon my mantel-shelf strikes nine! Ah, little ones, this will never do!

"Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes little girls healthy, wealthy, and wise!"

So good-night, and sweet dreams to you. Scamper! J.

CHESTNUT GROVE, 1858.

JAMES HOGG.

JAMES HOGG, generally known by his poetical name, The Ettrick Shepherd, was descended from a family of shepherds. When a mere child he was put out to service, acting first as a cowherd, until capable of taking care of a flock of sheep. He had in all about half-a-year's schooling. He spent his days without society among solitary hills and glens, and his evening hours were passed in listening to old legends and ballads which his mother recited, and which must have been favorable to his poetical enthusiasm. He thus describes this *nursery* of the imagination:

O list the mystic lore sublime
Of fairy tales of ancient time!
I learned them in the lonely glen,
The last abodes of living men,
Where never stranger came our way
By summer night or winter day;
Where neigboring hind or cot was none
Our converse was with Heaven alone,
With voices through the cloud that sung, [hung.
And brooding storms that round us
O lady, judge, if judge ye may,
How stern and ample was the sway
Of themes like these, when darkness fell, [tell,
And gray-haired sires the tales would
When doors were barred, and elder dame
Plied at her task beside the flame
That through the smoke and gloom alone
On dim and umbered faces shone.
The bleat of mountain goat on high,
That from the cliff came quavering by,
The echoing rock, the rushing flood,
The cataract's swell, the moaning wood,
The undefined and mingled hum—
Voice of the desert never dumb—
All these have left within the heart
A feeling tongue can ne'er impart,
A wildered and unearthly flame,
A something that's without a name.

From this picture we get a faint outline of the circumstances which surrounded his early years, and we feel that it is not strange that Hogg wrote chiefly old romances and legendary stories. Some of them are worthy of the best names in the list of British poets.

Kilmeny is one of the finest tales ever conceived by poet or painter.

Hogg died in 1835. His death was deeply mourned in the vale of Ettrick, for all rejoiced in his fame; and the more, because it was all of his own achieving, without any of the advantages of early education, or the encouraging smiles of the world on his first efforts.

LITTLE KINDNESSES.

BROTHERS, sisters, did you ever try the effect which little acts of kindness produce upon that charmed circle which we call home? We love to receive little favors ourselves, and how pleasant the reception of them makes the circle. To draw up the arm-chair and get the slippers for father; to watch if any little service can be rendered to mother; to help brother; even to leave an exciting game of ball, to show your sister how to get over a hard place in her lesson—how pleasant it makes home!

A little boy has a hard lesson given him at school, and his teacher asks him if he thinks he can get it; for a moment the little fellow hangs down his head, but the next he looks brightly up.

"I can get my sister to help me," he says. That is right, sister; help little

brother, and you are binding a tie round his heart that may save him in many an hour of dark temptation.

"I don't know how to do this sum; but brother will show me," says another one.

"Sister, I've dropped a stitch in my knitting; I tried to pick it up, but it has run down, and I can't fix it."

The little girl's face is flushed, and she watches her sister with a nervous anxiety, while she replaces the naughty stitch.

"O, I am so glad!" she says, as she receives it again from the hands of her sister, all nicely arranged. "You are a good girl, Mary."

"Bring it to me sooner next time, and then it won't get so bad," said the gentle voice of Mary. The little one bounds away with a light heart to finish her task.

If Mary had not helped her, she would have lost her walk in the garden. Surely it is better to do as Mary did, than to say, "O, go away, and don't trouble me;" or to scold the little one all the time you are performing the trifling favor.

Brothers, sisters, love one another—bear with one another. If one offend, forgive and love him still; and whatever may be the faults of others, we must remember that, in the sight of God, we have others as great, and perhaps greater than theirs.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

BAYARD TAYLOR—of whom, I dare say, you have all heard, as an enterprising traveler in foreign parts, and a good and faithful writer of all he has seen there—was born in 1825, at Kennett's Square, in Pennsylvania. He was the son of a farmer, and his youth was spent, like that of most country boys, in farming in spring, summer, and autumn, and attending school through the winter months. When about seventeen years of age, he entered a printing-office in Westchester, as an apprentice, to learn the art of printing. While there he became a contributor to several well-known periodicals, and his first book—a small volume of poems—was published. Before his apprenticeship was up, he determined to voyage to Europe, and see for himself its beauties and wonders, of which he had so often read; and through his own energy and the aid of a few kind friends he started. From city to city, and from ruined castles to famous battle-grounds, he plodded slowly on foot, seeing whatever he thought worthy to be seen, and writing descriptions of it all by the wayside, which, when he returned to his native land, after an absence of two years, was published in a book, and called "Views-a-Foot." After remaining a few years in America, he started once more upon his travels. He has since then journeyed through California and Mexico — through a great portion of Africa, through Palestine and Syria, through China and Hindostan—visited the Loo Choo Islands and Japan in Commodore Perry's squadron in 1853, and is now traveling in the north of Europe, among the Swedes and Norwegians and Russians. Of all these countries, of the people and their customs and habits, he has given us faithful accounts in different books. Although he has traveled so far, and seen so much, and written so well of it all, he is still a young man, being only thirty-three years of age. Let us hope that he will live long, and that his age will be as prolific of good as his youth.

RALPH WILSON.

THE TELEGRAPH CABLE—A DIALOGUE.

TOM—DICK—WILL—NED.

TOM. You asked me, Willie, to show you the piece of cable which my father had given me. Here it is—he called it a "charm." You see it is a piece cut off crosswise, and set in silver, to keep it in form and safety.

[*The boys all gather around it to look.*]

Will (*turning up his nose*). Oh, what a shocking smell! I want no more of the cable.

Dick. Well done, Master Dainty—what a fine Niagara boy you would have made! For the smell of some wholesome tar, *you* would have backed out, and let the Old and the New World forever be separated. Captain Hudson didn't ever think of the tar, I'll be bound, when he took the lead of the company, with the shore end of this cable, on the beach at Trinity Bay. The glorious Captain! Three cheers, boys, for Captain Hudson.

[*They cheer.*]

Ned. We'll join your cheers, Dick, for anybody and everybody who had a hand in the cable; but Captain Hudson was not the principal man, although he was commander of the Niagara, so good and so faithful. *Mr. Field* has the first claim. Oh, how he has laid awake to plan—and then laid awake, because his plan failed! How for years he could "try, try again." Cheers now for Field.

[*They cheer.*]

Tom. Yes, that's so—I've heard father read all about it. There is a whole book, written by one who was on the ship Niagara—Mr. Mullaly. Once they all thought they would surely complete it, when it broke, and down it went, to rise no more. Then there was new machinery to be built, and Mr. Field was just as earnest and patient as ever. Then, when all was at last ready, they had terrible storms, but no faint hearts; and none who shuddered at the smell of tar (*looking scornfully at Will*).

Will. I am ashamed, Tom, of my squeamishness. Give up teasing a fellow—I didn't mean much by it, but what I did, I am ready to own was silly, and to take it back.

Ned. Well done, Will—that's a good fellow. We shall have to cheer *you* yet. That's noble, any how, to own when you're wrong. Mother says boys who will not do mean things, or will acknowledge it when they have done, or said, what they are sorry for, will be great men some time or other.

Dick. See, boys, here are the seven wires of copper inside—*then* six strands of yarn—*then* three coats of gutta-percha—*then* eighteen strands, of seven iron wires in each strand, which makes the outside. How carefully it must have been made! If one has a split, or flaw, as they call it, all will be good for nothing—it must be *perfectly* good. Do you know how much cable was on each ship, Tom?

Tom. Yes—fifteen hundred *miles* on the Niagara, and fifteen hundred on the Agamemnon. When they were "paying it out," as they called it, the machinery made by Mr. Everett kept a rumbling or clapping day and night, like the sound of a great coffee-mill; everybody on board was so anxious about it all, that if they waked in the night, and did not hear the "coffee-mill," one or fifty rushed out of the berths to know "what *is* the matter?" But God helped them, as Mr. Field

ever said; and the ends are now fast to England and America.

Will. How beautiful it is that we can hear from England every day, and any day! Now my grandpa will hear so often from my dear mother and little Harry. I'm so happy, *I* can cheer now—dear little Harry.

Ned. Yes, and if there is any great news of good or bad, that the whole nation will feel, we can have it in a few seconds—and how can there ever be any war, for if anything seems to be going wrong, and like to make a quarrel, the blessed cable will tell back and forth, till all is explained, and good friends again. That is the reason that some call it the cable of friendship—it is like taking the hand of each.

Will. Yes, and if the President and the Queen send such pleasant words, or talk so pleasantly as they did at the very first together, why, everybody will have kind feelings, too, and there will be no disposition to do wrong things toward each other. Since we have been talking about it, I think it is the nicest thing in the world. I believe I shall begin to like *tar* for the sake of the telegraph cable.

Dick. And so you wouldn't be afraid, now, to take hold of the shore end, and pull and tug, though it was dripping with the black tar? Neither would I, though some of *them* fumbled round for their gloves—oh, for shame! But do you know, boys, how many nice things they are making, besides these, like Tom's? At Tiffany's, in Broadway, they have canes, with the head of a piece of cable mounted in silver. They have paper-knives, blade of silver and handle of cable, with silver bands; they have paper weights, and stamps for sealing-wax. They have some of these little "charms" for ladies' watches, set in gold, which they ask seven dollars for, about as large as Tom's—all prices, down to three dollars. They have a lady's bracelet, in gold settings, for which they ask forty dollars.

Tom. There is a place, too, in Broadway, where there is a breast-pin, made of a piece of the cable an inch and a half long, with gold mountings, and a little gold chain wound around; and a pair of ear-rings, with the gutta-percha outside, mounted in gold, and on each a beautiful gold anchor, with a little bit of gold chain twisted around. They are beautiful. My Uncle Thomas, the sea-captain, is going to buy them for my aunt. He says a sailor's wife ought to wear those.

Ned. Well, for that matter, all the ladies in the country have been as anxious about the cable as the gentlemen. My sister Ellen could hardly keep from crying when she heard the cable was broken and gone to the bottom. When it was finally all laid and done, she and Aunt Nelly went round the house like crazy—jumping over chairs, thrumming the piano, crying, laughing, upsetting chairs, ringing the tea-bell, and absolutely *hurraing* for Field and Hudson and the Niagara boys.

Dick. Well, the girls were right—and now let us be off to the playground, and tumble and hurrah, too.

LAURA ELMER.

SHE died in beauty—like the dew, from flowers exhaled away;
She died in beauty—*like a star, lost on the brow of day;*
She lives in glory—like the stars, set round the radiant moon;
She lives in glory—like the sun, amid the blaze of June.

IMPERIAL GARDENS AT ZHEHOL.

WE have had a good deal to say to our young friends about China, but there is much more, of which the half can not be told. Here is a view of the imperial residence at Zhehol.

Zhehol is a small city in Tartary, about fifty miles north of the Great Wall, and about five thousand feet above the level of the Yellow Sea, which it overlooks. Its elevation makes it a desirable residence in the heat of summer.

The imperial palace and gardens are situated in a romantic valley, on the banks of a beautiful river, with high, rugged mountains in the background. The park, which is very extensive, presents the most magnificent specimen of the Chinese style to be found in the whole empire. The park is eighteen miles in circumference, including the palace and gardens of the ladies, which are inclosed within a separate wall. On the slopes of the mountains are thick forests of oak, pine, and chestnut trees, where great numbers of deer are kept for the chase. The remainder is laid out in ornamental pleasure-grounds, adorned with as many as fifty handsome pavilions. These are all magnificently furnished, each containing a state-room with a throne.

In the pleasure-grounds are many small transparent lakes, abounding in gold and silver fishes. There is also a broad canal, or lake, on which are several islands adorned with pagodas, and summer-houses sheltered by groves of trees and fragrant shrubs.

Near the palace of Zhehol, on the side of a steep hill, stands the temple of Poo-ta-la, the largest and richest in the whole empire, covering about twenty acres of ground, and built at an enormous cost. The main building is an immense square, eleven stories high. The stories are distinguished by galleries, running round the four sides of the building, containing the apartments of the priests, eight hundred of whom are employed in the service of this temple, which is dedicated to Fo.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.

AGAIN on the great thoroughfare. How full of life, bustle, and show! But I heed not the bustle and show. I look only for the life, for that which I have just seen is so far exalted above bustle and show, that they seem more hollow and meaningless than ever.

Here now is an object which touches the same chord. It seems to have strayed away from the region I have just left, and to be out of place in any part of Broadway. But such is life, abounding in the strongest contrasts—the bright and the dark, the sad and the joyous, the happy and the wretched, side by side, jostling each other, and sometimes mysteriously changing places. Look at this poor cripple. His lower limbs are entirely paralyzed and useless. He can not walk a step, nor stand, nor even move his legs in any way, without the aid of his hands. He is sadly deformed in his back, and his neck is so twisted, that his chin rests on his left shoulder. Can you imagine a more pitiable object? And do not your young hearts thrill with gratitude to Him who has made you to differ, as you walk by, erect, and in full health and vigor? But he is not unhappy, for he, too, is grateful. Pushed helplessly about in his little wagon, he finds sunlight in human smiles, and absolute happiness in feeling that God is his Father, and will yet make him whole. He knows that, when he gets home, he will be as erect and vigorous as any of the children of the Father's great family. What a contrast! With scarcely one of all the blessings which constitute our life and happiness, he is contented, grateful, happy—while with all these gifts lavished upon, and preserved to us from year to year, we fret, pine, and murmur, as if God were not only unkind, but unjust.

Well, dear children, it makes me happy and thankful to know that you do not feel so now—that you value your blessings, and pity those who can not enjoy the same. Cherish this feeling. Let it take deep root in your hearts, or it will gradually die out, and leave you as insensible as marble.

But, what have we here? a new aspect of life, a new phase of humanity. A young man stands on the edge of the sidewalk, and holds up a pack of plain cards, quietly calling the attention of the passers to "something curious." One stops to see what it is, then another, till he has quite an audience. He then shuffles his cards, which were all white on the back, at first, and in a moment they appear spotted with blue stars. He takes great pains to show you, in the first place, that the cards are all blank. Then, with a great show of words, which mean nothing, and a look as if he expected everybody to be astonished, he shows up, first a set of blue stars, then red stars, then black ones, till somebody *is* astonished, and asks him what he will take for the secret. The price is ridiculously small for the power to perform a miracle. It is soon paid, and the purchaser, grown wondrous wise by the revelation then made to him, pockets his cards, and goes off to see whom he can dupe in the same way.

Frank.—Why, Uncle, how does he manage to make these changes?

I did not think the secret worth a shilling, and therefore I was not initiated, so that I can not explain it to you. But if there was any real mystery in it, he would not sell it so cheap.

RETROSPECTUM;

OR, THE CHAT IN BY-GONE DAYS.

BY WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

IN April, Mr. Merry gently scolds his non-postage-paying friends, who seem to be quite numerous, and publishes a letter from one of this class:

"I see that you print the letters of boys and girls; and as I should like to see myself in print, I hope you will print it. I am only eleven years old, yet I write all this myself. I like the MUSEUM very well, though I think there are some mistakes of grammar. However, we must not be uncharitable. I think the story of Billy Bump is pretty good, though in some respects it might have been better. I am not a subscriber to the MUSEUM, but I read it sometimes, as one of my friends takes it. I hope you will therefore consider yourself under obligation to print this, for I should like to show it to my uncle and aunt, and the rest of my numerous friends.

I am very respectfully,
C. S. P——E."

"Now whatever the writer of this may think, it is a very indifferent production; and we may remark, in general, that a correspondent who has not sense enough to pay the postage on his letters, has not sense enough to write a letter worthy of being printed in the MUSEUM."

Lizzie G—— writes again from Paris, and incloses a little story from one of her French friends.

Fanny B. C. again. Mr. Merry says:

"Say what you will, there is some fun in being editor of MERRY'S MUSEUM. Read the following letter, and tell me if you do not think so:

"MR. PARLEY:—I can not feel that it would be quite proper in me to address you any longer as 'my dear,' since the reception of your likeness has discovered the imposition practiced upon the whole tribe of black and blue-eyed correspondents. You have come to us every month in the form and aspect of a venerable old man, requiring the support of his cane, surrounded by a troop of children, talking of old age and rheumatism, with an occasional hint that 'your qualities surpass your charms;' and when by such false pretenses you have enticed us into an affectionate correspondence, you spring a mine upon us, and come forth such a good-looking, smart, middle-aged gentleman, that we blush to think how familiar we have been. Not that I like you the less, Mr. Parley, for not being old and ugly; but, as I am eleven years old, you know it would not seem right to be so unreserved with you, hereafter * * * *

FANNY B. C."

Tomcat scolds famously about his letter not appearing, and closes thus:

"Now let me lay the case plainly before you, and you will feel with me that I have been injured. I chose a sheet of gilt-edged paper, with a beautiful rose in the corner, borrowed grandpa's gold-pen, and seated myself at mother's writing-desk. I told you where I lived, and what I did, and who I was; and thinking that this would have at least the merit of being something new to you, I folded my letter, directed it, and sent it—and—and—and—oh! I see my fault. Pardon, Mr. Merry; you are the one to scold. I *forgot the postage!*"

July.—Mr. Merry soliloquizes:

"Here I am quite alone. All my little friends and counselors are out in the meadow going mad over the hay-cocks. I must have a look at them. Well done, Sally—you'll beat James in the race. How the creature does run! Bravo! I do love to see these young madcaps in their frolics! I should like to have a scamper with them—the rogues! But this miserable rheumatism would be a bad preparation for such a strife. How they would laugh to see Robert Merry limping up and down like an elephant, trying to dance Nancy Dawson."

Bob Short has a very long letter, "hitting" Mr. Merry in relation to

his round-about story of "Tom Titmouse." A capital dialogue is held in August, between Uncle Robert and some of his young friends, who relate their Fourth-of-July experience. I make an extract or two:

"MERRY What did you do with yourself on the great day, John?

JOHN. I'll tell you, Mr. Merry, I've got two reasons for being jolly on the Fourth of July. It's not only the birthday of America, as they say in the orations, but it's mine too; I was born on the Fourth, and so have a great taste for powder. I fired 15 cannons, one for each of my years, then 30 more for the 30 States, with one a little tighter rammed down for California; then I had 13 bunches of crackers for the 13 colonies, besides a lot of torpedoes and fizzers, for everything in general and nothing in particular. Don't you call that a patriotic way of doing the business?

MERRY. Pretty good, and I've no doubt your country is very much obliged to you."

Here are Jim's adventures as related by Tom:

"TOM. He did do something worth telling of, Mr. Merry, only he won't tell of it himself. He went to the Park in the evening to see the fireworks. Everybody was about two feet higher than he, and he could not see much; so he got into a tree and had a good view. Now the police, who didn't want boys to get into the trees, had taken the precaution to tar them all over. Jim saw the wheels, and rockets, and the Roman candles, and the golden rain; and when all was over, he thought he'd go home. But he found he was stuck tight to the tree, and could not stir. He was so ashamed that he wouldn't call for help, and what to do he didn't know; he thought of spending the night upon the tree, but that wasn't a pleasant idea. 'At any rate,' said he, 'if I go to sleep, I can't fall off, that's one consolation.' Pretty soon he gave a violent tug, and thought he heard something rip; it was his pantaloons. 'No matter,' said he, and gave another pull. 'Suppose I should break the branch off, and have to go home with a piece of a tree hanging to me,' said he, 'what an awful condition!' He gave another tug, and at last broke loose. He left nearly half his clothes on the tree, but as it was pretty dark he didn't care much. He struck into a narrow street, and made for home. But he had to stop for nearly a quarter of an hour to let a Bengal light go out which was blazing a little way on. Ditto for a blue fire in the next street he came to. Pretty soon he came to a house in front of which was a scaffolding with a large firework upon it. As Jim passed it, somebody set it off. On it, in letters of green and yellow fire, were these words: 'United we stand, divided we fall.' 'Why, that must mean me and the tree,' said Jim. After being chased by a squib, and driven into a corner by a serpent, he got home, and went up the back stairs to bed."

A letter from Kate B., in December, calls forth this remark from Mr. Merry:

"Kate promises to be a continual subscriber to the MUSEUM, and in return, we promise to write it as long as she takes it. If all our readers desert us but Kate, we engage to print one number a month for her especial gratification."

So we are safe in paying our subscriptions in advance.

The great majority of letters which appeared in the volumes we have now glanced through, treat mainly of how much the writers like the MUSEUM, their personal appearance, the places they live in, etc. These, of course, I do not mention, desiring to touch upon the salient points only.

1851.—Our good friend, Aunt Sue, makes her debût in March, under the title of Aunt Susey. The true metal rings. Peter Parley has gone to Europe again, and we have a letter from him in June, dated "Atlantic Ocean, Steamer Arctic." "Black-Eyed Mary" writes from Clappville. Not our petti——, I mean crinolined heroine, I suppose. The concluding letter in this number is—well, modesty forbids my saying much about it, save that it was *another* "first appearance."

The July Chat is filled with a long letter from Peter Parley in Paris. A

letter from Izzie —— (Lizzie G.) contains a very interesting account of the Garden of Plants. The same writer, in a following number, vividly pictures a day in the garden of the Tuileries. I do wish I could present all these letters here, but they are too long. A little five-year old says:

"* * * I go to school, where I study and sew. I am going to make a bed-quilt for my dolls. I get a peppermint for every good lesson, but when I miss, my head is rapped with a big brass thimble. Please answer my letter, and—good-bye.

"ELLEN."

1852.—There is little of interest until April. L. E. L. says she takes the engravings in the MUSEUM as copies for her drawing-lessons. A very good idea. A letter from a real Indian boy appears next month, signed Choctaw. I commend this puzzle to delinquent subscribers:

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R T H E M
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P

Eva L. sends a bundle of anagrams, which I note, as heretofore charades and enigmas have been the chief element of the puzzle department. The first symptoms of a "sparring" among the writers also appeared about this time. A Latin puzzle from D. G. M. was answered by G., who proposed one for D. G. M. A cross fire was kept up for several months.

I extract the annexed passages from a letter signed M.:

"'Tis a marvel to me, Mr. Merry, that you have for so long a time preserved the 'even tenor of your way' as editor of the MUSEUM. That during the prevalence of the California fever—when thousands were seeking the golden land—your MUSEUM still greeted us—not dated from San Francisco, with your resignation as editor, but still from the Empire City, and no gold dust clinging to its leaves, 'twas wonderful. And then, when the nightingale, with her heaven-born melody, enraptured and nearly turned the heads of our whole nation, 'twas indeed a *wonder* that you could, *every* month, gather enough of your wit and wisdom together to form an interesting number.

"And then, when the noble Magyar came and stirred our hearts to compassion for oppressed Hungary, did it never occur to you, Mr. Merry, to omit our MUSEUM just *once, for fear* you might get some of his burning eloquence into our 'Monthly Chat,' or astound your readers by ascribing some of his most moving passages to Gilbert Go-ahead's intelligent ape?"

Our good friend, Mary, of Pleasant Retreat, makes her curtsey with a parcel of anagrams.

The remaining volumes properly belong to our own day, and I shall glance at them more briefly. 1853 presents a large accession of writers; their letters, if not *hatcheted*, are severely tomahawked. It may not be amiss to state that the letter signed "Jack Thump," in the August number, emanated from the present writer.

A transposed song is given next year, the one first reading it to receive a bound volume of the MUSEUM. A flood of solutions poured in, but of course the writers living nearest the MUSEUM Office had the best chance. A new trial is proposed. Six prizes are offered for the best English sentences, containing all the letters of the alphabet, and the parts of speech.

A little private talk on personal affairs, in May, lets us know that Mr. Merry is not quite satisfied with the MUSEUM. He is therefore going to Europe, to have a talk with Peter Parley, and get a fresh supply of stories and cuts. *Hiram Hatchet* is to preside over the MUSEUM during his absence.

Here begins a new era in the history of the Monthly Chat. No longer plodding along the highway of sober talk, it mounted the "high horse" of wit and repartee, and from that time down to the present has been executing the most astonishing capers and curvettings—but I will speak of these in their proper place.

You may well believe that the *chips* fly next month and the months following. Indeed, I have little doubt that Uncle Hiram was chief agent in bringing about the antics above mentioned. Aroused by the shower of puns and jokes poured forth by Uncle H., the Merrys soon began to repay him in his own coin, and once started, they lost no time in trying their weapons upon each other. One thing is certain. *Before* Uncle Hiram's advent, all were as quiet and peaceful as so many lambs; *after*, a noisier set of punning, joking girls and boys could not well be got together.

In October, however, Mr. Hatchet speaks of retiring, as Uncle Robert has returned, but meeting with a unanimous negative from the Merry family, he concludes to hang up his hat and stay.

Three hundred and thirty-one prize sentences are published; the next number contains a full report of the meeting of the jury to decide the momentous question, and in December the result is announced. I shall here dismiss the subject of Prize Problems, merely adding that for a length of time they were given semi-annually, the prizes being watches, pencils, books, etc.

"If you write a letter for the Chat, let it be as brief and spicy as you please." Thus Mr. Merry in January, 1855. Lately he has in vain attempted to check the flood of "spiciness" which has poured down the columns of the MUSEUM. Ah, Mr. Merry, you little thought what flood-gates you were opening, when you wrote the above!

It is with fear and trembling that I approach the June number. Like the navigator who, after gliding for many miles down the placid St. Lawrence, sees the foaming billows of the Rapids, and hears the roar of the angry breakers, so do I, after floating along the stream of an untroubled Chat, find myself drawing near the tempest-tossed waters of the "Algebraic Question," on whose hidden rocks many a brave ship struck and perished.

For the benefit of new subscribers, and to revive the mirthful recollections of the old, I will here recount the "strange, eventful history" of the Algebraic Fight.

A certain wild beast, called Algebraic Problem, was let loose in the MUSEUM during the month of February, which Willie H. Coleman was directed to catch and tame, and explain his method of doing it. The animal seemed very mild and tractable, and Willie noosed him, as he supposed, without any trouble, but did not explain *how he did it*. Some time after, James T. Dudley called for the explanation. Willie did not reply for several months, and in the mean time G. B. tried his hand at catching the beast. Bay State kindly made an excuse for Willie's delay, and Ellen discovered a weak spot in G. B.'s rope. Shortly after Willie accounted for his silence, promising to show his apparatus as soon as possible. Black-Eyed Mary then avowed herself to be the owner of "Algy," and earnestly desired to see the noose which was to subdue him.

[To be continued.]

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WAIT a moment. Don't be in such haste to speak. I want to say a word, by way of preparation for a new year, which is close at hand.

It is resolved, on all sides, that the coming year is to be a remarkable one, in many respects. Consequently, as we can not be behind the age or the world, the MUSEUM must be made more remarkable than ever. And we wish all the young folks to bear this in mind—that they must do their part to make it so. "How can we do that?" do you say. I will tell you. First, Pay up, every one of you that has not done so, at the beginning of the year. Nothing that you can do will so much improve the MUSEUM as this—for it will furnish the means for all kinds of improvements. Second, Increase the number of readers and payers, by inducing your friends to take it. Third, Send us good, sensible letters for the Chat, and good, lively, interesting matter for the other part of the work. We have had too much personality in the Chat—too much cutting and thrusting. Uncle Hiram claims all that kind of business, and thinks that young folks should be amiable and polite, gentle and sweet. Fourth, Can any of you furnish, by the 1st of December, a first-rate original prize puzzle, on which to exercise all our wits, for the year, or half year to come? We mean to have one. It has been called for on all sides. And we mean it shall be one of the best, if not the very best, ever known. Therefore we ask you all to help us. But *remember*—TAKE PARTICULAR NOTICE, brevity is the soul of wit, and an idea, like a needle, must have a point.

Now, Mrs. Black-Eyes, please don't sparkle any longer, but speak.

Oct. 3, 1858.

Too bad! too bad! I appeal to any or all of the 20,000, if this is not enough to provoke any one, even though possessed of "the patience of Job," though I'm inclined to the opinion that gentleman took his patience with him, instead of bequeathing it to humanity. But to the point, although Mrs. Browning says "the point's the thing we never come to"—our worthy P. M. put my MUSEUM in the wrong box—wonder if that don't happen sometimes to the letters of us poor *juveniles*—so I didn't get it as soon as I might otherwise have done; but when I *did* get it—now comes the provoking occurrence. Just think! Uncle Merry has been all around us, within a few hours' ride of us, and I dare say never gave us a thought. Now, Uncle, I protest! Say what you please about "the vast regions of the West," of which "the half has not been told," but come out to old Belmont, and you'll acknowledge that for scenery, intelligence, and enterprise her superior does not exist. You should have been here last week, when, for four days, our own embryo city was crowded with thousands who had "come to the fair," and they unanimously agree that in old Belmont is *the best* fair of eastern Ohio. Cassius M. Clay delivered our annual address this year. And hear his opening compliment—and you know, "they say," he never lies—"This is the first time I ever addressed so large a concourse of people, in which I saw no drunken man—*or ugly woman!*" Ha! ha!

Uncle Hiram, *dear* Uncle Hiram! I

can't look after Maria, as you bade me; *indeed* I can't. The very thought makes my head swim.

No, Elma, *never!* Never too old to join in the dear circle around Uncle Merry's table. Why, I was never dignified but twice. And then—but it would take too long to tell. I merely mention it to show "I'm childish yet."

We advise application of ice for all Aunt Sue's poetical frenzies. Applied to the head, of course. By the way, Auntie, dear, may I come in and talk to you, sometimes?

Look! "Is that a hatchet that I see, its edge toward my pen?" Good-bye in a hurry, BLACK-EYES.

"Never gave you a thought"—Mary. You know better. But you don't know how many times I inquired how to get to your "Pleasant Retreat." I had fully resolved to take you by surprise; but, when about leaving Cincinnati, word came that I was very much needed at home—the loved ones were sick, and I took the shortest route, without pausing for anything. I trust it will not be so, next time.

MAPLE GROVE.

DEAR FRIENDS OF THE CHAT:—I move that a certain private mail system, so long talked of in the Merry circle, be immediately put in operation. The fact is, I am becoming seriously afraid that Uncle Sam is getting *superannuated*. He is growing decidedly careless (or *lazy*—is that disrespectful?), and seems disposed to neglect Young America and the mail-bags, for the consideration of weightier matters. Such, at least, is the conclusion at which I have arrived, after waiting patiently for the arrival of my September MUSEUM—just long enough to exhaust an ordinary stock of patience, and finding after all that there is no immediate prospect of its appearance, I hope the "stars" are all beaming brightly now, or that the candle, at least, is in illuminating order, for the non-appearance of my monthly luminary puts my comprehensions in a deplorably darkened state, as regards the welfare of the *family*. I attended the Ohio State Fair a few days since, and presume I saw a host of Merrys, but unfortunately we have no badges except our smiling faces, and so if I met any of them they were not recognized. I enjoyed myself hugely, as usual, where there is sight-seeing and fun, and quite disregarded all unpleasant accompaniments. The day of my visit to the fair was a memorable one, for I fell in love—actually *felt in love*—with a—*sewing machine*, and hope soon to consummate a *union* between it and myself. Don't be alarmed; I'm not going to follow Mrs. Black-Eyes' example and *desert*. Using my "old maid privilege," I could talk ever so long about this and other matters of interest, not forgetting the celebration at Put-in Bay, and Governor Chase, who was the presiding genius there, with whom I would have fallen in love if I had dared; but I can not hope that the "Hatchet" would spare me in such a case. Indeed, I fear that he will "wage war" with me even now; but I appeal for mercy to Uncles Frank and Merry, and to *Sister* Sue, while remaining, as ever, COUSIN KATE.

Is it possible that you went to the "Fair" and did not see "Black-Eyed Mary," and she did not see you? If I had been there, I am sure I should have found you both.

JOLIET, *Sept.* 14, 1858.

DEAR MUSEUM FRIENDS:—I have just been looking over the cheerful Chat of my cousins, and I beg a seat in your circle, to hear your merry chat, and become acquainted with your frank dispositions, and join you in your sharp wit. I wonder, if I should come, whether I should see Aunt Sue. I am sure she would let me look into her Bureau.

I had almost given up taking your magazine any longer; but in the last six or eight numbers I see so much information of foreign lands, I think it is becoming very interesting. Yours truly,

LIBBY.

LE ROY, *Sept.* 9, 1858.

DEAR MUSEUM:—What has become of all of the old "CABINET makers?" Fleta, Bess, and my humble self are almost the only ones left. Where are H. A. Danker, O. L. Bradley, and a host of others, the bright, particular stars of the CABINET? Have they deserted, or are they eclipsed by the superior brightness of the Merry constellation?

Fleta, I happened to overhear the secret that Laura and Tennessean have been guarding so closely. No whispering in company, you know.

Uncle Frank, I was very glad to see your table-talk again in the MUSEUM. Why don't more of the nephews and nieces write their letters to you? I have been thinking of writing you a good long letter, but I was afraid you would be a thousand miles off before the letter got to New York, and I guess that is the way with the rest of the twenty thousand. Your Western nephew,

ADELBERT OLDER.

BOSTON, *Oct.* 2, 1858.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—As you say there is plenty of room in the Chat for me, I write you a few lines. My opinion of Adelbert Older is, that he is older than he has been, but not as old as he will be, if he lives. Give my love to Aunt Sue, and tell her that I shall let her hear from me before long. But here comes the hatchet, and I must be off.

Yours truly, BOSTON BOY.

JERSEYVILLE, ——.

FRIENDS:—I see the circle is complete without me, but I feel inclined to "put in a word;" and as I generally do as I please when there is no opposition, I think I shall endeavor to attract your attention for a few moments I do not aspire to that seat of honor occupied by that "bright, particular star," who, as you all know, holds this august assembly in most profound silence, while in eloquent strains she pours forth her poetical *confusions*. Long live Queen Bess.

W. H. C. has become invisible since we heard of that misfortune which has visited Black-Eyes. Let us hear the music of his voice once more in our Chat.

Yours, LOUISE.

NORWALK, *August*, '58.

DEAR UNCLE:—Other people write to you, and we've been thinking lately that we have as good a right to do so as any one else. We are young (evident), green (evident-er), and "havn't been out much" (evident-est), therefore we feel rather bashful about appearing among so many "smart ones." But please forgive all demonstrations of the above mentioned characteristics, considering the source. There have been such confusing collisions lately of nouns or pronouns as have figured in the "Chat," that we feel disposed to have the matter understood in our introduction. We are *nouns*, not *very proper*, plural us (as we always go together), *feminine* gender, and independent case most decidedly, not being governed by anything, from a killing smile and ferocious *mustache* to a neuter *verb*. Do you know us by this description?

P. E. N (SCRIBE) AND I. N. K.

We know you perfectly, and have you both under our thumb at this moment, notwithstanding your "independence." We are glad you have come, and are free to confess that we can not well get along without you, though one of you is famous for scratching, and the other for blotting.

MADISON C. H., FLOR.

DEAR MR. MERRY:—I must ask the indulgence of a short time with my cousins.

Maria—I'll bet you a kiss, too, that if you visit our beautiful "Land of Flowers," you'll be as unwilling to leave it as Willie Coleman would Natchez.

D. B. O.—I hope you are not vexed—if not, here's my hand. I wish to be peaceful with all, North and South.

J. L. Carruth—I have visited Spring Grove, and bathed in its sulphur spring, not staying there long, however. Next time I come, I may see you.

Uncle H., shall I dare you to make a pun on my name: Yours, as ever,

ALONZO C. WHITNER.

If I should try, Alonzo, I should not probably get a *whit near*-er than I did to D. B. O. When I leave you *alone so*, you must *see* that I have no such disposition to pun, as you seem to give me credit for. H. H.

MYSTIC, *Aug.*, 1858.

DEAR MERRY:—Please introduce me to the 20,000, and Aunt Sue, and count me as one of them. I read your MUSEUM with great delight. I wish to make acquaintance with W. H. Coleman and Black-Eyes, etc. I wonder what Aunt Sue's *real* name is; but I suppose I must not know, for I see many have asked the same question. Your constant reader, my little brother, nine years of age, sends his love to all the cousins. MUGGINS.

C. M. G. might have come in here, but the tone of his letter is so much like scolding (not a kind word in it), that it would make a discord.

UNCLE FRANK'S MONTHLY TABLE-TALK.

OUR friend "Abba," of Vicksburg, desires to make us acquainted with a young friend of hers. Of course, we shall be happy to know any one so favorably introduced:

VICKSBURG, MISS., *Sept.* 20, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—A particular friend has requested that I should make him acquainted with the editorial corps of the "MUSEUM and CABINET." Although it could scarcely be presumed that I, a Mississippian, *can be* well acquainted with this corps, still I feel no reluctance in introducing to you my friend *Zip*, and in recommending him to you as one who will endeavor to make his acquaintanceship agreeable.

Therefore I would request of you, that you will make him acquainted with Mr. Merry, Uncle Hiram, and Aunt Sue.

With thanks for your having promised to grant the request I made you in my last, I remain yours respectfully,

ABBA.

Walk in, Zip—the door is open for you. All we ask of you is, that you contribute your share to the general fund of entertainment. You begin well, I see. Boys and girls, will you listen to the reading of Zip's first letter. I like it all very well, except his desire to learn the trade of war. That I don't like. War is one of the greatest scourges that this planet of ours ever knew. It is forty other scourges rolled into one. No doubt, in extreme cases, it is right; but for all that, it is so repugnant to my feelings—it brings in its train such a multitude of woes—it makes so many widows and orphans—it so hardens and depraves the hearts of those who engage in it, that I am not ambitious to become a warrior myself, or to see any of my friends, in the green and tender period of early youth, choosing the profession. "But we must have soldiers. Somebody must" —— Very well. Let somebody else take up the trade. Do you choose a more peaceable one, Zip.

VICKSBURG, MISS., *Sept.* 20, 1858.

MR. WOODWORTH:—"Abba" has favored me with an introduction; and though she has slightly hinted to me privately (and I may be wrong in mentioning it) that she imagines I will not be warmly welcomed, yet that does not deter me from my purpose, or hinder me from being happy to make your acquaintance. I think that she has formed this opinion from her own experience, for she points me to a portion of your "Table-Talk," wherein you seem to accuse her of *grumbling*.

You may wonder that "Abba" wrote to you about West Point. You may think it very strange that a young lady should wish to learn anything concerning military affairs. And so it may be; but it was at my request that she wrote that letter, as I am very anxious to learn something more about the U. S. Military Academy, for it is now my ambition to be appointed there, as I am just sixteen, the age required of candidates, and think I can pass an examination.

The last cadet that has been appointed from this Congressional District graduated last June, and stood second in his class. He is at present in this city, enjoying his furlough.

But if you will permit me to call you "Uncle Frank," and introduce me to Mr. Merry, Uncle Hiram, Aunt Sue, and your host of nephews and nieces, I will write again soon, and take a more agreeable subject.

We hear a great deal about the "rural districts" in the Empire State. But it is not often that we get a detailed description of them. Here is a little sketch of one of them, however, which is worth listening to:

COLCHESTER, DEL. Co., N. Y., *Sept.*, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE FRANK:—Please admit me as one of your thousands of nephews, as I wish to become a contributor to your world-delighting magazine. As you are not used to receiving letters from our rustic place, I will attempt to give a slight description of it. It is bounded on the north by rocks and briers, on the east by the Delaware River, on the south

by swamps, brooks, and meadow lands, and on the west by mountains. It abounds in musquitoes, dogs, bears, deer, and "school marms" Its chief products are berries, pumpkins, oats, and daisies. Give my love to all of your numerous relations around the table. PHIL.

SOMETHING FOR FRENCH SCHOLARS.

A monthly journal has just been commenced in this city, called the *Fleur de Lis*, published by H. H. Lloyd & Co. Its contents are all in French, and they are admirably adapted to those who are learning the language. The type, paper, and printing are all in the best style. It is just the thing. Success to the *Fleur de Lis*.

A BOOK FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

Dick & Fitzgerald, of this city, publish a large and handsome volume for the little folks, called the "Magician's Own Book." It tells you how to do hundreds of curious things, by means of chemistry, and electricity, and otherwise. It has in it an inexhaustible fund of amusement.

THE "AGRICULTURIST,"

Under the control of Mr. Orange Judd, of this city, is one of the best papers of its class in the Union. It is a good thing for the whole family as well as for the practical farmer, and has a boys' and girls' department connected with it, which is always well sustained. Whoever subscribes for this periodical, and grudges the dollar he pays for it, must be a very unreasonable specimen of humanity.

Answers to Questions in Sept. No.

121. No difference. They are both cigars.
122. The trees are all shooting.
123. A watch.
124. Name no one man.
125. Alphabet.
126. It is the center of light.
127. It is immaterial.
128. Yesterday.
129. A secret.
130. Honesty is the best policy.
131. P-in-k.
132. A-gin-court.
133. Water-lily.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY:

Ned—Boston Boy—Susie—G. B. H.—Oliver Onley—T. L. C. – Nemo – Red Head—Romp—Lex—C. N. O.—Charlie Pennington—A. Older—Pliny B.—Libby—Dot—John S. T.—Sam—Emma—Z. R.—Hattie—Ellen M.—Norma—Florence—Ruby—Essex—M. P.—Mingo—Julia—Dan—Walter S.—Lottie—U. L.—Uncle Ben—Nellie H.—R. H. L.—H. Lloyd.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

146. Why is an ancient battering-ram like an army tailor? *Ned*

CHARADE.

147. My first is a small animal,
My second is a snare,
My whole is the enemy
Of my first, I do declare.
Mattie Bell.

148. Why are men most likely to be stung in their feet? *Boston Boy*
149. What is the longitude of London? *Susie.*
150. What is the latitude of Quito? *Susie.*
151. What place is exactly north from every other place on the earth? *C.*
152. My first is a fowl that waddles about,
Which, though blest with a tail, has neither gobbles nor snout;
Though it scarce ever flies, yet it oft flaps its wings,
And the choicest of songs are not those which it sings.

My second, a term used by drinkers of grog,
Though found on the ox, never grows on the hog;
Its uses are various, and when there's naught in it,
It can call you to dinner inside of a minute.

My first is much valued by the farmer's wife,
My second by the bullock engaged in strife;
Now, gentle reader, if at guessing you're lucky,
You'll tell us the name of a town in Kentucky. *G. B. H.*

153. Why is a man with a tight boot like a tree of the forest?

NOTICES.

MEMOIR OF REV. DAVID STODDARD, *Missionary to the Nestorians. By J. P. Thompson, D.D. New York: Sheldon, Blakeman & Co.*

Those who have known Mr. Stoddard personally during his life, or taken any interest in the field of his labors, will need no new inducement to scan the full record of that life, and those labors. The loveliness of his character, the simplicity and earnestness of his piety, secured for him the love and confidence of all who knew him; and the record of his experiences and labors is a valuable legacy to the Church. This memoir is well arranged, allowing the subject, as far as possible, to speak for himself, so that the reader seems to learn from his own lips, and his own pen, the practical lessons of a life unusually devoted to his Master's service, and unusually rich in spiritual instruction. We wish it would find its way into every library and household in the land. Mr. Stoddard was one of those who seemed to have been designed and specially prepared for the missionary work. The transparent purity of his character, his guileless simplicity, his gentle firmness, his quiet, calm determination and perseverance, his deep, devoted, active piety, his intellectual power and discipline, and his intense love of the work to which he was called, eminently fitted him to enter into, and to leave upon it, the impress of the Master who sent him. Such men as he preach the Gospel, whether in heathen or Christian lands, as much and as effectually by their daily lives and conversation, by the spirit they habitually breathe, as by any effort at religious instruction. They are living epistles of Christ, known and read of all men. Let the young men whom the present revival has brought into the family of Christ, study and pray over such a memoir as this, listening all the while for the still small voice that whispers through it—"Go thou and do likewise."

THE MOTHERLESS CHILDREN. *By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Boston: Shepherd, Clark & Brown.*

A very interesting and instructive work of its class, marked with great power and pathos, and showing artistic skill in working up the materials to a high effect. It has a good moral lesson running through it, and will be found a desirable addition to a juvenile or family library.

THE MELODEON AND ORGAN HARMONIUM.

S. D. & H. W. Smith, of Boston, have just issued an illustrated catalogue of 32 pages, of their superior instruments, in beautiful style, from the press of Damrell & Moore, which they will send to those desiring to make themselves acquainted with them.

We take pleasure in commending their Melodeon for the Parlor as the best-toned we have ever seen—having had one in our family for several years. They are tuned in equal temperament, capable of varied expression by the use of stops, coupler, and swell, not liable to get out of order, and are put up in variety of style and price to suit all.

The Organ for the Church is, to us, far more desirable than anything of the kind yet manufactured. We hope our friends will call and examine before purchasing elsewhere, or send for a catalogue, which will be sent by mail on application.

SNOW.

Ah! well do I remember
That first light fall of snow,
That whitewashed old December,
Just twenty years ago.

It was up among the mountains,
New Hampshire's glorious hills,
Whose overflowing fountains
Leapt out in sparkling rills.

Like countless hosts of angels,
All white-robed from on high,
The little crystal fairies
Came dancing down the sky.

Wherever they alighted,
On twig, or shrub, or bough,
White-fringed and silver-plated,
They made it shine and glow.

They robed with purest ermine
Hill, valley, glen, and glade,
And with shining alabaster
The dark ravine inlaid.

They swept along the highways,
Enameling them o'er,
And through the lanes and by-ways,
Laid down a silver floor.

The busy little workers
No rest nor leisure took,
Till they sprinkled all the val-
ley,
And whitened every nook.

'Twas morning ere they finish'd,
And when the work was done,
Smiling a glad approval,
Forth looked the glorious sun.

Ten thousand thousand crystals,
All pure, serene, and bright,
Their faces each upturning,
Smiled welcome to the light.

Was ever scene more glorious—
Was ever sight more rare?
Since light's first golden morning,
Was ever earth more fair?

The distant mountains glittered
'Neath day's resplendent lamp,
Like the tents of a giant army,
Or a high archangel's camp.

The trees their arms uplifted,
As if to worship given;
Though dark beneath, upturning
A pure, bright face to heaven.

And those broad plains, far-stretch-
Like the boundless sea of glass, [ing,
Where angels and pure spirits
With step unsullied pass. H. H.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

EMBARKATION AT LEYDEN.

THE Pilgrims—who has not heard of them? Do you, my little MUSEUM friends, know *all* about them? Can't I tell you anything new? let me see; I'll try.

Did you know, then, that they were not all old, gray-headed men, tired of youthful pleasures, and ready to bury themselves in the wilderness, because the world had lost its charms for them?

There was young Edward Winslow, and his beautiful wife, who were making their bridal journey, when they met Mr. Robinson, the good pastor of the little Pilgrim church in Holland, and concluded to leave all the charms of their own home and follow the people of God into the wilderness. Poor lady! she died the very first year. The cold and hardships of that bitter winter were too much for her.

Then there was Mary Chilton, John Alden, and many children of whom we know not a word. There is a beautiful picture of the embarkation of the Pilgrims, painted by Mr. Weir, and now occupying one of the panels in the Rotunda at Washington. No doubt many of you have seen it; but for the benefit of those who have not, I will tell you something about it.

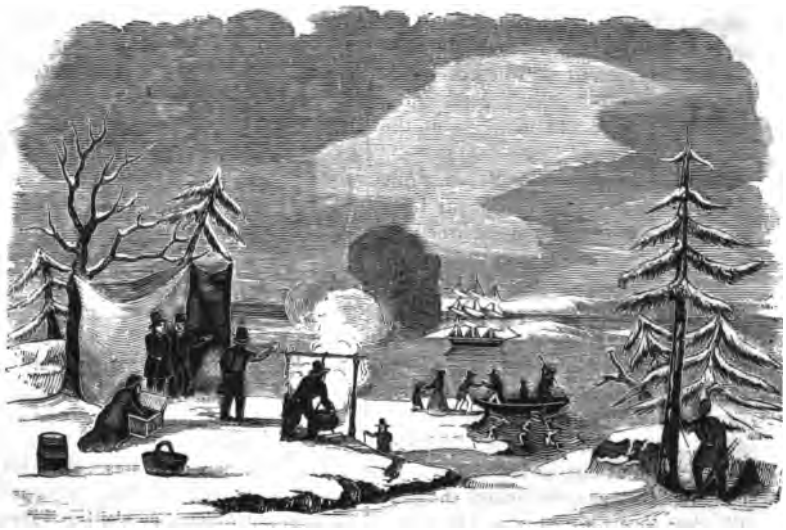
The vessel is the Speedwell, and the picture represents the Pilgrims all gathered on the deck, while Mr. Robinson makes the parting prayer. Elder Brewster holds the open Bible, and Gov. Carver and Mr. Bradford are near him. On one side are the brave soldier, Miles Standish, and his lovely wife, Rose; on the other side Mr. and Mrs. White. You remember that their son, Peregrine, was the first child born at Plymouth. Just behind them are Edward Winslow and his bride, and in front is a screw, a group of armor, and matchlocks. This screw saved the vessel; for when, in a terrible storm, one of the main beams was wrenched from its place, the carpenter restored it by means of this screw. Far in the background you see the dark, sinister face of Capt. Reynolds, who was ready to treat the poor Pilgrims so treacherously.

You all remember how the Speedwell left on the 22d of July; how it met the Mayflower at Southampton, and how Captain Reynolds put back, first into Dartmouth, then into Plymouth, determined to delay the party, till at last the Mayflower had to sail alone.

It was a bleak, dreary sight, no doubt, that deserted shore, with its leafless trees and snowy carpet, but it was welcome to the poor Pilgrims, tired of the sea. But who first stepped on Plymouth Rock? there's the young, gallant John Alden, and there's the little damsel, Mary Chilton, both claim the honor.

Tradition tells two stories: one is, that when the ship anchored in the harbor, the women were sent on shore to wash their clothes, and Mary Chilton among them; as they drew near the shore, she cried out that she would be the first to land, and jumped out, wetting her feet, and ran to land. Pretty cold work, I should think, in a New England December, to wet one's feet, where there was no chance of drying them. The other story is, that Mary, like an eager, impetuous young girl, sprang into the first landing boat, and exclaimed, "I will be the first to step on that rock," and the grave Pilgrims gallantly permitted her to have her way.

They first built themselves a common house on a hill overlooking the plain and bay, and laid out their town in two rows of houses for safety. The common house was just finished, and the roof nicely thatched, when on the first Sabbath in January, just as those on the ship were preparing to go on shore to join in keeping the Sabbath, the saw the house on fire. It must have been a sad sight indeed to those wearied men to see their work destroyed. Gov. Carver and Mr. Bradford were both sick in the house, and it was crowded with beds, loaded mus-



LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

kets, and powder. Fortunately the thatch only was burned.

In this same house the first sermon was preached by Robert Cushman.

They went to church differently from the way we do: the drum beat its call, and all assembled in front of the captain's door, each with his musket on his shoulder.

They placed themselves in order, three abreast, and led by the sergeant. Behind came the governor in a long robe; on the right side of him the preacher, with his cloak on, and on the left the captain, with his arms and cloak, and a small cane in his hand. Then they all marched forward, the drum no longer beating, but silently and solemnly, as became a walk to church. Each man set his arms beside him, and thus they kept guard night and day.

But the colony wasted fast away. In the spring, fifty of the one hundred were dead. Rose Standish and Mrs. Winslow slept side by side, with many others; but no stone nor mound marked the spot. The ground was plowed and sowed with corn, for it would not do to let the Indians know how small were the numbers of the living.

One fair, bright day in March, while the men were all engaged in their work, they were suddenly alarmed by the appearance of a savage. He came boldly, all alone, and would have gone into the house if he had not been prevented by the trembling colonists. But he calmed their fears by exclaiming "Welcome." It was Samoset, from Maine, and glad to see the English. He remained for a long time talking, and at last, as it became quite cold, and he was quite naked, the good Pilgrims threw a coat about him, and gave him some food. They were anxious to get rid of him at night, but Samoset had no idea of going, so they determined to send him on board the ship, to keep him from mischief; but here, too, they were disappointed. The water was low and the wind was high, so the boat could not go out, and they lodged him in one of the houses in town, and kept a strict watch. Samoset was a true man and a noble Indian, and needed no watching. A few days after Massasoit came to the top of a neighboring hill with sixty followers, and no doubt the Pilgrims would have been dreadfully frightened if their friend Samoset had not come before to tell them that it was a friendly visit. A present was sent to the Indian, and to his brother too, and after hostages had been exchanged, Massasoit came over the little brook, and ate with the white men, and agreed to a treaty of peace.

Not long after this the ship Fortune arrived from England and rejoiced the sad hearts of the colony with news from home, and with many friends who came to share their labor in the forest.

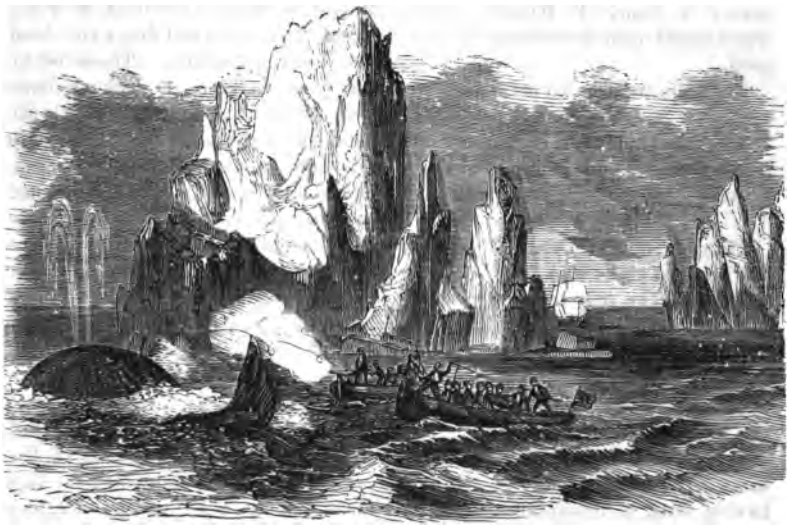
HANNAH H.

I LOVE A LAUGH.

I LOVE a laugh—this world would be
At best a dreary dwelling
If heart could never speak to heart,
Its pleasures telling.

Then frown not at a wild, gay laugh,
Or chide the merry-hearted;
A cheerful heart and smiling face
Can ne'er be parted.

THE mariner who has sailed into nearly every port on the globe, says he does not remember visiting "*Portfolio.*"



THE ARCTIC SEA.

THE ARCTIC SEA.

DOUBTLESS all the Merry family have heard of Dr. Kane's expedition to the Arctic Ocean, in search of Sir John Franklin, and perhaps they have wondered why ship after ship should venture into those frozen regions; they may therefore like to know something of these various expeditions which have been sent there, and the objects they had in view.

The idea of finding a passage through the Polar Sea into the Pacific Ocean is not a new one. As early as 1527 a merchant of Bristol suggested this plan for reaching the East Indies to Henry VIII., but no voyage was undertaken until 1607, when some London merchants sent out an expedition, which utterly failed. Many other parties have since been sent, both by the Dutch and English, in search of a northwestern passage, but with no success. Scientific men, however, were sure that there was an open sea at the South Pole, and to this sea many adventurous navigators were anxious to penetrate. An unusual circumstance favored them in 1816–17; the great barriers of ice on the coast of Greenland broke away and floated down into the Atlantic. By looking on your maps, you can see how far Cook, Parry, Ross, and others reached. Sir John Franklin made several unsuccessful voyages to find the wished-for passage. His last expedition was in 1845—from it he never returned. Many expeditions were sent in search of him, but the only traces found were frozen, lonely graves. It seems strange to us, who often shrink, in our pleasant land, from the cold blasts of winter, that men should be willing to brave all the hardships of an Arctic voyage for the sake of any discovery, however great and useful. But it is only through arduous labor, and often through the greatest perils, that almost every great dis-

covery is made. It requires brave, true-hearted men to accomplish any good.

Dr. Kane went on an errand of love to find, if possible, some trace of Sir John Franklin, and, if any of his party lived, to restore them to their homes.

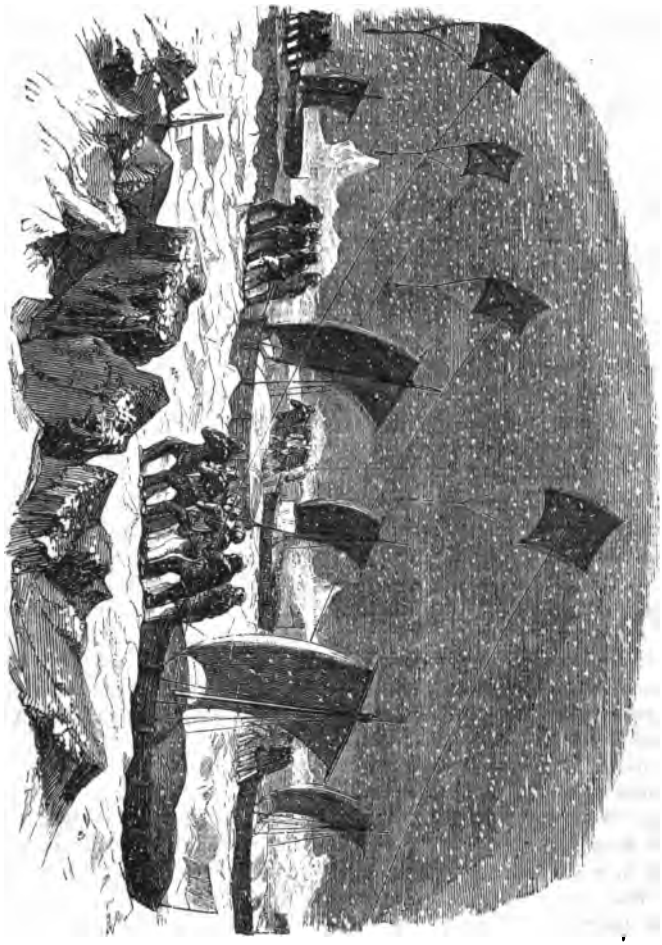
THE DOG SLEDGES.

Perhaps some of Dr. Kane's stories may interest those who have not read his book. The only teams they drive in those regions are Esquimaux dogs. "To drive such an equipage, skill in handling the whip is absolutely necessary. This whip is six yards long, and the handle but sixteen inches. The dogs are guided solely by the lash, and to hit any particular dog in a team of twelve with a resounding crack, is quite a feat. To get the lash back is the next difficulty; it entangles itself among the dogs or the lines, or winds round bits of ice, and drags you head over heels in the snow. The secret of this performance is to make a large circle with the shoulder, and jerk the handle with the hand only. The whip gradually unwinds its slow length, and cracks to tell you it has reached its journey's end, while the unfortunate dog gives a doleful howl. The Esquimaux travel in couples, the driver of the forward team using the whip till he is tired, and then letting his friend's sledge take the lead, while his dogs follow without a whip."

Dr. Kane practiced several days to acquire the necessary skill in driving. Often, in crossing the fields of ice, open fissures are found which the dogs must take at a flying leap, dragging the sledge after them. When the long winter nights came upon the party, their

FIELDS OF ICE.

poor dogs suffered dreadfully; they ate and slept as usual, but they became lunatic; they would bark frenziedly, walk up and down in straight lines, anxiously remain moody for a time, and then start off howling, and run up and down for hours, and so they died, unable to endure the long darkness. *Old Grim* was the patriarch of the ship's kennel, and he was a character. Grim was an ancient dog; his teeth indicated many winters, and his limbs were covered with warts and ringbones. Somehow or other, when the other dogs were harnessed, Grim could never be found. Once, when he was caught hiding in an old barrel, he became suddenly lame, and was lame ever after, except when the team was away, and he was sure not to be needed for service. Cold did not suit Grim, so



ICE-BOATS.

by patient watching at the deck-house door, and vigorous wagging of his tail, he at last became a privileged visitor there, where he monopolized Dr. Kane's seal-skin coat for his bed. One day, as the Doctor thought exercise would benefit Grim, a rope was fastened around him, he was harnessed to the sledge, and began his reluctant journey. At the first stopping-place he broke his line, and started off; he was traced within a short distance of the ship, but he never returned.

THE "FAITH."

One day in March, when there was hope of a little warmth, and when the night had given way to the long day of sunlight, a party was sent off to make a dépôt for provisions; a large Greenland sledge had been provided and loaded with the needful stores, and away they went with hearty cheers, but heavy hearts. After they had been gone some time, Dr. Kane determined to follow them and meet them at their first encampment. He soon saw that their sledge was too heavy and their provisions too scanty. Back he went to the ship, called up his tired men, fitted up a light sled of his own, covered it with canvas, and packed on it pemmican and a tent. By one o'clock in the morning all was ready, and they were off for the camp of the sleepers. It was a cold Arctic night; the snow was just tinged with crimson light from the sun, which was yet below the horizon. Quietly they hauled away the old sledge, unpacked and placed her cargo on the "Faith;" five men were harnessed, and with the word, "Now boys, with Mr. Brooks' third snore, off with you." Off they went to make trial of the "Faith;" she was just what was needed, and three hearty cheers awoke the sleepers to see what their watchful commander had been doing for them while they slept.

THE BEAR IN CAMP.

It was about half an hour after midnight, the exploring party were sleeping in their tent, when one of them suddenly heard something scratching at the snow near his head. His outcry awakened his companions, but did not startle the bear. Unfortunately the guns were all on the sledge; lucifer matches and torches of paper were fired, but did not alarm their visitor, who seated himself in the door-way, and began finishing a seal which had been shot the day before. Cutting a hole in the rear of the tent, Tom Hickey crawled out and seized a boat-hook—a blow from this on the nose caused the bear to retreat a little beyond the sledge; Tom sprang forward, caught a rifle, and fell back among his comrades; in a few seconds a ball was sent through and through the body of the enemy.

These bears are wonderfully strong; they would tear open the stone caches made to conceal stores, and twist the cans and barrels into the smallest bits; they would not eat salt meat, but ground coffee and old canvas were their favorites, while they tied the India-rubber cloth into innumerable knots, being unable to eat it. An ice-covered slope, near a cache, was covered with their hair; they had been amusing themselves by sliding up and down on their haunches.

"You always lose your temper in my company," said an individual of doubtful reputation to a gentleman.

"True, sir, and I shouldn't wonder if I lost everything I have about me."

THE OLD ENGLISH VILLAGE PASTOR.

"E'en children followed with endearing smile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.'

SUCH was the village pastor in England, who wore a long black robe or gown, and white linen bands about his neck, when he was in the church.

A poet has told us of one of these who lived many years ago. Everybody loved him; he listened to everybody's troubles, and always helped them if he could; and considered himself *rich* with "forty pounds a year" (not far from two hundred dollars). All the poor knew his house, and were sure of being treated kindly there.

How pleasant to see the children, as he comes out of the church door, gather around him and get hold of his hand for love to him, for often he would draw them to his knee and his lap for pleasant talk! Years and years he lived in the same place—scarcely ever thought of going away, but only of being and doing good. You will say this is being like your own pastors, for I trust you all have good ones.

In this country, many years ago, they lived longer in the same place than they do now. Great-great-grandmothers could tell you of pastors or ministers who lived through three generations in the same place. One village pastor in New England (and many did the same) married the daughter (performed the marriage ceremony) of one of his people; then baptized *her* child; then married *her* (the child, when grown), and baptized *her* child—three generations of them. That was before everybody went "West."

Fathers, and children, and grandchildren all stayed in one place, as well as the pastor, in those times.

The village schoolmaster was next to the pastor in importance. He used in old times to dress very carefully, carried a cane, and was very dignified in his manners. When, in his walks, he came where some who were his pupils a year or two ago, but now

grown up and enjoying pastimes in the fields, or chatting under the hawthorn or elm-tree, he would make the most stately bow, and inquire after the health of Emily and Julius, and so on. Then the young woman, Emily, would blush and drop her eyes, with the old feeling that she used to have, in the presence of "the master," who in those days used

"Words of learned length, and thundering sound."

It is all right to have a very great respect for teachers, and every rule they make should be implicitly obeyed; for a good teacher will make none but good ones.

Mr. Livingstone, one of these schoolmasters with the "cocked hat," was a very kind-hearted man, but very *strict* in his school. He always *punished* any misbehavior among his pupils in a way of his own.

One day Letty Meed bent her head upon her desk, and ate from some fruit, during school hours; this, of course, was misconduct. Mr. Livingstone was sitting upon a high seat, quite across the room, listening to a recitation. Without looking toward Letty, or even lifting his eyes from his text-book, he said distinctly—O how distinctly—Letty thought every word rang:

"You remind me of the ostrich, when she is frightened; she sticketh her head in the wall, and thinketh she is secure."

That was every word he said; he spoke no name. Then he went on with the class recitation. Letty smarted as if under a whip; and as she lifted her scarlet face, every scholar saw that she was the culprit—her cheeks made the confession; and you may be sure she never needed Mr. Livingstone's reprimand again. LAURA ELMER.

THE PASTOR LISTENING TO THE NEWS.

STOLEN PLEASURE, AND ITS FRUITS.

HERE, boys, who's in for a first-rate skating party to-night? it will be bright moonlight, and we can have a fine time"—cried Charley Green, as the boys were just let loose from school, one clear December afternoon.

"I'll go," said Tom Bidwell.

"And I, too," said Willie Hart.

THE SKATING PARTY.

"There is plenty of fun for you town boys," said James Davis; "here you can go just when and how you please, while we boarders must ask Mr. Parker, and know, in nine cases out of ten, he won't let us do what we wish to."

"Well, try him to-night on our skating party, Jim," said Charles.

"No, indeed, I won't," exclaimed James. "Didn't he tell us, only last night, that we must not speak about going on the ice till next week?"

"Yes; then there'll be no moonlight, you know," said Dan Brown.

"Of course, that's just his plan to cheat us out of all our fun," chimed in James.

"How many are going, Charley?"

"About six of us town boys, and we want you and James, and as many more as you choose, to come, too," was the answer.

"I'll come, and so will Jim," said Dan, in a decided tone.

"Will you ask Mr. Parker, Dan?" said Bob White, one of the younger boys.

"No, indeed, you little green one," said Dan, rudely; "I suppose you want to go, and want me to get leave."

"Oh, Dan, you will ask Mr. Parker, won't you?" exclaimed both Charley and Tom.

"Not I, indeed," cried Dan; "I can take care of myself without any of his help."

"Don't say a word now; let's ask John Hunter, and see what he says," whispered James.

"Will you join a skating party, to-night, John?" asked Charley, as the boy drew near.

"Thank you; I should like to, right well," said John, "but I think Mr. Parker prefers to have us wait till the ice is harder next week; he said so, didn't he, James?"

"Yes, next week, when there's no moon; he does not mean to let us go at all," said James.

"Very well, then; I would rather not go at all, than disobey him, or run any risk on unsafe ice," said John, running off to meet his little brother, who was calling him.

"Perhaps we had better all of us give it up," said Charley.

"I shall not," said Willie, decidedly; "father said the ice was strong, yesterday; besides, the party is all made up."

After some conversation, it was decided to meet on the pond at eight o'clock, and the boys separated.

James and Dan walked slowly off to the farther end of the play-ground, discussing the means of escaping from school that evening.

"The worst of the matter is, that Bob White sleeps in my room, and he wants to go himself so much, that he never will let me off," said Dan.

"Let him go, then," said James.

"Perhaps he won't dare to go without the master's permission," said Dan.

"Well, then, make him promise to be quiet."

"Ill try that first, Jim; I don't want him along," said Dan.

"If you only had a boy like Sammy to deal with, you wouldn't have any trouble," said James; "I shall tell him Parker forbids it, and he never will dream of going."

The lights in Mr. Parker's school were all out at eight o'clock; a few moments after, Dan Brown softly slipped out of bed, and began to prepare for his excursion.

"What are you doing there?" whispered Bob.

"I am going out a little while, to-night," said Dan.

"Going skating, I know," said Bob; I mean to go, too."

"Well, I don't care, only don't make a noise, and don't blame me for it," said Dan.

Bob sprang up, and soon was ready.

The boys' rooms were all on a long gallery that ran at right angles from the house, and it was very easy for the boys to drop themselves down to the ground, without being seen or heard.

It was some time after the appointed hour, and when they arrived at the rendezvous, they found all the party awaiting them. A great fire was blazing on the bank, near by, and a good supply of potatoes to roast, and sundry other eatables, were placed in safety for the time when they should be needed.

The night was clear and beautiful; the ice smooth, and the boys, except those from Mr. Parker's, were in good spirits, and enjoyed their sport thoroughly.

They formed themselves into two parties, to try which could make the greatest distance in skating straight ahead; and then, they had a certain distance marked out to try the swiftest skater. In all these trials, Charley Green came off first.

At length they separated; one or two went to replenish the fire and look after the potatoes, while the others ran races, or cut fanciful figures in the ice.

Suddenly, a scream was heard from the farther end of the pond. Charley and his dog, just at this moment, came up with three boys who were skating leisurely toward the fire. "Did you hear that?" he cried.

"Yes, indeed," exclaimed one and all, starting off at the top of their speed toward the place. Charley's dog Dash was far ahead. The instant the scream

was heard, he sprang off, and when they reached the spot he was already in the water.

"What shall we do?" cried two or three voices.

"Dash will bring him up, and perhaps I can help him," said Charley.

"Take hold of my feet and hold me fast," he said, and threw himself on the ice, so that, as the dog brought the boy to the surface, he was able to seize him, and with the help of Dash, drag him out.

It was Bob White who was thus saved from a watery grave; he was carried quickly to the fire, and wrapped in the boys' overcoats till he became warm.

Charley wished to carry him directly home, but James, Dan, and even Bob objected to that. "It would never do to let Mr. Parker know where they had been," they said.

"Oh, Jim, I am so sorry," exclaimed Charley, when he heard it; "I wish you had not come without his leave."

"We shouldn't have come at all, then," said Dan.

"Better not come at all, I should say," said Charley; "here is Bob wet through, and you are afraid to take him home, where he will be cared for, because that will show that you have been doing wrong."

"It may give Bob a fever, to keep him in his wet clothes so long," said Tom.

"Boys, I don't believe this would have happened if we had all been doing right to-night. It isn't safe for truants to go on a pleasure party," said Charley, boldly.

"That's as much as to say we bring ill luck, and you wish us away; don't ask us for our company next time," said Dan, moodily, preparing to go.

"No, it means next time we'll all ask leave," replied Charles, pleasantly.

The good supper was scarcely tasted, for Bob and the two boys had to hasten home.

Dan did all he could to make Bob comfortable; and when he saw him sound asleep, he hoped that the next morning all would be as well as usual.

In the morning the boys were up and ready when the prayer-bell rang. Bob, even though tired and aching in every limb, was in his place. Just after the bell rang for school, Mr. Parker entered the room, and looking sternly round upon the boys, said—

TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD.

"I have heard a strange story since breakfast; it is said that Parker's boys were out skating last night, and one of them fell in, and came near being drowned. Now I can hardly believe this, for I requested you particularly not to speak of going on the ice till next week. If there are any boys here who have been skating, I wish they would rise."

Not a boy rose.

"I give you one more opportunity to acknowledge your fault, boys," said Mr. Parker, kindly. "If any one has anything to tell in regard to this matter, let him come to my desk."

No one moved.

"Another question: have any boys, not my boarders, been skating?"

Willie, Charley, and Tom rose instantly.

"Charley, can you tell me who formed your party last night?" asked Mr. Parker.

"I would rather not, sir; I do not think it would be fair and honorable," said Charles.

Tom and Dan breathed freely after this answer; they were very sure *they* should not betray themselves.

A moment after, Mr. Parker called Bob White and Samuel Davis to his desk. Bob's heart was in his mouth, and he went tremblingly up, for he was already sick from the last night's exposure.

Samuel answered frankly that he knew nothing of the skating; he was sound asleep at eight o'clock, and when he awoke in the morning, his brother was sleeping beside him; but Bob was confused and frightened; his head ached dreadfully, and though he began by boldly denying everything, he soon burst into a sort of spasmodic crying, and acknowledged all. He was plainly too ill to be punished, but was speedily put to bed, where for many long weeks he lay suffering the effects of his disobedience. James and Dan were expelled from the school, for Mr. Parker's rule was to keep no boy who could not be taught to obey.

GOOD LITTLE EMMA.

All along the garden alleys,
Emma moves like lovely fay;
She plucks a pansy—then a daisy,
Then a coryopsis gay.

Now a rose, and now a lily,
Lays against rich tulip's cheek,
Pink and jonquil, with verbena—
Nothing lovelier could you seek.

What does Emma with the nosegay,
By a pretty ribbon tied?
Ah, she bears it for her mother,
On the table, by her side.

LAURA ELMER.

"WOULD you like to subscribe for Dickens' *Household Words?*" inquired a somber-looking magazine agent.

"*Household Words* have played the Dickens with me long enough," was the feeling reply of the hen-pecked husband.

SPINNING AND SPINNING-WHEELS.

WELL, girls, you have chosen a nice place, under these beautiful vines; now let your dolls and little carriage be in quiet, and I will tell you, as I promised, about spinning and wheels.

In the days of spinning-wheels, now gone by, there were two kinds, the great wheel and the little wheel. The "*big* wheel," as it was usually called, was for wool; when spun, it was a thread to be woven into flannel cloth, and blankets, or to knit into stockings and mittens; and as it is so near Christmas time, when the boys want stockings, of course, to *hang up*, mittens, too, to make paths in the snow, harness the pony for a sleigh-ride, besides some sly tricks at snow-balling

and rubbing each other's ears, and their sisters' cheeks, I will tell you first of the big wheel.

The person spinning, who was often "the grandma"—good grandma, who spun the yarn, and then knit the mittens, and then was ready to mend that hole that made the thumb so cold, always as good as Santa Claus, grandma would do it over-night—well, she stood by the side of the wheel, which was about as high as the mantle-piece. The wool was made or *carded* into rolls, at some factory, which rolls were nearly as large round as a candle, and about two feet long. How soft and pretty they were! A pile of these was laid across the beam, which held the legs of the wheel.

She fastened one of these rolls to the iron spindle, and then turned the wheel with her right hand, and walked backward, at the same time drawing out the wool roll, which twisted to a thread on the buzzing spindle—buzz, buzz, buzz, incessantly. It was fine or coarse, according as she pulled it out quickly or slowly, and as the wool was fine or coarse. A pleasant sound it was, too, in the country, where all was still. After the morning's housework was done, the big wheel was placed near the great open fire-place, where they burned sticks or logs of wood, larger round than your body, Allie, and six or eight feet long (can't quite believe it, can you? but it is true); and then the clock, which was seven or eight feet high, and stood in the corner of the room against the wall, would tick, tick, tick; and the cat would purr upon her cushion, and the wheel would hum in a kind of dignified and stately way; all making very pleasant music together—the music of a contented and thrifty home.

Now the "little wheel" was a livelier affair. You see what a brisk look it has in the picture; the spinner sits in a chair, at the little wheel, to spin; but that arm-chair is not for the spinner—no, no, unless after the spinning is done. More likely the grandma has been sitting there to rest, or, perhaps, to read, while Milly, with her foot

THE LITTLE WHEEL.

upon the cross-piece on the bottom, beat a tat-tat-too, which makes the wheel go swiftly round. Both hands are used to pull out the flax, which is the bunch upon the stick high over the wheel—that is the distaff, and the thread which is spun is *linen* thread. Milly dips her fingers, every few minutes, in a little cup of water, hanging under the distaff, to keep the thread wet, and as she draws off the flax, it twists and winds around the spindle. The sound of this is hum, hum, hum. That canary bird, in the cage by the pleasant window, is sure to sing at the same time. It must have been some-

thing of a hum-drum business to keep it going all day; but so they lived, then, and I dare say were quite as happy as people are now-a-days. They did not *dress* as much as now; they could not get much to dress with, for calicoes, and ginghams, and delaines, and silks, were not plenty and cheap as now.

Some of the greatest ladies in very olden time spun and wove too. Even princesses spun and wove with their maidens, but that was something *gorgeous;* look in the dictionary, Grace, for sunsets are *gorgeous* too.

I will tell you of one little wheel that I truly saw; it was brought from Scotland by a lady whose grandmother had used it many a day. Now listen: it was made of mahogany, and had little hoops or bands of silver, in many places, like the silver bands on an expensive flute, and truly it was finished like any fine piece of furniture. The lady kept it on a side-table, in her sitting-room, as an ornament, as a curiosity and a relic. Burns, the great poet of Scotland, among his beautiful songs, often mentioned the spinning-wheel. In one he tells young girls to "leave their novels, for they are safer at the spinning-wheel;" and if they were as beautiful wheels as Mrs. Ellbans', I should think they might like to be near them.

You have read in the last chapter of Proverbs what the virtuous (good) woman would do:

"She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands.

"She layeth her hands to the spindle, and her hands hold the distaff.

"She maketh herself coverings of tapestry." The tapestry was *gorgeous* and beautiful cloth.

"She maketh fine linen, and selleth it."

So the women did in these days of which I have told you—the days of spinning-wheels; for they had also *looms* for weaving, which I will tell you about at another time. The *linen* and the *flannel* they sold to the merchants, and took in exchange coffee, and tea, and sugar, etc.

Now all our spinning and weaving is done at Lowell, and other places, where large factories are built, with thousands of spindles and hundreds of looms, all driven by water-power or steam. In these factories they can make thousands of yards of cloth in a day; and they make it so rapidly by machinery, that they can sell it much cheaper than when it was all made by hand. This is the reason why our mothers and daughters do not spin and weave now. It is not because they are not industrious and economical, but because this kind of work won't pay. They can buy it cheaper than they can make it. LAURA ELMER.

COMMON THINGS WITH HARD NAMES.

THESE are often met with in reading. Here are a few of them, defined for the benefit of our readers:

A firkin of butter.....	56	lbs.
A sack of coals.....	224	"
A truss of straw.....	36	"
A stave of hemp.....	32	"
A sack of flour.....	280	"
A quintal.....	100	"
A piggot of steel.....	120	"
A truss of hay.....	56	"
A bash.....	80	bushels.
A kilderkin.....	18	gallons.
A barrel.....	36	"
A hogshead.....	54	"
A puncheon.....	84	"

THE RAG-PICKER.

UNCLE HIRAM'S PILGRIMAGE.

THE pilgrim who walks with his eyes open, is continually meeting with sights that are strange and unexpected. Many are very disagreeable, and disagreeable in that way that we feel, as we pass them, that it must be as painful for those who exhibit them to be seen in such a throng, as it is to us to see them. It is difficult to understand how poverty in rags should feel any satisfaction in showing itself by the side of heartless and ostentatious wealth. And yet in Broadway, as in many other of the great panoramas of life, they jostle each other at every turn. It may be, and probably is, a feeling of selfish pride on our part, that we think it would be more becoming and natural for the very poor and ill clad to choose some more quiet walk, when they would be less exposed to observation and to painful contrast. But there is no accounting for tastes. They evidently think they have as good a right to exhibit their ugliness in broad daylight as the more favored have to show off their splendor and magnificence. And so you meet them in all the ingenious deformities of real or feigned distress, all the darker and more urgent in its appeals, as well as the more disgusting, for the violent contrasts it presents.

Look here, now. You have read of Esquimaux dog-teams traveling with velocity over the snow of the Arctic regions. But here is a dog-team in Broadway, and it would seem, too, an Esquimaux squaw to claim and guide it as her own. Who would suppose such a team would ever be seen in Broadway, or find anything to do there! But here you meet them daily, crowding their way through the interminable sea of carriages, omnibuses, carts, wagons, drays, and vehicles of every name, and often, it would seem, at the imminent hazard

of being crushed between them. The Esquimaux dog-teams are only driven on the snow, and generally consist of ten or twelve dogs harnessed together in pairs. The New York dog-teams are not quite so extensive or fanciful; they are a sort of mongrel between these and the Mexican or South American, where we often see a pair of mules at the pole, with an ox or a bull for a leader, and sometimes, even, a a mule and an ox side by side. The New York team is generally a small hand-cart, with two dogs harnessed to the axletree or the shafts, a man, a woman, or a boy leading off. Sometimes there are three or four dogs, some attached to the axletree and some to the shafts. The harness is of the most motley character, made up of leather straps, strings of every color, bits of cloth, and sometimes of small chains. The dogs are trained, and always look as if they had seen hard service in the training, and lost all the natural life and frolic of a dog. They plod along moodily, their heads down, and their tongues hanging out, paying no attention to anything by the way, and seeming to be burdened with the care of some great business. They often look as if they felt that they were in the wrong place, and greatly abused. I remember seeing one team dragging heavily along with an overloaded cart, and a master, much more of a brute than his dogs, who looked as if on the verge of going mad —not with ordinary canine madness, but with loss of that reason and instinct which make the dog the friend and faithful servant of man. You can see something of the same expression in this team. How unlike the same animals racing about the fields, or even tamely following a master in the street! How unlike the free and spirited action of the Esquimaux team! The dog was not made to draw heavy burdens; his feet are not formed for such service, nor his limbs adapted to the required strain. Even the Esquimaux dog is often used up by this unnatural labor, becomes insane, rushes hither and thither, howling in his restless agony, and dies in convulsions.

The New York dogs suffer apparently in the same way, although I have never heard of any of them dying as the Arctic dogs do. They draw at a great disadvantage, being so much below the cart that their efforts to pull have the effect to increase the weight they are drawing. Whenever the cart stops, they lie down in their tracks and sleep, or watch tremblingly the motions of their master, as if expecting a lash or a kick to accompany the call for a new start. These dogs are well fed, however, and always seem to be plump and in good order. It is difficult to see how they can be made profitable; it must cost as much to board them as to feed a child. But, as I have said, there is no accounting for tastes, and one half the world has no idea how the other half lives.

Harry. What business are these dog-drivers engaged in?

They follow quite a variety of businesses. Some of them are rag-pickers, scouring the streets, and gathering up paper and rags, which they sell to the paper-makers. Some pick up or buy old iron, which they sell to the founders; others gather bits of rope, twine, and a great variety of other matters, for the junk-shops; and they are all in the way of finding whatever valuable things are lost in the streets. Some of them have amassed money by their occupation, and own large houses in the city.

ZOOPHYTES.—GROUP OF ACTINIÆ.

THE AQUARIUM.

MANY of our young readers have inquired for further information about the *aquarium*—the best way of constructing it, and the proper mode of taking care of it. We have not time or space to answer half of their questions. But we can do better. We can refer them to a very beautiful and interesting work on the subject, where they can get all the information they want. It is called "The Family Aquarium," by Henry D. Butler, and is published by Dick & Fitzgerald. It contains all needful suggestions in reference to constructing the case, stocking it, fitting it up, and all other matters necessary to be known. Mr. Butler is thoroughly acquainted with the subject, having experimented upon it for some years. He has the warm enthusiasm of an artist in the matter, and tells the whole story in a clear, plain, concise manner, and in a style quite worthy of the fascination of the subject.

To us, the aquarium is one of the wonders of the day. The silver stream, the clear, crystal brook, babbling down its pebbly bed, seems to have been caught up in its freshness, and transferred to the parlor, where it is indeed "a thing of beauty," if not "a joy forever."

The main difficulty in cultivating fishes at home, is the necessity of frequently changing the water. To this

may be added also a want of acquaintance with the wants and habits of the animal. The aquarium is a contrivance to supply all this, by avoiding the necessity of changing the water. This is effected by stocking it with sea plants, of various kinds, whose life and growth absorb the impurities of the water, as their natural sustenance, and thus keep it always fresh and healthy. A careful study of the wants and habits of the animal enables us to fit up an aquarium, for his residence, which shall combine all the characteristics of his native home.

The Zoophyte is one of the ocean wonders, here brought directly under our eye. To all appearance, it is a marine flower, a vegetable. But it is in reality a living thing, showing the properties and developments of animal life.

The *actinia* (sea anemone), as seen in the engraving, adhere to the rocks, and are among the most beautiful and gorgeous of the marine plants. There is a class of them that are often found high up, exposed to the air, but the rarer and more beautiful seek more concealed and out-of-the-way places.

The *actinia dianthus* (plumose, or feather-like anemone), is a richly variegated species, with an assortment of colors to suit itself. Some of them are scarlet, some snow-white, some a dull brown, some orange, and some even a light green. There is a species of actinia, called the *clothed sea anemone*, that constructs a shell for itself, into which it retires when disturbed; or when forsaken by the tide, thus metamorphosing itself into an article too common to attract attention, as if it feared being molested, when its beauty was exposed to human view.

The largest collection of the sea wonders, on this side of the Atlantic, and, to our view, the most beautiful thing on exhibition anywhere, is to be seen at the American Museum, on Broadway, the corner of Ann Street. Wonderful as it is, additions are being made to it, from time to time, of every new variety that can be secured, under circumstances to insure its safe keeping and growth. We wish all our young friends could see it for themselves.

Mr. Butler, who has the superintendence of the aquaria at the Museum, has recently made a pleasant exploring expedition along the coasts and bays of New England, where he discovered many curious and interesting specimens. He says, in his report, "It is by *dredging* in deep water that we find wonderful and curious animals, such as the shore-bound collector never finds." In Boston harbor he obtained some fine specimens of a beautiful little creature, called *Eolis Bostoniensis*. Its body is about an inch and a half in length. The branchiæ, or arms, are quite numerous, of a purplish-brown color, tipped with a very clear white.

"The rocky coast in the vicinity of Cape Ann," he tells us, "is a fine field for the collector. The rocks are broken into ledges, and other irregularities of surface, with deep crevices. These are completely covered at high water, and when the tide recedes a large surface is accessible, affording a fine harvest of plants and animals." Here he found a large colony of *actinia*, in the finest possible condition, and of almost every hue, from a rich deep maroon to the palest flesh color.

The *sea chestnut* abounds in the harbor of Portland, and the *sea cucumber* in the vicinity of Grand Menan. One specimen he describes as "five inches in length, with its ten-

ZOOPHYTES.—ACTINIA DIANTHUS.

tacles spread nearly six inches, presenting a beautiful and gorgeous area of bright red waving plumes."

To an enthusiast in this department, like Mr. Butler, such an expedition must be full of interest and excitement, abundantly sufficient to compensate for all the toil and exposure. When he goes again, we should like to make one of his crew, and we know a score or two of young Merrys who would not refuse to go with us.

ESCAPE FROM DANGER.

A HAPPY party of parents and children, uncles, aunts, cousins, and neighbors, one pleasant day went out to enjoy a pic-nic party, in a shady spot, near the ruins of an old castle, in England. The day was fine, and, after having fixed upon a suitable spot, the cloth was laid, and the baskets were emptied, and as the party had taken a long ride, they would have relished a much less tempting repast than the one now set before them.

After they had finished their meal, they all dispersed themselves to find the amusement which best suited their taste. Some remained to examine the ruin, and make sketches of its different parts; others went to explore the

woods at a distance, and gather flowers or plants to add to their collection at home. The children were amusing themselves with a variety of games, but the most charming was hide-and-seek, among the ruins and trees—the niches and large stones were famous places for concealment; and when all had been tried but one over what had been once a doorway, John, whose turn it was to hide with Mary, very thoughtlessly fixed on this niche for her to hide in. It was not very difficult to reach it for an active little fellow like John, but the broken stones up the arched doorway, every here and there, projected like stairs; and when the distance between these stones was too great for Mary, he knelt on one knee, that she might make use of his other knee for a step. In this way they clambered up nearly ten feet; John exulting in the feat, and Mary's fears silenced by his courage. "There, now you are quite safe—you may call whoop as loud as you like," said he; "they will never find us."

Just as he said this, he placed his foot on the highest stone, on which Mary was standing, and which, with his additional weight, began to totter. Mary started. "Oh, John, I am going to fall; it moves." "Nonsense, Mary, it is quite safe," said he, looking rather frightened; "only stand still—have you called whoop?" Just then a small stone, which had been supported by that on which Mary stood, was loosened, and fell down with some noise to the ground; the large stone shook again, and John saw that if he moved, both Mary and the stone must fall together. His blood ran cold; he felt quite giddy; but recalling all his vigor, he shouted whoop! whoop! as loud as he could, and the next moment all the little footsteps were running about in different parts of the ruin. "Emma—Jane—come here under the arch—here we are—Mary will fall—call papa or some one—I can not hold her much longer," cried John. "Where are you? I can not see you," said some of the children. "Go and call papa or some one to help us," cried John, louder; "do not be afraid, dear Mary," said he in a low voice, turning to her, "I will not let go till you are safe."

The children were so dull as not to understand what it was all about, and they called Emma, and told her to come and help her cousins out of their hiding-place. She came, calling them by name, not at all alarmed, and saying in joke, "How clumsy they must be not to be able to get out of their hiding-place without my help!" When she came near and heard John's cry of distress, she was alarmed, and ran to her aunt, who was sitting with some friends at a distance. "Oh, aunt, come and help Mary and John—they have got into a part of the ruin, and can not get out; John is crying out for help." His mother was soon on the spot, followed by all her friends, but she could render her children no assistance, and she waited in intense anxiety the arrival of some of the gentlemen. Mr. Basil came first, and, with the help of some gentlemen, who followed him, wheeled the cart which had carried the provisions under the arch, and, standing on it, could just reach the children. "When I say '*now*,' John," said he, "take away your leg, and let fall the stone backward, or it will hurt you very much; be ready." He grasped Mary without lifting her up—gave the word—down tumbled the heavy stone with a prodigious noise—little Mary rested safely in his arms, and John scrambled down into the cart, covered with dust and cobwebs.

RETROSPECTUM;

OR, THE CHAT IN BY-GONE DAYS.

BY WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

ABOUT this time R. W. R. detailed his "approximative" method of catching Problem, the idea being something like this: supposing the animal to be in a certain position, unknown, you are to go directly north in pursuit of him, until you discover your mistake; then in a similar manner to the northeast; then east, and so on, until you have been in every direction *except* the right one. Of course it is then very easy to pounce directly upon him. X. next month poked considerable fun at R. W. R., and Willie H. Coleman at last displayed the "crafty toils" which were to subdue "Probby" forever.

Poor Willie! There was a flaw in his apparatus—it gave way, and he was tossed sky-high, along with X., G. H. B., and several others. Scarcely had he reached the ground when the whole kittenboodle* of Merrys were on him—X., E. P. Shaw, Black-Eyed Mary, J. T. D., R. W. R., G. H. B.—six to one, and a most terrible thumping and poking did he receive. And now the battle became general. Here might be seen R. W. R. punching X. in the head, and the latter giving him as good as he sent; then, were Black-Eyes and E. P. Shaw in close pursuit of Problem, who was rushing up and down the field, upsetting and sky-tossing every one who came in his way; farther on were Ellen and G. B., having a little private fight by themselves; while in the center lay Willie C., sprawling on the ground, a woeful spectacle of "caved-in" humanity. All was wild confusion. None knew friend from foe, and each one fought on his own hook, and dealt his blows indiscriminately. On a neighboring eminence stood Uncle Hiram, viewing the conflict with a horror-stricken air, and apparently meditating a decisive blow with his hatchet. Night closed the scene.

As morning dawned, W. H. Coleman was perceived advancing with a flag of truce. In mournful accents he acknowledged his defeat, implored a cessation of hostilities, had a plaster applied to his bleeding wounds by Uncle Hiram, and retired.

The battle recommenced. Bold R. W. R. defied the whole camp, whacking all who came within reach, and fighting gallantly to maintain his first position. Willie brought forward three new snares for the capture of Problem, made by a friend. This was the signal for a fresh onset, and the "friend" was speedily laid out flat. Black-Eyes and R. W. R. cannonaded each other with a hearty good will, and the fight waxed hotter and hotter. Suddenly there was a pause, a lull in the tumult. A new combatant was seen charging across the field, on whose escutcheon appeared the single word "Lowville." At the same instant R. W. R. bore down from the opposite quarter. Both warriors sped straight for Problem, who was capering about in high glee at his supposed victory. Perceiving the new foe, he ceased his antics, stood for a moment irresolute, then turned to fly: too late. There was a heavy thump, a scream, a despairing kick, a convulsive wiggle, and the Algebraic Problem lay vanquished on the ground!

* *Vide* Virgil.

Such, in brief, is the history of this memorable conflict. Those who desire further particulars, are referred to the MUSEUM for 1855–6.

But though the battle was over, its effects remained. The character of the Chat was entirely changed. Every one essayed to wield the keen blades of wit and repartee, and fearful was the discharge of puns, jokes, and jests from Nippinifidget, Black-Eyes, R. W. R., Laura, Willie, Alice B. Corner, † † †, and a score of others. The "elders" at last became thoroughly frightened at the uproarious state of things in the Merry family, and Aunt Sue, in the character of a general peacemaker, endeavored to settle the disputes of the noisier members, in which she was warmly seconded by Mr. Hatchet. He called a general council of war, and though much opposition was shown, it was concluded to have peace, and the following advertisement was issued:

"Articles of peace having been signed, we have gathered up the fragments, and take leave to notify the spice-merchants that we have on hand a large supply of the most approved spices, suitable for seasoning literary correspondence, enlivening evening parties, garnishing valentines, etc. He would also inform the sporting gentry, political squabblers, campaign-stump speech makers, members of Congress, high-minded duelists, *et id omne genus*, that we have a large surplus of small-arms and ammunition—arrows, spears, darts, javelins, daggers, stilletoes, bowie-knives, gutta-percha canes, revolvers, Sharp's rifles, squibs, rockets, torpedoes, fusees, saltpeter, sulphur, ready-made thunder and lightning, fizzles, mixzles, squizzles, inuendoes, sparks, glances, and similar articles, too numerous to mention, all of which will be disposed of, wholesale and retail, on the most favorable terms."

But it did not last long; 1857 is about as bad as the preceding years, and as yet no signs of improvement appear. Mr. Merry has lately made another attempt to cool us down, with what success, remains to be seen. I much fear that the Merrys are incorrigible.

The chief event of this year was the marriage of "MERRY'S MUSEUM" and "YOUTH'S CABINET."

I have given no extracts from the Chat of these later times, for they would be but "specimen bricks." I can not, dare not, attempt a detailed description thereof. Words are inadequate, and those who would know its flavor, must taste for themselves.

And now, before closing this imperfect sketch, I wish to say one thing: Many people affect to sneer at the Chat, calling it silly, foolish stuff, and wishing Mr. Merry would fill its place with better matter. I protest against this. It has been a rich source of pleasure to us for many years; it has brought together a circle of young people, who, though strangers personally, feel in spirit like old friends; it has encouraged a taste for writing which might otherwise have never been awakened; and it has taught us better to use the pen than years of set composing would have done. Grant that many of the letters are of a trifling character; grant that some things have been said that might better have been omitted; grant that we sometimes strive to be thought smart and witty—still I insist that it has done far more good than evil; and in the name of the whole Merry family, I do protest against these accusations concerning our beloved Chat.

And now, comrades, off with your hats, and let the welkin ring with a rousing nine times nine for **Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.** May it live a thousand years!

W. H. C.

Amen. H. H.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

HERE we are, at the very end of another year—the last Chat of 1858. Have these monthly meetings, on the whole, been agreeable and profitable? Have you all enjoyed them? Have you all been benefited by them—for the true end of all enjoyment should be improvement. Is it best to continue these Chats, as we have done, and to make them a permanent Institution? Willie Coleman, I see, has a word to say on the subject. I will give him a chance to say it, by-and-by. Several others are anxious to speak, who seem to have complaints to make about their letters. One says, "I have written several times, and my letters have not been published." That may be so—but, was your letter worthy to be published? Perhaps your first letter never reached the MUSEUM. Then you wrote a second, and then a third, simply scolding about the first. That would not read well in the Chat—and you would be sorry to see it there. So it was put into the basket. Another says, "I sent you some conundrums and riddles, but have never seen them in print." That may be all true, my dear. But did you look back, to see if they had not been printed in some former number? We have a great many things sent us which are not new. We do not expect young folks to know, or remember, everything that has ever appeared in the MUSEUM. But we are obliged to watch carefully, to avoid repetitions; but, with all our care, we do not always succeed. Some old things *will* creep in, and then up jumps some bright-eyed little Merry, claps his finger on it, and says—"There, sir, that has no right here." And so it is, with all your little grievances. If you will examine, you will find they are all explained in some such way as this. We do not intend to neglect any one, or to show any partiality. We wish every one to speak in his turn. But, they must *have something to say*, and then—*say it properly*.

One word more, which I want you all *to remember*. All the letters written to us do not reach us. We lose a great many, and some very important ones, every year. Now, if a letter which you send us does not appear in its place in the Chat, would it not be quite as kind and just to suppose it had not reached us, as that we had willfully slighted you? Try it, and see. It will make you more comfortable, and we more happy. Now, Willie, you can speak.

NEW YORK, *Nov.* 1, 1858.

MR. MERRY:—Somebody wishes to be introduced to me; Somebody-else desires "to hear the music of my voice again." To gratify the Somebodies, and please myself, I will drop in upon you a moment, just to say, "How-de-do?" and make an—

I am in great perplexity regarding the best "line of conduct" for me to pursue, after your peremptory command to the Museumites to quit the "tit-for-tat" style of writing. Are we to discuss moral and philosophical questions, propound intricate problems in the natural sciences, or exhaust our minds in didactical essays? Please publish the programme of allowable subjects, or I must e'en twiddle my thumbs in the fear of again rousing your ire.

In advance of the mail, I would say to Annie Drummond, whose handwrite I saw in Uncle Merry's sanctum, that Belle Fleetwood is a *puella incognita* to me. I am glad to see that General B. E. M.

has taken the field once more with her accustomed vigor. A word in your ear, General: Nothing more than *sham* fighting being allowed, you must be careful how you load.

That programme, if you please, Mr. Merry. WILLIE H. COLEMAN.

How shall we do? eh! that is the question, is it? Well, I'll tell you. Do just as you would if you actually sat, face to face, in our parlor, with all the cousins sitting round, for a cozy evening chat. How very polite you would all be! How courteous! How gracious! Each vying with the other to do and say the proper—the gentlemanly—the lady-like thing. Let this be the unvarying rule for the year to come. Let us show up a *model sociable*, to which all the young people of the land will think it a privilege to be introduced. Is there anything difficult in that?

LE ROY, *Oct.* 6, 1858.

DEAR AUNT SUE:—*Do* you keep a basket where all communications that are not quite "up to the mark" are swallowed up? If so, I shall not expect to see my letter again. No matter—here goes, "hit or miss."

Who will revive the game spoken of by W. H. C. in his history of the Chat? Who can get the most words out of *revelations*? Your nephew,

ADELBERT OLDER.

Yes, that is just the basket that we keep, and you would be surprised to see how many things have to go there. The reasons why they go there are fully given above. We hope no one will be discouraged, but "try, try again."

N. W. CORNER OF THE PARLOR.

UNCLE HI.:—Do you remember a picture of an old man with a very wicked-looking scythe in his hand, which graced the first page of "Primer" just following the letter T? Now I have proof positive that you slightly resemble that honorable gentleman in his bloodthirsty disposition, for I'm just now feeling terribly "cut-up," and my "remains" give evidence of the agency of that never-tiring hatchet of yours. I ache to ask Willie H. C. how he feels after such an outburst of grandiloquent pop-gun-work, and also to inform Knip, Jr., that, judging from the place she hails from, I imagine she has found her way into the wrong crowd, as we're all wide awake; but I see that Tommy—no, Hiram-hawk—is preparing for a strike, and I must be off.

Yours in short meter, CLIO.

True, Clio, to a T. That figure in the Primer is a first-rate likeness of Uncle Hiram, except that it is a little *primmer* than he, and not quite so sharp. When we get out our photograph of the Hatchet, you will be able to compare the two. Your other questions, Willie and Knip may answer for themselves.

AUBURN, *Oct.*, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE:—I have been looking earnestly for a Prize Puzzle, an Algebraical Problem, or something on which to exercise our wits for the coming year. It is a long time since we had any fun of this kind. Do let us have some now. I am sure it would gratify all the family. My love to Aunt Sue, and all the rest.

Your affectionate nephew, HAL.

Exactly so, Hal. We have had a great many calls of this kind during the year, but have put them all off to this time. I will now answer them all in one. In the January number we shall announce *three Puzzles*, one for the Algebra and Philosophy class of Merrys, and two for the younger class, one of which will be a mechanical Puzzle. We wish to suit all, and give all a chance to show their wit, and to win a prize. So sharpen up, and be ready. And get your young friends to enter the lists too; for no one can take a prize who is not a subscriber in good standing; that is to say, *all paid up*.

NATCHEZ, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE HIRAM:—You who are *always* preaching "short, shorter," ought certainly to practice it, if you wish it to be practiced by *us*. For do you not know that "children" are great imitators, and most generally follow the *example* set by their elders, whether they *preach* differently or not? Cousins all,

I call you to witness Uncle Hiram's transgression of that rule he "blows" some of us up so about. Bess will be glad to hear of it, *I* know. But to the charge. Some time since I wrote to the MUSEUM, and signed myself simply "Maia." But the name was *too short* for Uncle Hi, who thought he would better it by adding an *r*, which he placed between the *i* and *a*, and thus gave me the name of Mrs. B. E.'s pet, whom she introduced *herself* to our circle. Now, if Maria will forgive this, *I* certainly shall, with only this condition, that he will let me be "*long*" *this once* (which I am already, being *five feet four inches*, and not yet *fifteen*).

Believe me, cousin Will (H. C.), I think you *will* have to come to "(S) Natchez," before obtaining that *kiss* (which I was foolish enough to *bet* with you). I should *perhaps* have sent you a "*sample*" by *telegraph*, but the *wires* are down between you and me.

Hasn't Nip written yet? I hope we shall soon hear from her by TELEGRAPH.

MAIA.

Uncle Hiram was not in fault in the matter of your name, but your own precious self. You write so very elegantly, with such a flowing grace of movement, that the poor *devils* who set the types, and are accustomed to all sorts of wild, scraggly chirography, which none but they can decipher, do not know what to make of it. To write elegantly for the printer is as absurd as to put on a brocade silk, or a honiton lace, to do housework in. *Very plain* is the rule for both cases.

WASHINGTON, *Sept.* 7, 1858.

DEAR HIRAM HATCHET:—Permit me to introduce myself to your *little* friends, "my cousins," and to your own *illustrious* self, as "Gilbert Go-ahead," for such is my "*nom de guerre*." If you come to Washington during the session of Congress, come to me, and I will show you the wisest men of the nation, always excepting my 30,000 cousins, and our *renowned* selves. Do you think that you shall ever come here? If so, please let me know in time.

GILBERT GO-AHEAD.

No, Gilbert; I am afraid to go to Washington, lest they should want to put me into their Cabinet. I like our CABINET better. But, if I should venture to go, I will let you know.

LA SALLE CO., ILL., *Oct.* 8, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—I notice in the May number of the MUSEUM you remark that you like no particular style of letter. Then perhaps a poor style will be acceptable. Uncle Hiram says the grindstone he grinds his hatchet on turns itself. Now, Uncle Merry, does not the hatchet go by steam, and don't Uncle Hiram use poor innocent letters like this for fuel? There must be some great propelling power, or else what mean the fragments of letters I see that resemble ships wrecked at sea?

A VOICE FROM THE PRAIRIE.

If you want to know how the hatchet works, come and see. We exhibit it to all who honor us with a call.

WHITEWATER, *Oct.* 7, 1858.

DEAR UNCLE MERRY:—Although I have been a member of the Merry family for two years, I have never written, for fear my missive would get cut by Uncle Hiram's cruel hatchet. Even if I avoid that, perhaps I should be as ruthlessly caught up by "Black-Eyes," or some other mischievous elf. But trusting that Uncle Robert or Aunt Sue may meet me at the door, I have concluded to try it.

NELLA.

There you are, Nella, safely inside the sanctum, and past all danger of being "caught up" or put down by any one.

MILL POINT, *Nov.* 4, 1858.

DEAR UNCLES, AUNTS, AND COUSINS:—Have you room for one more in your Merry circle? if you have, please introduce me. Having noticed in the Chat that you had no letters from this place, I thought I would write you one, and, in hopes it will escape the hatchet, I remain your CHARMING NELLY.

So very short and so very charming, you are easily introduced. We hope you will feel quite at home.

And now for our parting word, as the year closes. No sooner does one year end, than another begins, and we have all our work to do over again, or, rather, to carry on to perfection. We are already

at work upon the new volume for 1859. We wish to make it better than any that preceded it, and we can do it, if you will help us. Do you ask how? We will tell you.

First. Pay your subscription at once. Do not wait for the year to begin. Send it as soon as you get this, so that we may not have to remind you of it by-and-by; for that is unpleasant to us both, and makes a deal of extra trouble. Besides, we want it more now than at any time. It enables us to determine just how much we can do for you. One Dollar is a small matter to each one of you; but *the whole sum, which all these* ONES *make up, is of very great importance to us;* and we are sometimes put to great inconvenience for want of it. If you will all think of this, and remind your parents of it, we are sure we shall not have occasion to call again. We would like, for once, to have the whole list paid up before the 1st of January; and, by way of encouragement not to forget it, we will send a fine likeness of Peter Parley, from a steel engraving, to every one whose dollar is sent before that day. See Prospectus on the cover.

Second. Do what you can to increase the list. Show the MUSEUM to your schoolmates and companions, and tell them what you think of it, and see how many of them you can introduce to our family circle. We are getting out a book of illustrated poetry.

THE HARVEST AND THE REAPERS.

Gould & Lincoln, of Boston, publish one of the most interesting and valuable books of the year, by Rev. Harvey Newcomb, of Brooklyn, called "The Harvest and the Reapers; Home Work for All, and How to do it." The book is designed to awaken an interest for the unevangelized masses of our land, and especially to suggest a systematic organized plan for directing that interest, so that the heathen of our own land shall all be visited by kind messengers of love "bearing precious seed."

It gives a concise account of the destitution of our cities and country, and presents a plan for carrying the Gospel to every creature in the land. A full account of the working of the system in New York and Brooklyn is given, showing the plan to be a *feasible* one and that *will work.*

Mr. Newcomb is just the one to write a book so much needed, having given much thought to the subject, and had much experience in the working of the system. The book contains many hints and suggestions for all, and we hope it will find its way into every household in the land.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MUSIC.

The best selection of hymns and tunes we have ever seen for children is the "Anniversary and Sunday School Music Book," by Horace Waters, of this city. Price 8 cents. It is enlarged to 72 pages, put up in neat style, and contains many old familiar airs, which the children love to sing, as well as some beautiful new ones, among which are the following: "The Angels Told me so," "Kind Words can never Die," "Will you? Will you?" "Come, Take my Hand; Give yours to me," "Sunday School Army," "I want to be an Angel," etc., etc.

"The Angels Told me so," and "Kind Words can never Die," are arranged for the piano. Price 25 cents each.

PLAY AND STUDY.

An excellent book, full of useful and interesting lessons, both for the teacher and the learner. By Mrs. M. Leslie. Boston: Shepard, Clark & Brown.

There is a simplicity and vivacity in the story which will make it a favorite with the younger readers, and a tone of moral sentiment which will do them good, and win the confidence and approbation of their teachers. Inasmuch as there can be no profitable study without some play, and no wholesome play without much study, we predict that this little book will be a universal favorite, both with parents and children

Answers to Questions in Oct. No.

134. He throve on a "Diet of Worms."

135. Let her be (Letter B).

136. They are *near o* (Nero).

137. Car-e.

138. The crown.

139. It is full of hoppers.

140. The shell—or outside.

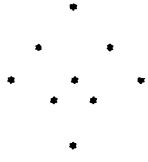
141. Honesty is the best policy.

142. $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{2}{4}$.

143. The Broad Way leads through it to Spuyten Devil.

144. Buffalo.

145. 11 hills, 13 rows, 3 hills in a row.



QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY:

Geo. B. H. - Adrian—Hal.—R. S. J.—Charlie Pennington—A. Older—Susie—C. W.—Lex—N. J. S.—Raoul—Orphie—Nod—James S. M.—Willie D.—Nemo—Huron—Edgar—S. L. N—John R.—Leonardo—Hen.—Topsy—C. F. W.—Keystone Johnny.

ANSWERS EXTRAORDINARY.

A. Older says that the answer to Emma's Riddle, in "Retrospectum," page 120, is—transpose *shoe* to make *hose*. Charlie Pennington sends the same answer.

Questions, Enigmas, Charades, etc.

154. When the rat is out of the trap, what remains? *Hal.*

155. What is that which, if I have it, I do not wish to lose; if I have it not, I do not wish to have it; if I gain it, I no longer have it? *Geo. B. H.*

156. Why is a person born in Truro like a native of Rome? *Geo. B. H.*

157. Why should the letter E be appreciated by the starving?
Charlie Pennington.

158. My first is first in marriage,
And means to injure all;
My last affects his carriage,
And makes the drinker fall.
My whole is found in every book,
Oft noting what you think;
And, stretched beside the running brook,
It rests upon the brink. *Nullers.*

159. Why is the comet like a tattler?
A. Older.

160. Why are iron steamboats like calamities? *A. Older.*

161. What is that which has its head at one end, and its mouth at the other, which is always in bed, and yet often rises? *A. Older.*

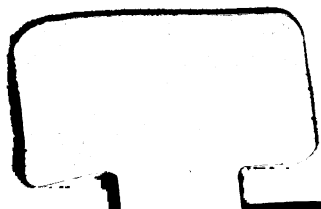
162. Without my first the earth would bear
No lovely trees or flowers fair,
For all beneath the clear, blue sky
For want of it would pine and die.
My second is a gambler's game,
And you, no doubt, will know its name.
My whole's a well-known battle-field
Where Frenchmen were compelled to yield. *Buckeye Boy.*

163. What tree does Uncle Frank carry in his hand? *A. Older.*

164. What skillful housewife does not know,
When, where to place my first?
When nicely done it will not show;
Conspicuous, it is worst.

My second all the world must do,
Either with head or hand;
In different ways the same pursue,
On water or on land.

My whole a picture is of life,
Varied with good and ill,
With bright or dull, with light or dark,
Arranged with art and skill.

165. I am composed of 30 letters.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, 12 is a girl's name.
My 16, 17, 18, 19 is a boy's name.
My 12, 27 is an exclamation.
My 5, 8, 9 is a reptile.
My 15, 6, 16 is a conjunction.
My 1, 9, 8, 10, 23 is what all should be.
My 21, 8, 2, 19, 11, 14, 10 is a division of South America.
My 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30 is the place of an important battle of the Revolution.
My whole is a girl's name and the name of the town in which she lives. *Florence L Davis,*
Bunker Hill.

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